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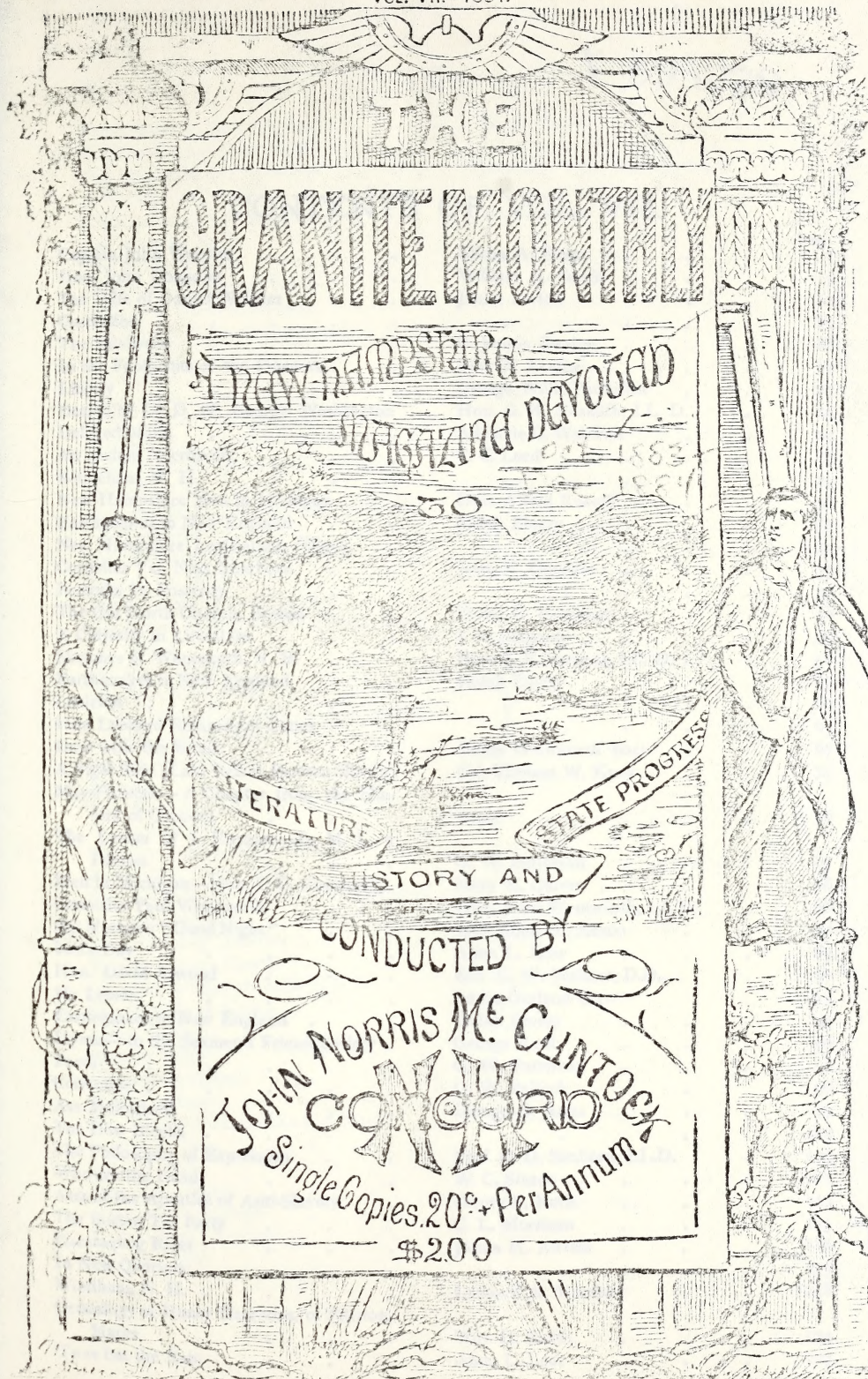
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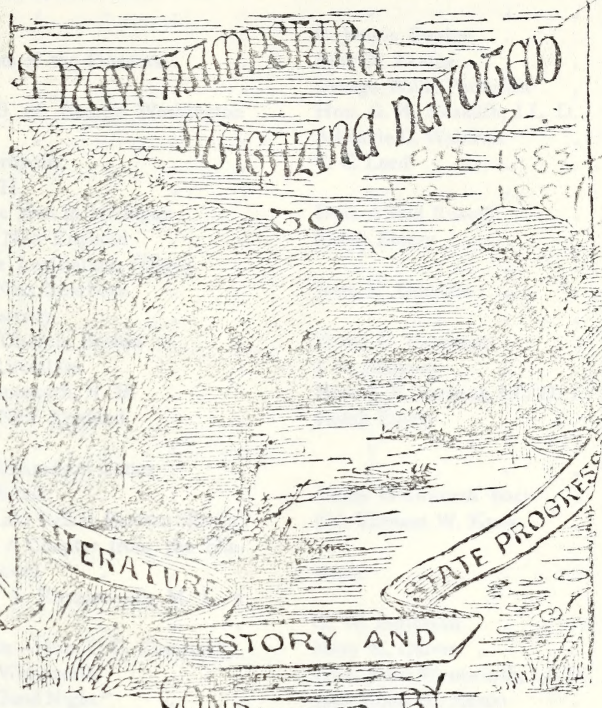


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THE

GRANITE MONTHLY



A NEW-HAMPSHIRE
MAGAZINE DEVOTED
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LITERATURE

HISTORY AND

STATE PROGRESS

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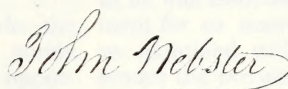
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THE GRANITE MONTHLY,

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VII.

OCTOBER, 1883.

No. 1.

CAPT. JOHN WEBSTER.

BY ELISHA A. KEEP.

The most important and valuable element in the composition of a prosperous community is that which develops and supports its common labor interests, and provides the great masses with the means of life.

The cultured and educated classes are in a measure independent, and able to secure for themselves living success and its opportunities.

But a large part of our population are not only dependent upon their daily labor for the means of subsistence, but upon others to give them opportunities. They have no power or faculty of organization. There are thousands in every department of life who can work faithfully and well for others, but are wholly incapable of independent action, lacking ability to plan and execute for themselves. They are often at the mercy of unscrupulous leaders, who use them as blind tools for the acquirement of selfish ends, letting them wear out their lives without reward.

Hence, among those who do the most good in the world are surely the men who seek to provide opportunity for work, and justly reward honest toil. A life spent in the interests of the poorer classes, and in enlarging the field of industry, and in raising the day-laborer to a position of independence, is one most worthily spent,

and deserving of far greater reward than the career of a successful professional, or politician, gained by the "tricks of the trade," and for no one's good.

Among those who have developed the manufacturing interests of our state, and sought to raise the standard and condition of that vast class in our New England populace—mill operatives—to comfortable and independent relations, may be placed the name of Capt. JOHN WEBSTER, the subject of this sketch.

In a small manufacturing place the "corporation" is foremost of the powers that shape the history of the town, and give it identity and character, and whether for good or ill, depends much upon the character and influence of those who direct its affairs.

To give any correct account of the life of Capt. John Webster, necessarily involves much of the history of the Newmarket Manufacturing Company, as he was associated with its management for so many years, and became so identified with its fortunes as to render the two almost inseparable.

The subject of this sketch was born in Salem, Mass., Sept. 10, 1804. He was the son of Elijah C. and Sallie (Dole) Webster, who removed to Salem from Kingston in this state not long before his birth. The family de-

scended from Thomas Webster, an Englishman who settled in Hampton, N. H., in the latter part of the seventeenth century.—Elijah C. being of the fifth generation. They trace connection with others of the same name who were early settled in Kingston and other New Hampshire towns. John was the eldest of six children, of whom but one other is now living—a sister, residing in Cambridge, Mass. John received the best education afforded by the common schools of that time, with a few terms at Bradford academy, under the instruction of the famous mathematician Benjamin Greenleaf; and also a term at the private mathematical school of Gabriel Thompson. But early in life, with this only as his capital, beside the open hand and heart of an honest, industrious and faithful young man, he began to work out his fortunes for himself. Most of his boyhood was spent in working in a grocery store, and an auction-room in Salem, until when, at an early age, he manifested a strong desire to follow the sea. An opportunity soon presented itself, and, at the age of twenty-one he embarked as captain's clerk on a vessel bound for the Red sea. He served on watch, and did all he could of seaman's duty, that he might acquire all the knowledge possible of nautical life. On his second voyage he shipped in the same capacity, but on the homeward passage the vessel was partially wrecked by a violent storm off the Bermudas. By the efforts of Mr. Webster much of the cargo and property was saved, and, fifty-one days after the disaster, what was left of the vessel was brought into port.

For this faithful service Mr. Webster was presented with an elegant service of solid silver, and an elaborately chased ice-pitcher to match, by the insurance companies interested. On his third voyage he was mate and assistant supercargo, entrusted with half the responsibility of all the mercantile transactions of the voyage. On his fourth and last voyage he was master of the vessel.

The ships upon all these voyages were chartered by Salem merchants—Messrs. Pickman, Silsbee & Stone—to whom we shall have further occasion to refer in connection with the life of Mr. Webster.

In his voyages, Mr. Webster visited all the ports on the east coast of Africa, from Madagascar northward, and upon the Red sea. He became much acquainted with the habits, customs, and languages of the people, and deeply interested in them, receiving from both dignitaries and peasants many tokens of their fond regard and esteem, which he prizes, with their tales of association, among the relics and pleasant recollections of that adventurous life, though abandoned yet never to be forgotten.

The writer will not attempt to give any account in detail of his most interesting experience as a sailor. The many romantic incidents of peril, adventure, and good fortune, connected therewith, and which he relates in a most fascinating manner, would be sufficient material for more than one attractive story, if handled by a pen gifted with the ability to do them justice.

Closing his life as a sailor, soon after his return from his last voyage, Mr. Webster became connected with the Newmarket Manufacturing Company, and it is chiefly of his life as identified with that institution, and the town of Newmarket, that I wish to write.

Every man has some main cause at the heart of his life's labors, and for which he spends the force of his best years. Around that center, whatever it may be, cluster his strong thoughts, hopes, and actions; and it was this work that occupied that place in Mr. Webster's history and experience.

As many of the important papers and early records of the company were destroyed by the great fire in Boston, in 1873, much of its early history could be traced only with difficulty, but for the comprehensive reports and most accurate memory of Mr. Webster.

The company received its charter from the New Hampshire legislature in 1823, and erected its first two mills in the two years following, built of stone, and run entirely by water. When Mr. Webster became connected with the management, there were in operation about 14,000 spindles, in three small mills, and the company was considerably embarrassed financially. For many years it struggled under the weight of these difficulties and the pressure of the hard times, but the perseverance of its founders kept its affairs active till better days should come. A very large portion of its original stock was owned by merchants and lawyers of Salem, prominent in the early days of that city's commercial importance. It is an interesting incident in the history of the company that out of the original number of twenty-eight stockholders, twenty-one now hold, with their families and descendants, over two thirds of its capital stock. Many of these men made in this their first investment in manufacturing enterprise, and carrying it through hard circumstances to success, have come to look upon it as upon some old keepsake, grown dear to them by long association and companionship, and perhaps for the share it has played in the fortunes of their lives and experiences.

Prominent among these Salem merchants were the firm of Pickman, Silsbee & Stone, already referred to. These experienced and far-seeing business men realized in Capt. Webster a coming man, fitted by his large experience, pushing energy, and faithful integrity, to do a work for this company that few could do; to give its affairs the forcible direction needed, place it upon sound financial footing, and insure it complete success. Hence, in 1834, Mr. Webster was chosen clerk and paymaster, and also what was then termed "outside agent." It will be remembered that in those days a very large part of the shipping business was done by boats upon the river, and the

entire charge of this department was his special business, while the agent proper gave his attention to the affairs of the office and yard. Mr. Webster served in this capacity until 1846, when he was chosen agent. He served as agent until 1855, when he succeeded Benjamin Wheatland as treasurer, in which capacity he served actively until declining health made his resignation seem necessary, which he tendered in 1882, and was succeeded by J. H. Sawyer, of Providence—his entire service with the company covering a period of nearly a half century.

During this time two large mills were built, and the whole property greatly improved and enlarged; new machinery put in, propelled by steam power, large reservoirs built to provide a better supply of water in times of drought, and every facility adopted that could enhance its value or increase its progress. From the time of Mr. Webster's first coming, it was his resolute purpose to place the affairs of the company upon solid ground, and make it a success from every stand-point. That he attained this end, one has only to examine its present capacity and standing to be assured. Upon as sound a financial basis as any corporation in the state, it is profitable to its owners and an inestimable benefit to the community around it. Its property adorns the place, and its management has always favored and supported all matters tending to the good of the town. It was Mr. Webster's constant care and endeavor to direct its affairs, not only toward financial prosperity, but for the best good of the community, seeking to produce harmony and good feeling between all, and encourage liberality, good order, and particularly the cause of education. Prominent in all that tended to the public welfare in whatever direction, he was not partisan or sectarian, but always actuated by the highest motives.

In matters of religion Mr. Webster is a devoted Unitarian, but of sufficient liberality to see good in all peo-

ple and organizations, and ever ready to give assistance to all classes. In his early life in Newmarket Mr. Webster attended the Methodist church, there being none of his own faith in town. In this society he was actively engaged as a teacher of a class of young men in the Sabbath school for several years, and he has the pleasure of meeting now and then a member of that class, who has never forgotten the lessons of life, integrity, and manhood which he there learned, and which at all times and by all people of good sense are acknowledged to be the great problems of life, towering infinitely above doctrinal and theoretical teachings. It is with this class of men that religious liberty means something more than liberty of my conscience and no others, which is the general spirit of the puritan world.

In politics Mr. Webster is and ever has been a firm but conservative Republican. He was never an office-seeker, nor would he accept such, though he could doubtless have called forth as large a vote as any man in his locality.

There is an infinite distance between the men of his class and those who are always hanging about the doors of political head-quarters, with open mouths and empty heads. Such men are far above the vicious impurities of popular public life. They live out the measure of their enjoyment in the more sacred shelters of personality, and grander conceptions of life and its possibilities. They breathe an atmosphere and enjoy a confidence entirely unknown to the popular public man.

Since acting as treasurer Mr. Webster has made his native city, Salem, his home, where he now resides, and where he has received many honors and marks of high respect. He was elected to the common council of that city, and chosen its president, the year of his return, and has served upon its board of aldermen two years. He has also been one of the directors

of the Exchange National Bank of Salem, from 1858 to the present, and its president from 1860 to 1878.

His dignified bearing, integrity of character, and congenial manners, have won for him hosts of devoted friends and a position well to be envied in the business and social circles of that grand old city.

His house, on Lafayette street, bears the impress of its owner, in the many evidences of his culture and taste within and about it. His garden contains many rare and beautiful plants and flowers, which he delights to study and cultivate, and among them he spends much of his time. A great lover of every thing that is beautiful, he is particularly fond of these most suggestive emblems of pure thoughts and feelings, finding in them sweet companionship in his quiet hours. Surrounded by every thing that can give material comfort and luxury, he enjoys a richness of life that only such a man can know—a man whose true and stainless life holds up before him no pages but those that speak of peace with God and man.

But there is never a life without some shadow to overcast its bright skies. One cloud hangs on his, but not a cloud of his own making, as with most men.

Capt. Webster was married in 1832 to Martha A. Buffington, a daughter of a Salem sea-captain and ship-owner, who died at Salem, April, 1880. They had but one child—a son, John Buffington—born in Newmarket, April 11, 1855. He was a most promising lad, respected and beloved by all; but at the age of sixteen he met with a very sad end. While away at school he was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun in the hands of a playmate. This sad event cast a gloom over the community, school, and home, never to be forgotten. A beautiful oil portrait, of life-size, taken as he was brought in from the fatal scene, hangs upon the wall of Mr. Webster's private room, ever to remind him of the broken link in life's happy chain.

This and kindred scenes of his life's experience have united to make sacred and hallowed to his memory the rocks and hills of New Hampshire, and especially endear to him the people of Newmarket, with whom no name is more honored, and no person more deeply respected and beloved. He visits the town frequently, and loves to look upon the scenes where he passed the best years of his life, and knew its highest success, and buried its fondest hopes.

His whole life was one unbroken effort to reach the grandest height for which a man ever strives—pure, exalted

manhood. Happy is the man whose years are passed as were his—without a blemish; but they are few.

About him every where, are reminders of strong friendships and stronger deeds, whose associated persons and forms are in the dim far-away. Their vistas hang about his memory's hiding-places, and shed sweet fragrance around his lonely heart and home, as he reviews, in the silvery evening, the story of a life well spent, nearing that golden land where all good deeds are treasured up, in a chaplet of eternal flowers.

HON. JOHN CHANDLER.

BY WILLIAM H. SMITH.

Two hundred and forty-six years ago William Chandler immigrated from England to America, with his family, and settled in Roxbury, Mass. Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians, who was his pastor, speaks of this family in his record as follows:

“William Chandler came to New England about 1637. He brought four small children, Thomas, Hanna, John, and William. Sarah was born here. He lived a very religious and godly life among us, and fell into a consumption to which he had been long inclined. He lay neare a yeare sick, in all which time his faith, patience, godliness and contention so shined that God was much glorified in him. He was a man of weak parts, but excellent faith and holyness; he was poore, but God so opened the hearts of his maybors to him yt he never wanted yt which was (at least to his esteem) very plentiful and comfortable to him. He dyed Jan. 26. 1641-2 and left a sweet memory and savor behind him.”

His widow married John Dane of Roxbury. He was the ancestor of the famous Nathan Dane, of Beverly, Mass., Nathan Dane, of Alfred, Me., and Joseph Dane, of Kennebunk, Me.

The Chandler estate in Roxbury consisted of ten acres; it was located on what is now the southerly corner of Bartlett and Washington streets. The brick stable of the Metropolitan railroad company stands on a part of this estate. Thomas, the oldest son, married Hannah Brewer. He was one of the proprietors of Andover, Mass. His name is twenty-third of the householders in order as they came to town. He died in 1703; his wife in 1717, aged eighty-seven. He became a rich man before his death. He was a blacksmith by trade, and carried on a considerable iron business.

His son, Joseph Chandler, born August 3, 1669, married, in 1691, Sarah Abbot. He was a blacksmith of Andover and Salisbury, Mass.

His son, Joseph Chandler, born 1694, married Mary Tucker. He worked at blacksmithing and iron working, and while straightening a bar of iron under the tilt hammer it flew up and knocked all his front teeth out; but he was a sweet singer afterward.

His son, Capt. Joseph Chandler, born in Salisbury, Mass., in 1725,

married, January 1, 1746, Lydia Eastman, who was born in Kensington, N. H., in 1726. He was a blacksmith, and settled in Epping, N. H. They lived a few years on the northern side of Red Oak hill. He purchased later a small farm on the southern side of the hill, about a mile north of the center of the town, near Gov. Plumer's estate. The house now occupied by Mrs. Annie, widow of Martin V. Fogg, stands on the site of the one occupied by Capt. Chandler. He served in the French war, was highway surveyor in Epping in 1763, and at the annual parish meeting, held March 14, 1774, he was chosen "parish clerk." On January 2, 1775, Capt. Joseph Chandler was chosen one of the committee of "Inspection and Correspondence for the Parish of Epping." He was a captain in the Revolutionary war; and at a meeting July 22, 1776, of the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, they "gave South Hampton soldiers leave to go and join Capt. Chandler's company." He died in the service of his country September 17, 1776, at Mount Independence, near Fort George, in Rutland county, Vermont, leaving a widow and ten children in straitened circumstances, of whom the subject of this sketch was the seventh.

Hon. John Chandler was born on Red Oak hill, in Epping, February 1, 1762, and was nearly fifteen years old at the time of his father's death. He received such education as the district school afforded him. He learned the trade of his father, and assisted his mother to keep the wolf of poverty from the door. In the year 1777, being fifteen years old, he enlisted for three months, served out his time, and was honorably discharged. He was in Stark's famous brigade, which was under Gates at the last action before Burgoyne surrendered, October 17, 1777. On his return to Red Oak hill he worked for his mother, probably on the farm and at the forge, until January, 1779, when he secretly left home, walked to Newburyport, and

shipped on board a privateer, the "Arnold," commanded by Capt. Moses Brown, who afterward commanded the frigate Essex.

Being captured by the British he suffered terribly in one of their prison ships. He, with a few others, planned and carried into execution an escape. Twenty-four in all, they reached the land near Savannah, Georgia. Chandler and two others, at his instigation, started to walk to New Hampshire. His companions died on the way, but Chandler walked to his home in Epping, reaching there in February, 1780. There was joy at that humble hearth, for his mother had mourned him as dead.

The following June he enlisted again for the period of six months. At the expiration of that term he returned home and worked at his father's forge for two years.

He had now attained his majority and cast his eyes eastward for a new home. One hundred years ago this blacksmith came to the district of Maine. He came by public conveyance to New Gloucester, thence by spotted trees to Winthrop, from which place he proceeded to that part of Wales plantation that was incorporated as the town of Monmouth, January 20, 1792. Here he took up two hundred acres of land, for which he paid four hundred dollars. He returned to New Hampshire and married Mary Whittier of Nottingham. She was the daughter of Benjamin Whittier, who lived on what was known as "The Ledge Farm." With his young bride Chandler came to his new home and began carrying on his farm and keeping a country tavern. A few years after he took his aged mother and his sister Hannah to his home in Monmouth. His mother had married for a second husband John Bartlett, of Epping, who died a short time previous to her removal. She resided with her son from this time until her death, March 9, 1820, when she was ninety-four years old. To show the hardships endured by our early settlers,

it is related that this aged lady crossed the Androscoggin river, using a log for a bridge, she crawling on her hands and knees.

In 1796 the Rev. Paul Coffin, in his Journal of a Missionary Tour through Maine, speaks of visiting Col. Chandler at his noble house in Monmouth, calls him a handsome man, and tells of his interesting family. He had risen rapidly in military rank, having begun as an ensign. He had also commenced that career in civil life which so distinguished him afterward. He began with the honors conferred upon him in the town-meeting, which is not only the corner stone of our Democracy, but its glory. He was plantation assessor and clerk in Wales, and Deputy United States Marshal under the famous Henry Dearborn, who was his life-long friend. When Monmouth was incorporated he was its town-clerk, first selectman and assessor for nine years in succession, and held the position of first selectman twelve years.

He was appointed postmaster of the town in 1794, by George Washington. His commission was signed by the famous Timothy Pickering, who was postmaster-general, and he continued in the office twenty-four years. He was appointed surveyor of revenue in 1797. He was elected to the Massachusetts General Court in 1799, 1800, 1801, and 1802, and to the senate of Massachusetts for the years 1803, 1804, and 1819.

During his service in the latter body, in 1803, he procured the passage of the act to incorporate the famous Monmouth Academy, and for nearly thirty years was president of its board of trustees.

Elected to congress in 1804, he took his seat the year Jefferson's second term commenced, and with Jefferson's administration he was in full accord. He was re-elected in 1806. He was appointed by that noble patriot, James Sullivan, who was governor in 1807 and 1808, Chief Justice of the Court of Sessions. In

1808 Gov. Sullivan appointed him sheriff of Kennebec county. He resigned his seat in congress after a service of three years.

During his term as sheriff he was called upon to take part in one of the most important criminal trials known to our history. No event, save a war, ever created such an excitement in our commonwealth. I allude to the trial of the Malta Indians for the murder of Paul Chadwick, the land surveyor, in what is now the town of Windsor, Kennebec county. When I was a young lad I listened to old people with great interest as they rehearsed the tragedy. The magnitude of the trial may be inferred when it is known that the famous Daniel Davis was prosecuting attorney, while the prisoners were defended by Prentiss Mellen, Samuel S. Wilde, Thomas Rine, and Philip Leach. Williamson gives a good account of the matter in his History of Maine, vol. 2, pages 613-616. Any one acquainted with the section of country in which this homicide occurred, and with the traditions concerning the feeling of the people at that time, can not doubt the courage of an officer of the law who could enforce a process upon them, even with a regiment of soldiers at his back. Their descendants are the hardiest men in Maine, and never used gloves when developing their muscle.

March 30, 1812, Governor Elbridge Gerry commissioned him major-general of the 14th division of the militia. William Donnison was adjutant-general of the commonwealth. June 17, 1812, war was declared against Great Britain by President Madison. General Chandler was an ardent advocate of this policy. He was appointed by the president a brigadier general, Nov. 8, 1812, and assigned to the division commanded by Major General Henry Dearborn, with whom he had served in the Revolution. He joined his brigade at Greenbush, New York, was at the surrender of Fort George by the British, May 27, 1813. June 6,

1813, the British attacked the American camp at Stony Creek, Canada West, in the night, and were repulsed. It was very dark, and in the confusion Gen. Chandler mistook one of their regiments for his own, and giving an order to its colonel, he, with Gen. Winder, were made prisoners. His horse was shot under him and he was severely wounded. When peace was declared, February 18, 1815, he returned to his home in Monmouth and attended to his farm, which is said to have been one of the best in the county. He was by no means indifferent to what was agitating the public mind. The question of separating the district of Maine had engaged the minds of the people as early as 1785, when a convention was held at Falmouth to consider the matter. Another was held in 1786 at the same place. The movement failed there; but the discussion was continued in the papers of that day. The agitation of the questions, out of which grew the war of 1812, caused this matter to be in abeyance, until the close of the contest. The course of Governor Strong and the Federal party toward Madison's administration during the war, had roused the Democrats of the district, who were in the majority, to great activity to procure a separation and establish a state government.

The papers of that time were full of the discussion. William King, John Holmes, John Chandler, Mark Langdon Hill, and James Bridge, were the conspicuous leaders. Gen. Chandler was one of the committee that called the convention in 1816. In the *Argus* of Nov. 25, that year, may be found an address to the people of Maine, signed by a committee, of whom he was one, urging the importance of separation. In that convention he was on the committee to frame a constitution for the new state, and with William King and John Holmes on the committee to make application to congress. He was also one of the committee to address the leg-

islature of Massachusetts on the subject.

The movement failed again, but he with his party continued the agitation of the matter. In the meantime he was actively engaged in politics. A convention of his party in his section would have been tame without his presence. In 1816 the Federal party made their last national nomination. Their candidate for president was the greatest statesman ever born on the soil of Maine. To my mind he ranks in ability next to Hamilton among the men of that day. When his history is written, as I trust it will be, our people will know that Rufus King, in point of ability, public service, and far-seeing statesmanship, was the peer of any of our public men.

In no part of the country did party politics of that time run so high as in Massachusetts. Our fathers, judged by the civil service reform standards, were a hard lot of political impenitents; they "cried aloud and spared not" their enemies, in a way that would shock some of their descendants. A man of the political fame and activity of General Chandler came in for a double portion of abuse from his opponents. His conduct in the affair at Stony Creek was overhauled, and an attempt to belittle him, based upon a report of the engagement made to Hon. John Armstrong, secretary of war, by General Morgan Lewis, of New York. It was published in the *Eastern Argus* of July 15, 1813. The Republican papers replied. In the *Argus* of Sept. 25, 1816, may be found an able defence of General Chandler, which was concluded in the issue of a week later. The discussion was continued until January 11, 1817. Hon. Joseph F. Wingate, of Bath, who afterward was in congress from the Lincoln district, wrote a letter of inquiry to that noble old Roman, Major-General Henry Dearborn, who was General Chandler's superior officer in the engagement at Stony Creek. Here is the reply:

BOSTON, Jan. 17, 1817.

DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 11th was received yesterday. I think that General Lewis ought not to be allowed to pass unnoticed. His general character affords him very little shelter, and his military fame is too notorious to require any specification. It would be quite sufficient to allude generally to his total inefficiency in every situation he held during the war, notwithstanding his show and pagentry on all occasions; in short, his conduct at Fort George, Niagara, * * was so conspicuous and so well known to every one as to render him absolutely ridiculous, and he, above all men, should have been very cautious how he gave any occasion to others for attacking his military glass house. His pompous parade on setting out from Albany for Niagara, and while on the journey (when he ought to have set off many days earlier and have made as rapid progress as possible), and his total inattention to the important duties confided to him after his arrival, were sufficient to damn any officer. I find I have been unintentionally running into details, to which there would be no end. Especially if I were to enumerate his unmilitary delays and misconduct—particularly in the attack on Fort George, where the whole British force might have been captured, but for his total negligence and inefficiency, my state of health being such as rendered my personal exertions on shore impracticable, and I must acknowledge that I was extremely unwilling to believe him incapable of any useful service until I was again and again disappointed in my hopes and expectations, and ultimately compelled, against my inclinations, to give up all hopes of his ever making an officer of any worth or use to the army. I believe that almost every officer of the army who became acquainted with him held him in lower estimation than I did. For some time I thought it impossible for a man of his pride, ambition and information to be so totally destitute of any practical qualifications necessary for an officer of his rank. Gen. Chandler was as much his superior in every practical quality as an efficient man is to an inefficient one; and, from the best information, I am fully satisfied that any misfortune which occurred at Stony Creek, where Chandler was captured, were the effects of unavoidable accident, and in no degree chargeable to his want of judgment in the disposition of the troops, or to any neglect of duty on his part. I am, dear sir,

HENRY DEARBORN.

Joseph F. Wingate, Esq.

The opinion of such a man as General Dearborn, given nearly four years after the affair occurred, supporting the record of General Chandler's whole life, is sufficient evidence to settle any question as to his ability or courage as a military man.

The question of separation continued to be discussed during the year 1817, and many of the Federal party supported the movement. General Chandler continued as active as before to promote the movement. He was chairman of a committee in 1818 which issued a circular to the voters of Kennebec county. The committee consisted of the following gentlemen: John Chandler, James Bridge, Ebenezer T. Warren, Timothy Bouteille, Nathan Cutler, and Reuel Williams. No better proof is needed to establish his high standing in society, and his ability as a civilian, than the fact that he was at the head of a committee of men of their character and position in the district. When the convention met in Portland, Oct. 11, 1819, he was one of the committee of thirty-three to whom was assigned the duty of preparing a constitution. The document this committee presented is a model for any commonwealth. In the debates in that convention he took a prominent part. When Maine was admitted as a state, in 1820, he was chosen to the state senate from Kennebec county. The questions that had divided parties had passed away. Monroe was re-elected that year, receiving every electoral vote save one. William King was elected governor by nearly a unanimous vote. The legislature was chosen without regard to former party divisions. It was a body of able men. Both branches had on their rolls men that had served in the Revolution, and in what was then known as "the last war." Benjamin Ames was chosen speaker of the house, and John Chandler president of the senate. In a few weeks after he and Hon. John Holmes were chosen our first senators in congress. Resigning the position

of president of the senate, he was succeeded by Hon. William Moody, who, a few weeks later, resigned to accept the position of sheriff of York county, when the Hon. William D. Williamson was chosen president. His "History of Maine" is a monument to his memory more enduring than granite or iron.

May 8, 1821, Gov. King, in accordance with an act of the legislature, appointed twelve additional trustees of Bowdoin college. As this action caused some sharp discussion at the time, I will give their names: John Holmes, John Chandler, William Pitt Preble, Nathan Weston, jr., Albion K. Parris, James Bridge, Benjamin J. Porter, Mark Langdon Hill, Joshua Wingate, jr., Erastus Foote, Ashur Ware, and Judah Dana. All must admit that if the governor was, as alleged, hostile to that institution, his selection conferred honor upon it. Gen. Chandler served as trustee for seventeen years, resigning in 1838. May 29, 1821, Gov. King resigned his office to become a commissioner to settle the Florida claims. He had in the March previous been renominated for governor. He declined the nomination the day before he resigned.

The two prominent candidates mentioned in the papers for the governorship were Gen. Chandler and the Hon. Albion K. Parris. A careful perusal of the journals of the day will convince any one that Gen. Chandler could have been nominated. He declined to have his name used, in the following letter to the editor of the *Argus*:

MONMOUTH, June 15, 1821.

MR. TODD: I observe in the *American Advocate* of the 9th, and in the *Eastern Argus* of the 12th instant, that my name is mentioned with that of Judge Parris as having been thought of as a candidate for governor at the next election. I am aware that a public man is not to decide in what capacity he can best serve the public, but that the people are the judges, and have a right to demand his services as they think proper. Anxious to promote the public

good, and desirous that as much unanimity as possible should prevail at the next election, I wish, through the medium of your paper, to request my friends not to consider me a candidate, believing that the public weal will be promoted by such a course.

JOHN CHANDLER.

During his nine years' service in the senate he was on a state commission to locate a site for a state prison, and stoutly opposed the location adopted. He was also on a commission to locate the seat of government of our state. In 1828-9 he was a director of the branch bank of the United States. He served on the committee on military affairs in the senate, and procured the establishing of a military road from Bangor to Mars Hill. He also urged the establishing of a road of the same kind from North Anson, via Dead River valley, to the Lower Canada line. At the expiration of his service in the senate, March 4, 1827, he was appointed by President Jackson collector of the port of Portland. He had been offered and had declined the collectorship of Boston previous to this.

He shortly after removed to Portland and lived in the Thompson house, No. 85 Spring street. He held the position of collector eight years. During this time the late Francis O. J. Smith was in congress from the Cumberland district. He procured the removal of the post-master of Portland, and tried to oust Gen. Chandler. He waited upon "Old Hickory" and stated that the party needed a younger man, and urged the veteran's removal. The sturdy hero of New Orleans listened to Mr. Smith's request, and, looking at him, slowly said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God! General Chandler is an honest man. Good morning, Mr. Smith." Smith left, but it is doubted if he ever understood Jackson's meaning, but he understood his manner. With the close of President Jackson's second term, Gen. Chandler's commission as collector expired. President Van Buren offered him a re-

appointment. He was then seventy-five years of age, and feeling that his public life should end, he declined it, and recommended his warm personal and political friend, Hon. John Anderson, to be his successor, and he was appointed.

Thus closed a public life covering a period of forty-seven years. In the following July he removed to Augusta, where four years later, Sept. 26, 1841, he entered the other life. His wife survived him nearly five years. She was born in Nottingham, N. H., February 16, 1766, married the general August 27, 1783, and died in Bath, Sept. 16, 1846. One who knew her well, says "she was a noble specimen of a New England woman, one of many who have sent out from our country firesides men and women who have made our land bloom with piety, intelligence and patriotism."

Gen. Chandler was a man of commanding presence and uncommon manly beauty. His courage, like that of all his race, was undaunted. When on his way to enter the senate of the United States, a rhymster said of him:

"John Chandler will be here
Tough as steel and bold as Hector."

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and was present in the Grand Lodge June 2, 1820, when Gov. William King was installed its first Grand Master. He was a Unitarian in his religious views, and worshiped, when in Portland, at the First Parish church. He left four children at his death, two sons and two daughters. His sons were John Alfonzo and Anson Gonsalo Chandler. His daughters were Caroline and Clarissa Augusta. John A. married Delia West, of Hallowell Maine. He was for several years clerk of the courts in Kennebec county. Anson G. settled in Calais, Maine, and served in both branches of the legislature. He was for some years a judge of the court of common pleas, being an active Democrat and a leader of his party in Washington county. Prior to his

death, in 1862, he was United States consul to Lahaina, Sandwich Islands. His first wife was Elizabeth Pike, of Calais, a half sister to Hon. Frederick A., and to the late Hon. James S. Pike of that place. After her decease he married Annie Eliza, daughter of the late Hon. Jeremiah Bradbury, of Calais, who formerly resided in York county, and was clerk of its courts for several years. She was sister of Hon. Bion Bradbury, of Portland, and Emily, the deceased wife of Francis K. Swan, Esq., of the same place. Caroline married Dr. Benjamin Prescott, of Dresden, Maine. Clarissa Augusta married Dr. Amos Nourse, of Hallowell, who moved to Bath, where he died a few years since. He was an eminent physician and was prominent in our politics.

The children of General Chandler, together with those they married, have been gathered to their fathers. Mrs. Stratton and Mrs. Ladd, of Augusta, Maine, daughters of Hon. John A. Chandler, are living. Of the Epping branch of the family the only one in Maine bearing the name is the venerable Marcellus A. Chandler, of Augusta. He was a son of the late Gen. Joseph Chandler, of that city, who was a nephew of the general. To him, together with the Hon. George B. Chandler, of Manchester, N. H., and Dr. George Chandler, of Worcester, Mass., I am under great obligations for many of the facts contained in this sketch.

In conclusion, I will say that a careful perusal of the papers in the early part of this century discloses the fact that no man held a warmer place in the people's heart than Gen. Chandler. He came from their ranks and never forgot it. He wasted no time in hunting up titled ancestry, or money to hire some skillful engraver to invent a fictitious coat of arms. To him his honest, patriotic ancestry was a patent of nobility enough. For more than forty years he was to our politics what Hannibal Hamlin has been to the politics of a later generation. He

endured privations which caused him to love liberty. To him it was a precious jewel because of the hardships he underwent to obtain it. When the political history of our state shall be written by a pen in the hand of a worthy successor of Wil-

liamson, it will be demonstrated beyond dispute that among the many able men noted for their devotion to her welfare, none has left a better record than John Chandler, the blacksmith, farmer, soldier, and statesman. —*Portland Press.*

THE WIFE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY JAMES PARTON.

Daniel Webster was twice married. It is of his first wife, who was the mother of all his children, that I write to-day.

In colonial times the clergy were the aristocracy of New England. Their incomes were indeed exceedingly small, compared with those of our day; but as they were generally men of learning, virtue, and politeness, and as all the people were religiously disposed, they were held in the highest respect, and exercised great influence. Small as their revenues were (seldom more than five hundred dollars a year), they generally lived in very good style, and, in many instances, accumulated property. Their salaries were increased by the bountiful gifts of the people, and they usually had a piece of land sufficient for the keeping of a cow and a horse, and for the raising of their vegetables. Beside this, all the minister's family assisted in its support; the sons tilled the garden and took care of the animal; the daughters assisted their mothers in spinning the wool for the clothing of the household. Peter Parley, whose father was a New England clergyman of the olden times, mentions in his "Recollections" that for fifty years the salary of his father averaged three hundred dollars a year, upon which, with the assistance of a few acres of land, he reared a family of eight children, sent two sons to college, and left at his death two thousand dollars in money.

The family of the clergyman was expected to be, and usually was, the model family of the parish. The children generally had the benefit of their father's instructions, as well as access to his little library; and, if his daughters did not learn French nor play the piano, they had the benefit of hearing intelligent conversation and of associating with the best minds of their native village.

Grace Fletcher, the wife of Daniel Webster, was the daughter of Elijah Fletcher, a clergyman of New Hampshire, where she was born in the year 1781. Though her father died at the early age of thirty-nine, when Grace was but five years of age, he is still remembered in New Hampshire for his zeal and generosity. He was particularly noted for his patronage of young students, many of whom he prepared for college. After his death his widow married the minister of Salisbury, New Hampshire, the town in which Daniel Webster was born, in which he grew up to manhood, and in which he first established himself in the practice of the law. Thus it was that she became acquainted with her future husband. Daniel Webster was only one year older than herself. They attended the same church; they went to school together; they met one another at their neighbors' houses; and this early intimacy ripened at length into a warmer and deeper attachment.

Notwithstanding his extraordinary

talents, and the warmth of his temperament, Daniel Webster did not marry until he was twenty-six years of age. Few young men had a harder struggle with poverty, and no one ever bore poverty more cheerfully. After practicing law awhile near his father's house in Salisbury, he removed in 1808 to Portsmouth, which was the largest and wealthiest town in New Hampshire, as well as its only seaport. A lady who lived then in the town has recorded, in the most agreeable manner, her recollections of the great orator at that period. She was the minister's daughter. It was a custom in those days to show a stranger into the minister's pew. One Sunday her sister returned from church, and said that there had been a remarkable person in the pew with her, who had riveted her attention, and that she was sure he had a most marked character for good or for evil. At that time Webster was exceedingly slender, and his face was very sallow, but his noble and spacious forehead, his bright eyes, deep set in his head, and the luxuriant locks of his black hair, together with the intelligent and amiable expression of his countenance, rendered his appearance striking in the extreme. In a few days the stranger was at home in the minister's family, and there soon formed a circle round him of which he was the life and soul.

"I well remember," says this lady, "one afternoon he came in when the elders of the family were absent. He sat down by the window, and as now and then, an inhabitant of the town passed through the street, his fancy was caught by their appearance, and his imagination excited, and he improvised the most humorous imaginary histories about them, which would have furnished a rich treasure for Dickens, could he have been the delighted listener, instead of the young girl for whose amusement this wealth of invention was expended."

Another of his Portsmouth friends used to say there never was such an actor lost to the stage as he would have made, had he chosen to turn his

talents in that direction. The young lawyer prospered well in this New Hampshire town, and he was soon in receipt of an income which for that day was considerable. In June, 1809, about a year after his arrival, he suddenly left Portsmouth, without having said a word to his friends of his destination. They conjectured, however, that he had gone home to Salisbury to visit his family. He returned in a week or two, but did not return alone. In truth, he had gone home to be married, and he brought back his wife with him. She was a lady most gentle in her manners, and of a winning, unobtrusive character, who immediately made all her husband's friends her own. The lady quoted above gives so pleasant a description of their home and character, that I will quote a few sentences from it:

"Mrs. Webster's mind was naturally of a high order, and whatever was the degree of culture she received, it fitted her to be the chosen companion and the trusted friend of her gifted husband. She was never elated, never thrown off the balance of her habitual composure by the singular early success of her husband, and the applause constantly following him. It was her striking peculiarity that she was equal to all occasions—that she appeared with the same quiet dignity and composed self-possession in the drawing-room in Washington, as in her own quiet parlor. It was only when an unexpected burst of applause followed some noble effort of her husband, that the tears started to her eyes. Uniting with great sweetness of disposition, unaffected, frank and winning manners, no one could approach her without wishing to know her, and no one could know her well, without loving her. When Mr. Webster brought this interesting companion to Portsmouth, the circle that gathered around them became more intimate and was held by more powerful attractions. There certainly never was a more charming room than the low-roofed, simple parlor,

where, relieved from the cares of business, in the full gayety of his disposition, he gave himself up to relaxation."

In due time a daughter was born to them, the little Grace Webster, who was so wonderfully precocious and agreeable. Unhappily, she inherited her mother's delicate constitution, and she died in childhood. Three times in his life, it is said, Daniel Webster wept convulsively. One of these occasions was when he laid upon the bed this darling girl, who had died in his arms, and turned away from the sight of her lifeless body. All the four children of Mrs. Webster, except her son Fletcher, appear to have inherited their mother's weakness.

Charles, a lovely child, both in mind and person, died in infancy. Her daughter Julia, who lived to marry the son of a distinguished family in Boston, died in her thirtieth year. Edward, her third son, served as a major in the Mexican war, and died in Mexico, aged twenty-eight. Fletcher, the most robust of her children, commanded a regiment of the army of the Potomac, and died in one of its disastrous conflicts.

Beyond the general impressions of her friends, we know little of the life of this estimable woman. She lived retired from the public gaze, and the incidents of her life were of that domestic and ordinary nature which are seldom recorded. In this dearth of information, the reader will certainly be interested in reading one of her letters to her husband, written soon after the death of their little son Charles. It shows her affectionate nature, and is expressed with all the tender eloquence of a bereaved but resigned mother. The following is the letter:

"I have a great desire to write to you, my beloved husband, but I doubt if I can write legibly. I have received your letter in answer to William, which told you dear little Charley was no more. I have dreaded the hour which should destroy hopes, but trust you will not let this event afflict you too much, and that we both shall be able

to resign him without a murmur, happy in the reflection that he has returned to his Heavenly Father, pure as I received him. It was an inexpressible consolation to me, when I contemplated him in his sickness, that he had not one regret for the past, nor one dread for the future; he was patient as a lamb during all his sufferings, and they were at last so great I was happy when they were ended. I shall always reflect on his brief life with mournful pleasure, and, I hope, remember with gratitude all the joy he gave me—and it has been great. And oh! how fondly did I flatter myself it would be lasting.

"It was but yesterday, my child, thy little heart beat high;
And I had scorned the warning voice
That told me thou must die."

"Dear little Charles! He sleeps alone under St. Paul's. Oh! do not, my dear husband, talk of your own final abode; that is a subject I never can dwell on for a moment. With you here, my dear, I can never be desolate! O, may Heaven in its mercy long preserve you! And that we may ever wisely improve every event, and yet rejoice together in this life, prays your ever affectionate

G. W."

Mrs. Webster lived but forty-six years. In December, 1827, Mr. Webster being then a member of Congress, he started with his wife for the city of Washington. She had been suffering for some time from a tumor of a somewhat unusual character, which had much lowered the tone of her system. On reaching New York she was so sick that her husband left her there and proceeded to Washington alone. Having little hope of her recovery, he had serious thoughts of resigning his seat, in order to devote himself exclusively to the care of his wife, especially as he thought it probable that she would linger for many months; but he had scarcely reached Washington when he was summoned back to New York by the intelligence that her disease had taken a dangerous turn. He

watched at her bedside for three weeks, during which her strength insensibly lessened, and her flesh wasted away, though she suffered little pain. I have before me four little notes which the afflicted husband wrote on the day of her death, which tell the story of her departure in an affecting manner.

MONDAY MORNING, January 21st.

"DEAR BROTHER: Mrs. Webster still lives, but is evidently near her end. We did not expect her continuance yesterday from hour to hour.

Yours, affectionately, D. W."

This was written at daylight, in the morning. At nine o'clock he wrote to an old friend:

"Mrs. Webster still lives, but can not possibly remain long with us. We expected her decease yesterday from hour to hour."

At half past two that afternoon he wrote:

"DEAR BROTHER: Poor Grace has gone to Heaven. She has just now breathed her last breath. I shall go with her forthwith to Boston, and, on receipt of this, I hope you will come there if you can. I shall stay there some days. May God bless you and yours."

At the same hour he wrote the following to the lady quoted above:

"MY DEAR ELIZA: The scene is ended, and Mrs. Webster has gone to

God. She has just breathed her last breath. How she died—with what cheerfulness and submission, with what hopes and what happiness, how kindly she remembered her friends, and how often and affectionately she spoke of you, I hope soon to be able to tell you; till then, adieu."

Her husband mourned her departure sincerely and long. And well he might, for she was his guardian angel. After her death he was drawn more and more into politics, and gave way at length into an ambition for political place and distinction, which lessened his usefulness, impaired his dignity, and embittered his closing years.

Upon the summit of a commanding hill, in Marshfield, which overlooks the ocean, is the spot prepared by Daniel Webster for the burial place of his family. There his own remains repose, and there, also, those of his three children. There, too, he erected a marble column to the memory of their mother, which bears the following inscription:

GRACE WEBSTER,

Wife of Daniel Webster,

Born January the 16th, 1782;

Died January the 21st, 1828.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

—*Concord Paper.*

CORRECTION.

On page 112, GRANITE MONTHLY for April, 1883, "Methodism in Portsmouth," read "Samuel Hutchings, the grandfather of the late Dr. Brackett Hutchings," not *great* grandfather.

Dr. Brackett Hutchings was a well-known apothecary and pharmacist of

Portsmouth. His father, Capt. Samuel Hutchings, jr., after retiring from the sea, pursued the same business; and his father Samuel Hutchings, who resided on Washington street, was also a compounder of medicines.

THE EDELWEISS.

BY C. JENNIE SWAINE.

Have you heard the golden legend
Of the edelweiss' floweret fair,
Whose fragrance, like an incense,
Fills the chilly, winter air;
Close to the snow it blossoms,
Star-like, and pure and white,
As the snow-stars adrift in the northwind
On the mountain's dizzy height.

This is the quaint, old legend,
Grown sacred and sweet by time,
Which the simple bards of the mountains
Have inwoven with song and rhyme:
"An angel wandered from heaven,
All spotless and undefiled,
And dwelt in the heart of a maiden
In the mountain passes wild.

"Her lips were rosebuds of ruby,
Kissed by the fragrant dew,
Her eyes were of summer azure,
With the sunlight shining through;
Pure and sweet as the lilies
With a heart that was tender and true,
Yet no kingly knight or lover,
Might the beautiful maiden woo.

"So her lovers grown mad with their pleading,
Prayed the gods in their wild despair,
Away from the vision of mortals,
The angel maiden to bear;
And so, up the purple mountains,
When the sunset fires burned low,
They bore her away in the gloaming,
And laid her beside the snow.

"Then under the cover of shadows
In the magical midnight hour,
The goddess of love transformed her
Into a snow-white flower;
And close by the crystal glaciers,
In a cradle of mosses warm,
It grew into fadeless beauty,
Rocked by the mountain storm.

"Since then, doth the doubting lover
Scale the perilous solitude,
And finding the edelweiss blossom,
He counts an omen for good;
And he lays it away in his bosom,
A talisman sacred and sweet,
Making two hearts one in their beating
When laid at a fair maiden's feet."

This is the golden legend
Of the edelweiss blossom fair,
Whose fragrance, like an incense,
Fills the chilly winter air;
The flower which the peasant ever
Holds tenderly sacred to love,
And a type of womanhood holy,
As akin to the angels above.

IN THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE PIONEERS.

BY LEVI W. DODGE.

It is a fact noticeable by those interested in the local histories of the state, that many of the grantees of townships conveyed during the last years of the administration of New Hampshire's last royal governor, John Wentworth, Esq., were of those holding commissions, civil or military, under the royal seal. There were many, also, connected with the governor's family, either by marriage or the strong ties of friendship.

During the early years of his appointment he was a favorite of the people, and had he adhered to their cause instead of that of the home government, it is not assuming too much to suppose he might have continued a popular leader.

Striving to uphold the cause of the king, it was but natural he should wish for the influence of his principal friends, and to retain the support of the leaders or more active minds in the different parts of the province. Nor is it to be wondered at that he should use all legitimate means, if sometimes questionable, to retain those influences. It was reported by the "*Sons of Liberty*," that "we can not depend on the countenance of many persons of the first rank here, for royal commissions and family connections influence the principal gentlemen among us at least to keep silence in these evil times."

It was in reward for this keeping silence or for open support of the governor in those trying days, that we find many of their names among the grantees of new townships chartered at that time. It is thought, too, that Gov. Wentworth, not foreseeing the downfall of British authority in New England, and looking perhaps to family aggrandizement and the building up of a provincial aristocracy, sought to have

created here an order of baronets, to be conferred upon the purchasers of large tracts, who would build up their baronial estates, governed by the laws of English rank and honor, with hereditary titles, similar to those instituted by James I in England, and by Charles I in Nova Scotia, for the benefit of the first Earl of Stirling.

What other idea could have influenced the petitioning for and the granting of the territory embraced in the present town of Carroll to Sir Thomas Wentworth, Bart., except the transfer of his English title, or the building up of our American barony! Sir Thomas's English estates, said to have been worth an income of \$200,000 per year, were at Bretton, in the County of York, and the ancient country seat was known as "Bretton Hall," and this wild Coös acquisition, in memory of this British title, was granted as "Bretton Woods." This was the fifth baronet of that name and line, and with the death of Sir Thomas, in 1792, the title became extinct, as he died unmarried. His vast estate he left by will to his natural daughter, who became the wife of Thomas Richard Beaumont, Esq. The ancient seat of the family is still known as "Bretton Hall," and is still occupied by the descendants of the grantee of "Bretton Woods" in New Hampshire.

Perhaps the above grant to the title of Thomas Wentworth was one of that class of cases which in 1772 called forth the fierce opposition of Peter Livius to the governor and his council, and sent him to England with a lengthy protest to be laid before the Lords of Trade. One of his alleged causes for complaint was "that the Governor had moved in council that the lands reserved to the late governor (Benning Wentworth), in the charter of townships, should be re-granted

to himself, through the medium of another person."

This Peter Livius was the only member of the governor's council, consisting of eight members, who was not connected, either by marriage or natural ties of blood, to the governor's family, and it is more than probable that special distinctions and official perquisites were not distributed to his especial favor; hence the envious dissent.

This allegation of Mr. Livius was not sustained before the King and his council, and the complaint was dismissed.

It is a well known fact that Gov. John Wentworth was an extensive land owner. As early as 1767, in the township of Wolfeborough, on Lake Winnipiseogee, he had begun for himself an extensive plantation, upon which he expended large sums. Here he built an elegant house for those times, where he entertained sumptuously. But for the political changes which soon followed, this would no doubt have been made as famous a country-seat as that of many an ancient English baronial establishment. It was one of Gov. Wentworth's brilliant schemes for internal improvement, to connect the lake at this point with tide water, by means of a canal, and thus make this the head of navigation in New Hampshire; and the author of the "Wentworth Genealogy" informs us that there is on file, among the governor's official correspondence, at Halifax, a letter dated April 5, 1758, which says: "a road may be easily made from Quebec to Winnipiseogee, on the northern parts of this province, which would immediately communicate with all the populous and most fertile parts of New England at one third of the distance, trouble, time and expense of any other route. You will readily see the matter on any map. If it should take place, as I have suggested, into New Hampshire, I will endeavor to clear as much of the road as this province can be prevailed upon to provide for."

But all these enterprising plans of Gov. Wentworth for his own aggrandizement and for the improvement and building up of his native state, failed with the failure of his efforts to reconcile the conflicting elements which severed the provinces from the mother country, and he was forced to retire from the situation, followed by the confiscation of his estates, proscription of person and loss of home and friends. But he never lost his interest in the land of his birth, for in a letter to Rev. Jeremy Belknap, from Nova Scotia, dated May, 1791, he says, "if there is any thing partial in my heart in this case, it is that New Hampshire, my native country, may arise to be one of the most brilliant members of the confederation, as it was my zealous wish, ambition and unremitted endeavor to have led her to, among the provinces, while under my administration. My whole heart and fortune were devoted to it, and I do flatter myself not without some prospect of success."

In 1795 John Wentworth was created a baronet, and resided in a palatial residence known as the "Prince's Lodge," a gift of the Duke of Kent, located at Halifax, N. S. He administered the government of that province from 1792 to 1808, and died there in 1820.

After leaving New Hampshire, in 1775, his feet never trod upon Republican soil. He lived and died a monarchist, although always sincerely loving his native land.

There were probably few towns granted by the Wentworths in New Hampshire where the "reserve me and I'll reward you" policy was more distinctly marked than in the lists of the original grantees of Whitefield and some of the neighboring towns. Among those of the former which was the last township granted in New Hampshire under monarchical rule, were two of the surname of Wentworth, Benning and Paul, both said to be of Portsmouth.

This Benning was a cousin to the then ruling governor, and a relative of

his wife Frances. He was among the list of proscribed sympathizers with the royal cause, and left the country about the time that political affairs were assuming a revolutionary aspect.

He afterward was appointed to office in Nova Scotia, while his cousin and brother-in-law, Sir John, was governor of that province, and at his death, in 1808, was secretary there by royal favor. He was born in Boston in 1757.

The portion of the town of Whitefield drawn to this title was number eleven, being the present numbers sixteen and seventeen in the twenty-fifth range, containing one hundred and fifty-two acres, located in the extreme north easterly part of the town next the line of ancient Dartmouth, now Jefferson. An additional forty-eight acres was added to it in a subsequent division of lands in 1809, from lot numbers six in the fifth range, near the old town-farm, that being then undivided territory, to make up the two hundred acres to which the name was entitled in the original grant of 1774.

Division number eighty-seven in Whitefield's first allotment, was drawn to the title of Paul Wentworth, a name best remembered in New Hampshire, perhaps, in connection with the production of Holland's map, under whose direction, and at whose expense it was engraved and published, in London, in 1784, in accordance with surveys by Capt. Samuel Holland, who was the surveyor-general of the northern colonies previous to the revolution. The survey was made at the expense of the province of New Hampshire in the years 1773 and 1774.

This Paul Wentworth at that time was engaged in the formation of companies for the "purchase, improvement and sale of lands in New Hampshire." Hence his interest in the publication of the map, a copy of which may now be seen at the Athenæum in Portsmouth, and the writer has been informed there is also one in possession of P. C. Wilkins, of "Mann's hill," in Littleton. Holland fled to Canada at the outbreak of the revolution, where he

died in 1801, a member of the executive council of that province. He was one of the proscribed ones of New Hampshire, by the act of 1788, but held no property to be confiscated.

Upon the death of Theodore Atkinson, Jr., in 1769, a vacancy existed in the board of council, and the governor urged upon the secretary of the state the name of Paul Wentworth to fill the vacancy. He called him "of Portsmouth in this province, now in London, a gentleman of large property, ability, influence and loyalty." He received the appointment, as afterward appears, for in a list made by Gov. John Wentworth, in 1775, this Paul was reckoned as one of the councillors, but appended to his name was "resident in London,—not sworn in." Belknap gives the name of Paul Wentworth, Esq., of London, as one of the benefactors to Dartmouth College.

He was an intimate and trusted friend of the governor, and doubtless shared his political fortunes when he fled the country. The name of Paul Wentworth not appearing in the list of proscribed persons, he may have still been in London at the date of the record.

The Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago, author of the Wentworth Genealogy, tells us that "there are preserved familiar letters written by the governor immediately after entering upon his official duties, signifying his desire to have Paul with him in New Hampshire, and at the time of the breaking up of the provincial government he was trying to bring about his appointment as lieutenant-governor of the province."

The strong ties of friendship and interest existing between those two worthies, grew from no natural bond, for they were unrelated, unless, as the above authority adds, "Paul was a natural son of some near relation of Gov. John's, of which there is not the least tradition." He died at Surinam, where he owned large estates, in December, 1793.

At a public land sale held at old

Dunstable, in 1793, Samuel Minot purchased the Paul Wentworth title. A part of the "Jewell hill" and vicinity are included in this division, and it was some years occupied by the town as a poor-farm. Among the pioneers who picked their way into this part of Whitefield's solitudes, was one Silas Borden, and in those early years the blazed pathway through the wilds led by Jeremy Cogswell's and Jacob Jewell's to "Borden's Corners," a name now almost unremembered save among the musty records of the town. A portion of this Paul Wentworth title is now owned and occupied by Mr. Charles Colby.

Number eleven in the conscription list of 1788, was Thomas McDonough. He was represented as being the private secretary of Gov. Wentworth, and he cast his future with that gentleman when he fled before the rising storm of liberty and democracy. There is said to have been the most intimate relationship existing between them, and that the secretary "adhered to the governor's person as well as to his cause when he left Portsmouth.

That these friendly relations continued, and that McDonough stood well with the government at home, is evident from the fact that after the acknowledgment of the independence of the colonies and the return of peace, he was appointed to the British consulship at Boston, which office he held until his death in 1805.

In 1774 he received a grant of one ninety-fourth part of the township of Whitefield, perhaps as a reward for faithful service to his master in those days, or what was considered as meritorious, for "faithful silence." Little benefit he received from this royal gift, however, for he was among those of whom it was written "certain persons who have left the state and joined with the enemies thereof." Samuel Minot, of Concord, Mass., purchased the title in 1793, and in 1812 Paul Buswell founded a house on one division of it, located in what is locally known as the "knot-hole." This Paul was a pioneer and

an active man in Whitefield's early days. He was born in Methuen, Mass., in 1773, and his wife was a native of Warner, N. H., where they were married in 1818, and immediately settled down to the stern realities of life in this Whitefield house in the wilderness, and here their years on earth ended,—the wife Polly, in 1829, in the midst of life; Paul in the full measure of his years, in 1845.

There was a John Cochran, of Portsmouth, among the petitioners for Whitefield's ungranted lands. He was in command of Fort William and Mary, in the harbor of Portsmouth, when in 1774 Paul Revere came up post haste from Boston, bringing to the "committee of safety" a copy of a recent act of the king and council prohibiting the exportation of gun-powder and military stores to America. The result of this post haste ride of Paul Revere may best be told by an extract from a letter written by Gov. Wentworth to Gov. Gage, and dated Portsmouth, N. H., the 14th day of December, 1774:

"SIR: I have the honor to write it is with the utmost concern I am called upon by my duty to the king to communicate to your excellency a most unhappy affair perpetrated here this day.

"Yesterday, in the afternoon, Paul Revere arrived in this town, express from the committee in Boston to another committee in this town, and delivered his dispatch to Mr. Samuel Cutts, merchant of this place, who immediately convened the committee, of which he is one, and as I learn laid it before them. This day, before noon, before any suspicions could be had of their intentions, about four hundred were collected together and immediately proceeded to his Majesty's castle, William and Mary, at the entrance to this harbor, and forcibly took possession thereof (notwithstanding the best defence that could be made by Capt. Cochran), and by violence carried away one hundred barrels of powder, belonging to the king, deposited in the castle.

I am informed that expresses have been circulated through the neighboring towns to collect a number of people to-morrow, or as soon as possible, to carry away all the cannon and arms belonging to the castle, which they will undoubtedly effect unless some assistance should arrive from Boston in time to prevent it.

J. WENTWORTH."

But as is well known the "timely assistance" did not arrive, and the cannon and about sixty muskets were taken away by the determined "sons of liberty."

This was the first open revolt of the people against the British government, and it took place, as will be seen, full four months before the battle of Lexington, and the same arms and ammunition, so opportunely seized by the sturdy yeomanry of New Hampshire, did effective service at the battle of Bunker Hill in the same brawny hands that borrowed them from the king's castle.

Capt. Cochran, the commander of the fortress, was like most or many of those who held royal commissions, a true servitor of the king, and we may suppose that this partial grant of a wild township was, in some degree, a recognition of loyalty; but the gift like the service proved of little value to him, for he became obnoxious to the "sons of liberty" and was forced to flee the country. His name is seventh from the governor on the proscribed list, and he was one of the twenty-two from this state whose estates were confiscated. His title in Whitefield lands passed by public sale into the possession of Samuel Minot, and now numbers two and three in the twenty-second range, form the wild eastern boundary of the Col. Colby farm, a part of the confiscated estate of John Cochran.

One of the ninety petitioners for a grant of the original township of Whitefield, in 1774, was one Peter Green, Esq. He was number sixteen in the list, and drew share seventy-three in the first allotment by the Gerrish plan.

This Peter was originally from Lan-

caster, Mass., where he was born. He removed to the newly organized town of Concord, N. H., during the stirring times just previous to the declaration of independence of the colonies. He was an ardent supporter of the cause of the king, and never yielded allegiance thereto until forced by the tide of public sentiment to adapt himself, apparently, at least, to the growing change in the political world around him.

It was a recorded fact of those times that those holding commissions under the king, either civil or military, were generally the last to come to the open support of the colonists; and of Peter Green, Esq., it is recorded, that although having subscribed to the "test oath" in 1776, before the committee of safety of Concord, he made himself so openly obnoxious to the friends of liberty that the parish voted to "break off all dealings with him, and that he be advertized in the public prints as an enemy to the United States of America, and that he be disarmed by the committee of safety, and that the court of judicature be applied to to dismiss Peter Green, Esq., from all business henceforth and forever. Also, that if any persons have any dealings with the same he shall be looked upon as an enemy to his country. All this unless the said Peter Green, Esq., give satisfaction to this parish within thirty days."

But we may conclude that the required satisfaction was not made, for soon thereafter a party of zealous liberty men assembled in high excitement for the purpose of pulling down the house of this royalist, and they only desisted from their purpose by the advice of some of the cooler order loving and influential men of the town.

Green's outspoken sentiments and royalist sympathies at last caused his arrest, and along with Capt. Jeremiah Clough, also one of Whitefield's grantees, he was taken to Exeter and there confined in jail. They were afterward released, upon taking the oath of allegiance and agreeing to comply with the regulations of the committee of

safety. Esq. Green subsequently became one of Concord's most loyal and influential citizens, and, previous to 1790, several times represented that town at the General Court.

The second division and numbering of lots gave to the Peter Green title numbers eleven and sixteen in the twentieth range of lots, the former of which is now owned and occupied by Wm. F. Dodge, Esq., and upon the summit of which is located the widely known "Mountain View House."

Col. Joseph Kimball secured the title to this division at a land sale held at old Dunstable, in 1795, for Mr. Green, seeing, we may conclude, no prospect of a speedy return for his tax investments, had let his title lapse.

Not until 1820 did this north hill find a settler. Then William Eastman, one of a trio of stalwart brothers whose sturdy axe strokes opened this forest-crowned elevation to the sunlight of the long ago, selected here a home site.

You may see if you will, as you pass along the pleasant drive just west of the Mountain View House, a pile of stones, a tangled hollow and a bed of tansy. They mark the spot of the ancient hearth-stone, and here brought William his Rebecca, for he had made peace with the Gales, and here they dwelt for many a long year while the forests were pushed back and "coming events cast their shadows before." But he has long since joined those down by the church side who have lain aside life's armor, having "fought the good fight." She still remains, and the great house, builded near the site of the ancient log cabin is lively with three generations of children and grandchildren, and a benignant old-fashioned grandmother, whose fading eyes grow bright with the light of other days.

William Eastman was born in ancient Gunthwaite, now Lisbon, in 1795. He was a resident of Whitefield from 1820 until the day of his death, in 1872.

LIBERTY.

GEORGE WILLIS PATTERSON.

By the patriot's faith and pride,
By his heart which bled and died,
Liberty was sanctified.

By the death-griefs hourly felt,
By the prayers when mothers knelt,
Prayers of love so oft denied,
Liberty was sanctified.

By the ties of marriage torn,
By the brow with sorrow worn
Of the swift deserted bride,
Liberty was sanctified.

By the camp-fire's midnight prayer,
As 'neath tattered banners there
Winds of loyal heaven sighed,
Liberty was sanctified.

By the soldier's "Take me, God,"
As upon the sweet, cool sod,
Flowed the hot blood from his side,
Liberty was sanctified.

By the flag in precious yore
Writ with "freedom" o'er and o'er,
By the blood which none denied,
Liberty was sanctified.

By the patriot's faith and pride,
By his heart which bled and died,
Liberty was sanctified.

DEGREE OF LL. D. CONFERRED UPON GEORGE WASHINGTON BY HARVARD COLLEGE IN 1876.

SENATUS ACADEMIÆ CANTABRIGIENSIS
IN

NOVANGLIA

Omnibus in Christo Fidelibus, ad quos
hae Literæ presentes pervenerint,
Salutem in Domino Sempiternam.

Cum eum in finem Gradus Academici instituti fuerint, ut vivi scientiâ sapientiâ et virtute insignes, qui de literaria, et de Republicâ optime meruerint, Honoribus hisce laureatis remunerarentur.

Maxime decet, ut honore tali afficiatur vir illustrissimus, Georgius Washington, Armiger, Exercitus Coloniarum in Americâ fœderatarum Imperator præclarus. Cujus scientia et amor Patriæ undique patent. Qui propter eximias virtutes tam civiles, quam militares, primum a civibus suis Legatus electus, in consensu celeberrimo Americano, de libertate, ad extremum periclitata, et de salute publica fideliter, et peritissime consuluit, deinde postulante patria, sedem in Virginia amœnissimam, et res proprias perlubenter reliquit, ut per omnes labores castrorum et pericula, nulla mercede accepta, Novangliam ab armis iniquis et crudelibus Britannorum liberaret et colonias cæteras tueretur, et qui sub auspiciis Divinis maxime spectandis, ab urbe Bostonia per undecim menses clausa, munita, et plusquam septem millium militum præsidio firmata, naves et copias hostium in fugam præcipitem probrosam deturbavit adeo ut cives plurimis duritiis et sævitiis oppressi, tandem salvificentur, (?) villæ vicesimæ (?) quiescant, atque sedibus suis Academia nostra restituantur.

Sciatis, igitur, quod nos, Præses, et socii Collegii Harvidini in Cantabrigia Novanglorum (consentibus honorandis admodum, et Reverendis Academicæ nostræ Inspectoribus), Dominum supra dictum summa honore dignum Georgium Washington Docto-

rem utriusque juris tum naturæ, et gentium, tum civilis, statuimus et creavimus eique simul dedimus concessissimus omnia jura, privilegia et honores ad istum Gradum pertinentia.

In cujus rei testimonium, nos, communi sigillo Universitatis hisce literis affixo, Chirographa apposimus die tertio Aprilis Anno Salutis millesimo septingentesimo septuagesimo sexto.

* {	Locus	* }	SAM'L LANGDON, Præses.
* {	sigilli.	* }	NATH. APPLETON, S. T. D.
			JOHANNES WINTHROP,
			Math.

ANDREW ELLIOTT, S. T. D.

SAM'L COOPER, S. T. D.

JOHANNES WADSWORTH,

Logic et Prof. Eth., Thesaur.

English Translation of the Degree of
LL. D., conferred upon Gen. Washington by Harvard College in A. D.
1776.

Whereas Academical Degrees were instituted for this purpose, that men eminent for knowledge, wisdom and virtue, who have merited of the Republic of Letters and the Commonwealth, should be rewarded with the honor of these laurels; there is the greatest propriety in conferring such honor on that very illustrious Gentleman, George Washington, Esquire, the accomplished General of the United Colonies of America, whose knowledge and patriotic ardor are manifest to all. Who for his distinguished virtue, both civil and military, in the first place being elected by the suffrages of the Virginians one of their Delegates, exerted himself with fidelity and singular wisdom in the celebrated Congress of America for the defence of liberty, when in the utmost danger of being forever lost, and for the salvation of his country, and at the earnest request of that Grand Council of Patriots, without hesitation left all the

pleasures of his delightful seat in Virginia and the affairs of his own Estate, that through all the fatigues and dangers of a Camp, without accepting any reward, he might deliver New England from the unjust and cruel arms of Britain, and defend the other Colonies, and who by the most signal smiles of Divine Providence on his military operations, drove the Fleet and troops of the enemy with disgraceful precipitation from the Town of Boston, which for eleven months had been shut up, fortified by a Garrison of above 7,000 Regulars, so that the inhabitants, who suffered a great variety of hardships and cruelties while under the power of their oppressors, now rejoice in their deliverance, the neighboring towns are freed from the tumults of arms, and our University has the agreeable prospect of being restored to its ancient seat :

Know Ye, therefore, that we, the President and Fellows of Harvard College, in Cambridge (with the consent of the Honored and Reverend

Overseers of our Academy), have constituted and created the aforesaid Gentleman, George Washington, who merits the honor of DOCTOR of Laws—the law of Nature and Nations and the Civil Law—and have given and granted him at the same time all the privileges and Honors to the said Degree pertaining.

In testimony whereof we have affixed the common seal of our University to these Letters, and subscribed them with our names this third day of April, in the Year of our Lord 1776.

SAMUEL LANGDON, S. T. D., President.

NATHANIEL APPLETON, S. T. D.

JOHN WINTHROP, Math. & Philos. Prof.

ANDREW ELLIOTT, S. T. D. } Socii.

SAMUEL COOPER, S. T. D. }

JOHN WADSWORTH,

Logic and Ethics Prof., and Treasurer.



DELAYED MAILS.

ADELAIDE C. WALDRON.

I stand impatient at the gate.

Waiting for the mail.

Delight, or sorrow insensate,

I long for either while, so late,

Wearily I wait.

Will gladness crown me with a song,

Joy her face unveil?

Or pain's sharp stings, in endless throng,

My fevered dragging days prolong—

Days already long?

Grown reckless with suspense I wait,

Careless at the gate;

My hope of joy I abrogate,

Nor fear of sorrow arbitrate

Will I tolerate.

Around me flowers with sweets innate

Rest inviolate;

Their odors deep and passionate

My shallow calmness penetrate

And commiserate:

I thrill with hope still animate!

Time may dissipate

My doubts, and life illuminate;

Love may return and, though so late,

Plead importunate.

The roses droop; sweet mignonette

Sways disconsolate,

While heliotrope and violet.

And lilies, white and delicate.

Sigh compassionate.

AN ANCIENT NECROPOLIS.

BY C. C. LORD.

THE SITE.

In the town of Hopkinton, N. H., is a ridge of land running northeasterly and southwesterly for the distance of about three miles, passing, at about half its distance, very nearly through the center of the town. Near the middle of this ridge is a depression of the surface, through which passes the highway leading from Hopkinton village on the southeast to the village of Contoocook on the northwest, the depression of the ridgy summit being about one mile from the former and two miles from the latter village.

This ridge of land has long been known as Putney's hill, doubtless from the historic prominence of the family of Putneys in this locality. The northeastern brow of this prolonged elevation is sometimes called Gould's hill, in deference to the prominent nomenclatural claim of the Gould family. The admission of this local appellation leaves "Putney's hill" to designate the southwesterly brow of the ridge.

All along the above described elevation of land, the eye finds abundant opportunities to enjoy its fill of nature's beauty expressed in extended landscapes. We prefer, in this connection, to use the term beauty in a strict, technical sense. The more immediate undulations of the earth's contour are so moderate, and the greater terrestrial ruggednesses are so far away, the whole scene is so softened in visual aspect that all conceptions of the sublime and grand succumb to sensations of the picturesque and beautiful.

Putney's hill, or that portion of elevated land now more commonly so called, is a frequent resort of pleasure-seekers and tourists. The preference of this brow of the hill for landscape gazing is no doubt due to the absence of surrounding forest and the consequent

almost unobstructed view in every direction. The wooded brow of Gould's hill alone prevents the range of the eye around the entire circuit of the horizon.

Along the ridge of Putney's hill, and for the distance of nearly a mile without passing but one habitation, runs an ancient highway. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the grass crept across this highway from wall to wall, but now a fixed carriage path is maintained throughout the traveling season. Very much of this change is due to the travel of pleasure-seekers, who not only come from near and far, but also, sometimes, make favorable comparisons of the scene from this elevation with others of much wider public renown.

In respect of inhabitants, a walk or ride over the summit of Putney's hill suggests a feeling of comparative desolation. On either hand, for much the greater part of the way, are naked fields and pastures. Uninformed in the history of this locality, one would hardly anticipate that here is the site of a former civilized center—the headquarters of a township's population—the field of many an adventure that quickened the heart-throbs of an extended circle of society.

A small plot of ground on the east side, where a few monumental slabs attest the devotion of the soil to sepulchral purposes, and the presence of an ancient, uncouth dwelling a little farther north on the opposite hand, barely suggest that human society lays claim to the more special economic uses of this spot, where death, more than life, seems to be the lord and master.

THE TITLE.

The original grant of the township of Hopkinton, N. H., was made by the authority of the Massachusetts Bay Colony to John Jones and others,

of Hopkinton, Mass., in 1736, and settlements began as early as 1738. By a concourse of facts, Putney's hill became the social center of the new civilized locality. Here were the meeting-house spot, the parsonage, the training-field, and the burying-place. A cemetery is an inevitable adjunct of society. Physically speaking, it is appointed unto all men once to die, and after death the burying. In the earliest career of this township, a burying-ground seems to have been selected by general consent. When, in 1765, the town of Hopkinton became incorporate, the ownership of lands devoted to public uses became very properly of important moment. In the following year, as attests the record of the town-clerk, the following act was passed :

Voted that Half a Nacre of Land Be Procured for a Buring Place where they have Be gun to Bury on the top of the Hill.

The ownership of the above plot of land immediately vested, by virtue of an act proceeding apparently from a disinterested public spirit. On the same page recording the formal determination of the town to purchase the burying-lot the following gratuity is expressed :

The half acre of Land which is voted to be procured for a Burying Plac on the top of the Hill I give and Be stow on the Town John Putney.

John Putney, the donor of this burying-lot, was an early settler in Hopkinton, and came from the vicinity of Amesbury, Mass., in company with Samuel Putney. He built what was known as Putney's fort, a place of defence against hostile Indians, which stood a few rods from the burying-lot, in a northerly direction, though the exact location is not fully settled in the writer's mind. Both these Putneys were prominent men in local public matters, a military precedence probably allowing the mention of "Lieut. John Putney" in the early records of the township.

A FORGOTTEN GRAVE.

The early histories of many New England towns exhibit the first clergymen, or ministers, as they were called, in degrees of prominence not to be mistaken. The history of Hopkinton presents no exception to the general rule. In this town the first minister figured prominently in all the affairs of the local public. A summary sketch of the first clergyman settled in Hopkinton is found in volume v, page 222, of the New Hampshire Provincial Papers, as follows :

James Scales was a graduate of Harvard College in 1733. He came from Boxford, Mass., with a recommendation from the church in that place, dated July 3, 1737, and was received into the church in Rumford, July 17, 1737. He became a resident of Canterbury, was town-clerk, and in the records is called esquire. He is also spoken of as a physician. He was licensed to preach, and in 1743 received £20 for preaching to the people in Canterbury. He was ordained the first minister in Hopkinton, N. H., November 23, 1757; was dismissed July 4, 1770, and died July 26, 1776.

There is a further account of James Scales that asserts that he eventually laid aside his clerical gown and adopted the practice of the law. He was without doubt a person of unusual versatility of genius, though the circumstances of his time gave freer course to faculties of lesser training than do conditions of society in the same locality to-day.

James Scales was a champion of the public interests of Hopkinton, and, like most men of his class, was doubtless the agent of many unpaid labors. He barely escaped the neglect which is more humiliating than silent unthankfulness. When the town of Hopkinton had secured her charter of incorporation, she deliberately decided, in open town meeting, that she would pay the Rev. James Scales nothing for the public service he had rendered in obtaining the legal instrument. Let it be set down to the credit of the

town, however, that, before adjourning, the meeting rescinded the first vote and made the return of a pittance to the minister who had served his fellow townsmen to a good purpose.

James Scales had a wife, Susanna, and a family of children. The old homestead, of which we have already spoken, and which stands but a few rods away northerly, was the first parsonage, built for Mr. Scales by the town, and now owned by the descendants of the late Moses Rowell.

Beside being of versatile talents, James Scales was of unpretending mien, attached to a plain garb, and offended the fastidious by his general homeliness of manner. Buried in the old cemetery on Putney's hill, his body lies in a forgotten grave, of no other than a traditional location somewhere in the southwest corner of the yard.

THE FIRST DOCTOR.

Entering this ancient graveyard by the rude front gate which opens direct from the highway, and turning a few steps to the left, we come upon a cluster of mounds of the Clement family. Reading the inscriptions on the several slabs, we take particular notice of the following :

DR. JOHN CLEMENT,
died
Nov. 20, 1804,
Æ. 61.

MOLLY,
his wife, died
Feb. 12, 1817,
Æ. 72.

This is the simple record of the first physician in Hopkinton, together with that of his defunct spouse. Dr. Clement was a resident, and perhaps a native, of Haverhill, Mass., before coming to this town, where he settled on Putney's hill, on a site a short distance south of the burying-yard, on the other side of the road. A semblance of a foundation, almost obliterated by time and a collection of stones, alone remains of what was at first Dr. Clement's abiding place in Hopkinton. He

afterward, with a son, built a house a short distance west, on the road leading from Hopkinton village to West Hopkinton. His wife was probably from Salisbury, Mass. They had nine children : John, Timothy, Phineas, Benjamin, and James ; Ruth, Polly, Sally, and Betsey.

Of the personal history of Dr. John Clement we know little. His practice was extensive, extending to no less than fourteen towns. His nature partook of a genial and mirthful spirit.

TWO PIONEERS.

Moving onward directly from the gate toward the opposite side of this oblong field, which lies with its longest sides parallel to the highway, bearing slightly to the right, till we nearly cross the inclosure, we come to an ancient slab, with "shapeless sculpture decked," on which we slowly trace the following inscription :

HERE LIES BURIED
THE BODY OF
LIEUT. AARON KIMBALL,
WHO DIED JULY
THE 30TH, A. D.
1760, AND IN
THE 51ST YEAR
OF HIS AGE.

Proceeding a few steps further in the same direction, we reach a second and similar monument, inscribed thus :

HERE LIES BURIED
THE BODY OF MR.
JEREMIAH KIMBALL,
WHO DIED MAY
THE 18TH, 1764,
IN THE 57TH YEAR
OF HIS AGE.

These slabs are notable as being the oldest obituary monuments in town, as well as for memorizing two representatives of one of the oldest Hopkinton families. The Kimballs were soon numerous among the early settlers. Of Jeremiah Kimball we know very little. Aaron Kimball built one of the three forts that afforded protection and shelter to the people. Kimball's fort was about two miles east of the burying ground, on the road to Rumford (now Concord), being near the present

home of Mr. James K. Story, at or near a point where Aaron Kimball also constructed the first framed house ever built within the limits of the township. Jeremiah Kimball also sustains a prominence in the history of the town by having been the father of Abraham Kimball, the first male child born in the town, who died in Peacham, Vt., in the 87th year of his age, while with his son Isaac.

TWO VETERANS.

Continuing our walk, bearing a little further to the right, till we cross the graveyard entirely, we see a plain white slab, upon which we read the following double inscription :

JOSEPH PUTNEY
died
Sept. 20, 1846,
Æ. 93.

MARY,
His wife, died
March, 1805,
Æ. 50.

Joseph Putney was a soldier of the Revolution. At Bunker Hill he was enrolled in the company of Captain Isaac Baldwin, of Hillsborough. Capt. Baldwin fell during the fight, and the command devolved upon Lieut. John Hale, of Hopkinton. Joseph Putney is reported to have done other military service in the defence of the northern frontier, but we have no record of it. Subsequently to his career as a soldier, Mr. Putney kept for many years one of the most famous country taverns in all this region, occupying a stand now owned by Mr. Charles Putnam, at the highest point of the highway between the villages of Hopkinton and Contoocook, on the easterly side. Joseph Putney was of an honest, religious temperament, that warmed to the fervor of prophetic zeal. Trotting his young son, Joseph, jr., on his knee, he spoke of the painful struggles of the patriots of the Revolution, and said that the time would come when the people of this country would become selfish and wicked, and fight and kill each other. This fact was related to

the writer by Joseph Putney, jr., in the dark days of the war of the Rebellion. "Elder Putney," as he was familiarly called, had a second wife, Mary, who died April 12, 1844, aged 82. Her body rests at the left of her husband's, where, upon a plain slab erected in her memory, is this touching but somewhat quaint epitaph :

"Farewell, my friends, I must be gone.
My body is at rest;
I am gone my Savior for to see,
To be forever blest."

Not far from the northeast angle of this burying-ground is another plain slab, upon which we read that

MR. THOMAS
BURNHAM
died
June 12, 1823,
Æ. 68.

Mr. Burnham was one of those who are so unfortunate as to leave no special record of their meritorious deeds. The ensign of our republic that floats above his grave attests the public recognition of his services as a soldier. Thomas Burnham is reported to have done defensive work, in the days of the Revolution, upon the great watery main, before the United States had an existence, to say nothing of a navy. He was connected with a privateering adventure, under the command of a Captain Leach. He and his wife Ruth, whose body rests by his, came, we think, from some place in the vicinity of Newburyport, Mass., when they settled in Hopkinton, on the hillside, a few rods east of the burying-lot, on the ancient road leading from the top of Putney's hill to the center village of the town. A story runs that when Ruth Burnham, presumably a young wife, left her Massachusetts home to settle in the comparative wilderness of Hopkinton, N. H., she took along a syringa, or lilac bush, to plant by her new dwelling. The shrub flourished, and of it she gave slips to her neighbors, and thus for the first time introduced the floral specimen into this vicinity. Some

have it that from Mrs. Burnham's bush sprang all the common red syringas in the town; but the statement may be doubtful. Her original bush is now living, having spread for some distance by the roadside, at the site of her old home.

THREE SMALL GRAVES.

If we return to the gate of this ancient cemetery, a touch of sympathy, which makes the whole world kin, naturally prompts us to look down at the right of one's entering feet, where three small mounds lie side by side. These three uninscribed graves hold three bodies of children of the late Ichabod Eaton, whose family was bereaved of three of its young members in three weeks. On three Sundays in succession there were funeral services at the Eaton house, and on each day a child was mourned, while its body was conveyed to the silent grave. This affliction was the result of the great epidemic, known as the "throat distemper," which, not far from the year 1820, attacked the children of this town, of whom seventy-two are said to have died by its fell stroke. Of such an extended public affliction the present local population can have no possible conception, and we hope its practical ignorance of the fact may long continue.

IN FINE.

The scenery of New Hampshire abounds with sublime and picturesque

views, which always excite the admiration of the transient tourist, while they furnish a perpetual fund of delight to the appreciative local resident. The prospect from Putney's hill, in the town of Hopkinton, is of a peculiar character, since it is not only extended and beautiful, but also singularly varied in the character of its visible objects. On a clear day, standing at the northeast corner of the old burying-ground, one can see the tip of Mount Washington, appearing like a speck of cloud in the extreme northern horizon. Nearly every important eminence south of the latitude of the above mountain, within the limits of the state, is also visible. Within the circling sweep of the eye can be seen numerous villages. At the east, under one's feet, lies the village of Hopkinton. On the west the eye overlooks the great valley of the Contoocook river, where the meandering, silvery stream enhances the beauty of the view in a manner stimulating our sense of praise, but also exceeding our powers of description. Drawing this effort to a close, we invite the reader to this ancient necropolis. Let him select a bright and quiet summer day. With the dead sleeping silently at his feet, and the landscape stretching softly in the wide distance, he may realize subdued reflections that mantle the life-worried spirit with a feeling of inexpressible sweetness and calm.

BETHLEHEM, N. H.

"The early history of the town of Bethlehem, New Hampshire," is the title of a little volume written by Rev. Simeon Bolles, and published by the Enterprise Printing House, of Woodsville. We hope this venture will lead to the issuing of a more detailed account of this famous summer resort.

From its pages one learns that the town was first settled about 1787 or 1788, by Benjamin Brown and Joseph

Warren, who migrated from Massachusetts. James Turner settled on Lloyd's hill in 1790; Lot Woodbury came from Royston, Mass., in March, 1794; Isaac Newton Gay in 1800.

The town was surveyed into lots by Nathaniel Snow. It was originally called Lloyd's hill. It was incorporated as Bethlehem Dec. 27, 1799. Moses Eastman was the first moderator, town-clerk and selectman; Na-

thaniel Snow and Amos Wheeler, his colleagues; Edward Oaks, constable and collector; Simeon Burt and John Gile, highway surveyors; James Noyes, tythingman; John Russell, hogreeve; and Isaac Batchellor, one of a committee to build a bridge over the Ammonoosuc river.

Abigail, daughter of Benjamin Brown, was the first white child born in town.

Otis, son of Jonas Warren, was the first son.

The first death in town was that of Mrs. Lydia Whipple, who died March 17, 1795. Mrs. Elizabeth Warren died March 6, 1797.

The nearest grist-mill was in Bath, and the early settlers had to journey fifty miles, to and from, to secure a bag of meal. Benjamin Brown would make this journey on foot.

The town was very slowly settled, and remained for many years an outpost.

There are several interesting and well told anecdotes in the book of the perils and adventures of the early residents.

It will be highly prized by the antiquarian and bibliophile, and adds a chapter to New Hampshire local history.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN MICHIGAN—No. 5.

HON. ALFRED RUSSELL.

Alfred Russell, one of the most distinguished members of the bar in Detroit, was born at Plymouth, Grafton County, New Hampshire, March 18, 1830. He graduated at Dartmouth College in the class of 1850, and at the Dane Law School in 1852. He was admitted to the bar at Meredith Bridge, New Hampshire, November, 1852, emigrated to Michigan the same month, and settled in Detroit. Soon after his arrival in that city he entered the office of Hon. James F. Joy—studying law with that gentleman for a brief period. He was admitted to the bar of Michigan in 1853, and in 1854 formed a partnership with the Messrs. Walker, which lasted till 1861. During that year he was appointed United States District Attorney for Michigan, by President Lincoln, and was re-appointed by President Johnson in 1865. Mr. Russell was originally a Whig of the New England Federal party school, and acted with the Free Soilers during

the existence of that party. Upon the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, he took a prominent part in the organization of the Republican party in Michigan, and has since been more or less closely identified with that party. Mr. Russell is, however, a free thinker and an independent actor in politics. His personal appearance is remarkably fine, his brow is lofty, open and commanding, and with his abundant and beautiful waving auburn hair, his dark, piercing eyes, which seem "to look quite through the deeds of men," and his complexion, as fair and delicate as a girl's, all combine to render his presence very striking and impressive. As a lawyer, he stands in the front rank of his profession, and is known throughout the state as an eminently useful citizen, and in his social relations, as a polished gentleman.

MARY M. CULVER.

Vassar, Michigan.

EARTHQUAKES FROM 1638 TO 1883, IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES AND IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS NORTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY JOSIAH EMERY.

The following Earthquake Notes were begun several years ago, as one branch of a study of the interior of the earth; or rather, perhaps, to confirm or refute an hypothesis relating to its constitution. They were not intended for publication as a whole, but only in part, as they tended to confirm or refute that hypothesis. These notes are but a small portion of what I have in manuscript, relating, however, to other districts of the earth.

I hand these notes to the GRANITE MONTHLY, hoping that they may be of interest to the readers of that magazine, many of whom are, with me, natives of the Granite State, which is my home still, even after an absence of more than half a century.

In the compilation I have drawn largely from Mr. Brigham's Historical Notes; from the Note Additionelle of Mr. Lancaster, Secretary of the Royal Society of Belgium; from Joshua Coffin's History of Newbury, the town records of Newbury, and especially from the record of earthquakes kept by Rev. Matthias Plant, minister of Newbury; from Annals of Salem; from the proceedings of various scientific societies; from old almanacs; from Silliman's Journal, and its successor, the Journal of Science and Arts; from the newspaper press; and, latterly, in addition, from the general press dispatches; from (London) Nature, since its establishment in 1869; from the United States Weather Review, since it began (wisely) to notice earthquakes; and from other sources.

I notice my sources of information thus in the beginning, as I do not refer to my authority or authorities in each individual case.

For copying and arranging these notes, &c., I am much indebted to my daughter, Mrs. C. S. Bundy, of Washington, D. C.

Williamsport, Pa., Jan. 1, 1883.

EARTHQUAKE OF JUNE 1, 1638.

The first earthquake that occurred in New England, after the landing of the Pilgrims in 1620, or on the eastern coast of North America, of which we have any account, was that of June 1, 1638. The following account is copied from the town records of Newbury, Mass. (now Newbury, Newburyport, and West Newbury), changed, however, to the modern orthography:

"June 1st, 1638. Being this day assembled to consult about the well ordering of the affairs of the town, about one of the clock in the afternoon, the sun shining fair, it pleased God suddenly to raise a vehement earthquake coming with a shrill clap of thunder, coming, as is supposed, out of the east, which shook the earth and the foundations of the house in a very violent manner, to our great amazement and wonder; wherefore, taking notice of so great and strange a hand of God's providence, we were desirous of leaving it on record to the view of after ages to the intent that all might take notice of Almighty God and fear his name."

Gov. Winthrop, in his History, says: "It came with a noise like continuous thunder, or the rattling of coaches in London. The noise and shakings continued about four minutes."

Thomas Hutchinson, in his History of Massachusetts, says: "The course of this earthquake was from west to east. It shook the ships, threw down the tops of chimneys, and rattled the pewter from the shelves. This was a very great earthquake, and shook the whole country."

(To be continued.)

NEW HAMPSHIRE LEGISLATURE—1883-5.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

CHARLES F. STONE, born May 21, 1843, in Cabot, Vt.; graduated at Middlebury (Vt.) College; read law with Hon. E. A. Hibbard; was admitted in April, 1872; settled in Laconia. He is president of board of education, chairman Democratic state central committee, widower, Mason, and a Unitarian.

HORATIO FRANK MOULTON, born Jan. 24, 1848, in Laconia, then Meredith Bridge; entered Dartmouth College; midshipman three years; since 1871 a manufacturer of stockings; married, Unitarian, a Mason, an Odd Fellow, K. of P., K. of H., and G. A. R. At present he is a manufacturer in Columbia, S. C.

GEORGE H. ADAMS, lawyer, of Plymouth, was born May 18, 1851, in Campton; graduated at Dartmouth College in 1873; studied law and settled in Plymouth in 1876, in which year he was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention. He is a member of the law firm of Burleigh & Adams, is married, a Mason, and a Methodist.

ORVILLE L. BROCK, of Fitzwilliam, was born in Buckfield, Maine; received a common school education in Auburn; removed to Natick, Mass., in 1858; learned the shoe trade. He enlisted in April, 1861, under the President's first call for volunteers, in Co. H, 13th Reg. M. V. M.; was encamped at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, from June 29 to July 29, when, with his regiment, he left for the front; was in the army of the Potomac on the extreme right, where, from exposure, while on picket, he contracted a lung fever from which he has never fully recovered. He crossed the Potomac with the advance of McClellan, in the spring of '62, at Williamsport, under command of General Banks; marched to Martinsburg, thence to Winchester; the regiment was then ordered to join McDowell on the Rappahannock; marched as far as Warrenton Junction, when he was ordered to Washington, D. C., and was discharged by order of Gen. Wadsworth, when he returned to his former home, Natick, Mass. He married, April 29, 1863, Miss Abbie L. Hill, of Fitzwilliam; he has two sons. He is a Congregationalist.

JOHN H. FOX, of Jaffrey, was born at Jaffrey June 14, 1856, and has always lived there. He is a farmer; graduated at Dartmouth, class '78, and also at the Albany Law School, class of '80; has been chairman of the board of supervisors in Jaffrey for the past two years. He is married, and is a member of Charity Lodge F. and A. Masons.

HON. WILLIAM H. CUMMINGS, of Lisbon, was born in New Hampton, Jan. 10, 1817; lived there until he was about five years old, when his parents moved to Wentworth and lived there until he was sixteen years old, then he went to New Chester and commenced the mercantile business under Maj. Ebenezer Kimball; went into trade there in 1837, and remained until fall of 1839; went into trade in spring of 1841, at Haverhill, in company with John L. Rix, Esq., and remained there until the fall of 1849. He then moved to Lisbon and engaged in trade and lumber business in company with his brother, Greenleaf Cummings, and James Allen, Esq. Mr. Allendying, in 1853 the company was changed, and he continued in same business until 1861. Since 1861 he has been engaged in manufacturing and farming, a portion of the time. His education was mainly at the "common district school," with a few terms at a high school or academy. Being on the "off side" in politics, he has never held many public offices; was elected representative from Lisbon in 1856; was elected senator for District No. 12, in 1877 and 1878; and again elected representative for the next legislature; served in the commission to investigate the N. H. Asylum for the Insane in 1877, and on the tax commission in 1878; has been president of the National Bank of Newbury, at Wells River, Vt., for the past ten years; has been town treasurer for many years. He has belonged to the Masonic fraternity for about twenty-five years, and has taken all the degrees to and including the Knights Templar; has held all positions in Lodge and Chapter offices; also that of Grand High King in the Grand Chapter of N. H. Was married in 1843, and has a wife and two daughters living; belongs to no religious denomination, but contributes to the support of all societies that he believes are doing good.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY,

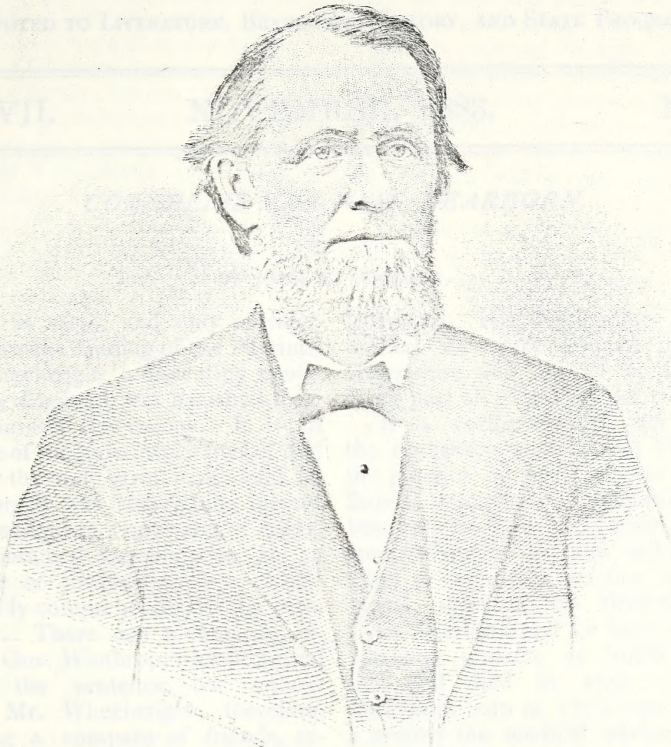
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND STATE PRACTICE.

Vol. VII.

1885.

No. 4.



Early in the year 1834, John W. Foster, of New Hampshire, was in the city of New York, where he was engaged in the collection of evidence for the case of the day that the State of New Hampshire was then prosecuting against the British Government, in relation to the alleged piracy of the ship "Herald," which was captured by the British privateers in the year 1804. Foster, during his stay in New York, was introduced to the acquaintance of a certain Mr. W. H. Foster, who was then engaged in the collection of evidence for the case of the day that the State of New Hampshire was then prosecuting against the British Government, in relation to the alleged piracy of the ship "Herald," which was captured by the British privateers in the year 1804. Foster, during his stay in New York, was introduced to the acquaintance of a certain Mr. W. H. Foster, who was then engaged in the collection of evidence for the case of the day that the State of New Hampshire was then prosecuting against the British Government, in relation to the alleged piracy of the ship "Herald," which was captured by the British privateers in the year 1804.

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THE
GRANITE MONTHLY,
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VII.

NOVEMBER, 1883.

No. 2.

CORNELIUS VAN NESS DEARBORN.

BY JOHN H. GOODALE.

Early as 1639, and only nineteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims, John Wheelwright, a dissenting minister from England, was banished from Massachusetts Bay colony. It is an evidence of the stern intolerance of that day that the only error with which he was charged was "inveighing against all that walked in a covenant of works, and maintained sanctification as an evidence of justification"—a charge not readily comprehended at the present day. There was a minority, including Gov. Winthrop, who protested against the sentence, but without avail. Mr. Wheelwright, therefore, gathering a company of friends, removed from Massachusetts to Exeter, in the province of New Hampshire. Among the thirty-five persons who signed the compact to form a stable and orderly colony, is found the name of Godfrey Dearborn, the patriarch of the entire Dearborn family in this country.

Forty years before he was born in Exeter, England, and in 1637 landed at Massachusetts bay. He lived at Exeter ten years, and in 1649 moved to Hampton, built a framed house, which is still standing, became a large land-holder and town official, and died February 4, 1686. Few men of the early settlers have left a family name so widely represented as Godfrey

Dearborn. His descendants are numerous in every county of New Hampshire, and are to be found in every part of New England.

It is worthy of note that among the descendants of Godfrey Dearborn the practice of medicine has been a favorite occupation. Benjamin Dearborn, of the fifth generation, graduated at Harvard in 1746, and entering upon a successful practice at Portsmouth, died in his thirtieth year. Levi Dearborn had for forty years an extensive practice at North Hampton, and died in 1792. Edward Dearborn, born in 1776, was for half a century the medical adviser of the people of Seabrook, and acquired a handsome estate. Gen. Henry Dearborn, who gained a national reputation by his brilliant services in the Revolutionary war, and as the senior major-general of the United States army, in the war of 1812, was a practicing physician in Nottingham when summoned to join the first New Hampshire regiment raised in 1775. To-day several of the ablest physicians of the state bear the name.

Toward the middle of the last century the Dearborn family had been quite generally distributed through Rockingham county. Peter Dearborn, the great-grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was born in

Chester in 1710. Of his children, Josiah, born in 1751, married Susannah Emerson, the daughter of Samuel Emerson, Esq., a substantial Chester farmer, who was a man of such judgment and integrity that he was chosen to fill the various town offices of Chester, and to decide nearly all local controversies beyond review or appeal. Young Dearborn learned the trade of a shoemaker, but, on the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, entered the army as a private, and was stationed at Portsmouth under Col. Joseph Cilley. Afterward he did honorable service, first as a private, and then as a lieutenant in northern New York, and finally closed his enlistment by an expedition to Newport, R. I., in 1778.

Returning from the war, he and his family found a new home thirty miles westward in Weare. It was not an unfitting location. With its sixty square miles still mostly covered with a dense forest of oak, maple, and beech, with its uneven surface nowhere rising into high hills, it had a strong soil, which, when cultivated, yielded large crops of hay and grain. It was already a growing township, and thirty years later became one of the four leading farming towns of the state. Here Josiah Dearborn passed his life, raising a family of twelve children, ten of whom were sons. Samuel, the fifth son, and father of the subject of this sketch, was born in 1792. The district-school system was not organized in New Hampshire until 1806, and the children of that time had scanty opportunities for instruction. Samuel Dearborn and his brothers were reaching manhood, when farming in the eastern states was depressed by the recent war with England and the occurrence of several cold summers. Migration westward had commenced, and the Dearborns for a time debated the expediency of a removal to the Western Reserve. They at length decided to locate in Vermont, and, from 1814 to 1820, five of the brothers and a

sister removed to Corinth, a town in the eastern part of Orange county. Here Samuel Dearborn settled upon a farm, soon after married Miss Fanny Brown, of Vershire, whose parents were natives of Chester, N. H., and here he passed a long and useful life. He died December 12, 1871, in the eightieth year of his age. His wife had died in 1836. Of scholarly tastes, he was for many years a teacher of winter schools. An active member of the Free-will Baptist denomination, his religion was a life rather than a creed.

CORNELIUS VAN NESS DEARBORN, the son of Samuel and Fanny Dearborn, was born in Corinth, Vt., May 14, 1832. His name was in compliment to the then ablest statesman of the state, who had filled the offices of governor and minister to Spain. Cornelius was the youngest but one of seven children. His childhood was passed in a strictly agricultural community. Corinth, lying among the foot-hills of the Green Mountains, is one of the best farming towns in eastern Vermont. Without railway facilities, with scanty water-power, its inhabitants depend for a livelihood upon the products of the soil, from which by industry they gain a substantial income. Few in Corinth have ever accumulated more than what is now regarded as a fair competency, and very few have encountered extreme poverty. A more industrious, law-abiding, practically sensible people would be difficult to find.

When four years old young Dearborn met with the saddest loss of childhood—a mother, whose intelligence, forethought, and womanly virtues had been the life and light of the household. He early joined his older brothers in the labors of the farm, attending the district school for a few weeks in summer and ten or twelve weeks each winter. When fifteen years old he attended the spring term of the Corinth Academy, and continued at intervals for several terms later. In the winter of 1848-49, his

seventeenth year not yet completed, he taught the school of a neighboring district. His success warranted his continuance as teacher in the vicinity for the five following winters. Continuing his farm labors in summer, he in the meantime developed a mechanical capacity in the making of farm implements and the erection of buildings,—a natural aptitude which has been of great service in maturer years.

Soon after attaining the age of eighteen, Mr. Dearborn determined to enter upon a course of study preparatory to a professional life. Before leaving Corinth he commenced the study of law with Rodney Lund, a young man who had commenced practice in the vicinity. In March, 1854, at the suggestion of his maternal uncle, Dr. W. W. Brown, he came to Manchester, and renewed his law studies in the office of Hon. Isaac W. Smith, with whom he remained till his admission to the bar in the fall of 1855.

In December, 1855, he opened an office at Francestown. The town afforded a safe opening for a young practitioner, but not one for large profits. There was a time, after the close of the war of 1812, when the trade of Francestown village exceeded that of any other locality in Hillsborough county. But the opening of the railroad to Nashua, and soon after to Manchester, entirely changed the centers of trade and business, and left Francestown to become a respectable and very quiet village.

Hitherto Mr. Dearborn, while entertaining positive views, had not actively participated in political discussion. But the year 1856 witnessed the consolidation of the anti-slavery sentiment of the country. It had already so far concentrated its strength in New Hampshire as to have secured the state government and a unanimous representation in congress. The nomination of John C. Fremont for president, in the summer of that year, hastened the organization of the anti-

slavery elements of the entire north under the name of the Republican party. In common with a majority of the intelligent young men of the state, Mr. Dearborn entered into this contest with all the zeal, vigor, and enthusiasm of one whose action is untrammelled by personal or partisan ends. The campaign which followed was the most brilliant and far-reaching in its results of any in the political history of the nation. No idea ever agitated the American mind to which calculating selfishness was more foreign. Even the great uprising which brought about the War of Independence was less free from selfish motives. And, though the general result in the presidential election of that year was adverse, yet in New Hampshire, as in every state north of Pennsylvania, the returns clearly showed that the cause of freedom had acquired an overruling strength.

In June, 1857, Mr. Dearborn was united in marriage with Miss Louie Frances Eaton, daughter of Moses W. and Louisa S. Eaton, of Francestown, and grand-daughter of Dr. Thomas Eaton, a physician of long and extensive practice, and one of the most extensive farmers of his time. In 1857 he was elected county treasurer, and re-elected in 1858. It was the first public position he had held, and its duties were satisfactorily discharged.

In 1858 he removed to Peterborough, occupying the office of E. S. Cutter, Esq., who had recently been appointed clerk of the courts for Hillsborough county. He resided in Peterborough till 1865. During this time he was in partnership with Charles G. Cheney, and afterward with Albert S. Scott, both of whom have since died. He represented the town in the legislature in the years 1861 and 1862, being a member of the judiciary committee.

In the summer of 1865 he removed to Nashua, for the purpose of continuing the practice of his profession. An accidental purchase led to a change

of occupation. The *Nashua Telegraph* had for many years been edited by Albin Beard, a genial, witty, and, withal, accomplished writer. Under him the *Telegraph* had acquired a marked local popularity. He died in September, 1862. Its present publishers were inexperienced writers, and illy qualified to satisfy the admirers of its former editor. The *Telegraph* was rapidly deteriorating in value and influence. The senior proprietor inquired of Mr. Dearborn what he would give for his half of the establishment. A somewhat nominal price was offered, and much to the surprise of Mr. Dearborn was accepted. He at once entered upon the duties of editor and financial manager. Under his direction the *Telegraph* was rapidly recovering its patronage and influence, but at the end of two years his health failed, and a change of occupation became a necessity. He disposed of his interest to the present editor, Hon. O. C. Moore, and resumed the practice of law.

Since his residence at Nashua, Mr. Dearborn has contributed largely to the improvement of real estate, to the erection of improved school buildings, and to the reconstruction and greater efficiency of the public schools. He was appointed register of probate for Hillsborough county in 1868, and held the office till 1874.

For several years he was treasurer of the Nashua & Lowell Railroad, and is still one of the directors. In his official action he aided largely in sustaining the measures which have placed that corporation in the front rank of profitable railways. He is also the treasurer of the Underhill Edge Tool Company, and is at this time president of the board of education.

Twenty years ago, while a resident of Peterborough, he was appointed by the governor one of the bank commissioners of New Hampshire. In that capacity he became acquainted with the extent and peculiarities of the financial institu-

tions of the state. In 1864 and 1865, he actively superintended, in his official capacity, the converting of the state banks of discount into the national banks of the present system. In March, 1866, he was appointed examiner of the national banks for the State of New Hampshire, a position which he still holds. He is the only person who has filled this position since the organization of the national banking-system.

In the discharge of the duties of bank-examiner, official fidelity requires that the investigation shall be thorough and exhaustive. That during the past eighteen years but a single instance of defalcation has occurred resulting in loss among the forty-nine national banks in the state, is pretty conclusive evidence of a diligent and careful supervision. From the length of time he has held the position he has become familiar with the indications of laxity, lenity, negligence, not to mention recklessness, which mark the first steps of danger to a banking institution; and his suggestions and warnings to bank officials have not infrequently been of advantage to the public generally, as well as to stockholders, where no publicity has been gained through the press or otherwise.

Personally, Mr. Dearborn is not an ostentatious, obtrusive, aggressive man. He has no fondness for newspaper notoriety, no solicitude lest he should be overlooked by the public, and has a special dislike for unmeaning titles. In politics and religion he is liberal and tolerant, conceding to others the utmost freedom of opinion. Attending to his own duties, it is not his habit to interfere with the personal affairs of others. But when attacked without reason or provocation, no matter what his pretensions, his assailant will speedily find that he has need of a prudent husbandry of his resources.

Mr. Dearborn is a member of the Congregational church. His two children are sons. The older, John Eaton, born November, 1862, is acquir-

ing a business education, and is at this time clerk for his father in the office of the Edge Tool works. The younger, George Van Ness, born in August, 1869, is attending the public schools. His house is pleasantly situated on Main street, and is one of the desirable

residences in the city. Still in the prime of life, his many friends have no reason to doubt that in the future, as in the past, he will be adequate to any responsibility which may devolve upon him.

PORTRAITS FOR POSTERITY.

In the council-chamber in the state house, at Concord, there are arranged upon the walls the portraits of all the governors of New Hampshire, since its organization as a state. In the senate-chamber above are the portraits of many of the presiding officers of that body. In the state library are gathered, very appropriately, the portraits of the chief-justices of the state. In the rotunda, or Doric hall, are the portraits of several heroes of the state in the war of the Rebellion. In the representatives' hall, above, are the portraits of distinguished sons of New Hampshire, generals in the Revolution and in the war of 1812, editors and statesmen, grouped around the FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY. More than one hundred portraits are already in position within the state house, and others are in preparation.

In the art gallery of Dartmouth College, at Hanover, there are over one hundred portraits of members of the faculty, benefactors of the college, and distinguished graduates.

At Phillips Exeter Academy there are already in position forty-two portraits.

Who can estimate the satisfaction and gratification afforded to coming generations by these magnificent collections of portraits! The student at Hanover and Exeter will try to emulate the great and good men who formed their characters within the classic shades of those institutions; he will more fully realize and appreciate the golden opportunities within his reach.

Every citizen of the state, of high or low degree, can not but look with pride to the state house, embellished as it is with portraits of men who have made the history of the commonwealth.

To one man is chiefly due the credit of securing for all time these three collections. Through the patriotism, energy, perseverance, industry and research of Hon. BENJAMIN F. PRESCOTT, of Epping, a student of Phillips Exeter Academy, a graduate of Dartmouth College, secretary of the state, and governor, have these portraits been gathered, and to him all honor is due for his great work. Eleven years of active and unremunerative labor has he devoted to this cause, carried on correspondence the most voluminous, and made visits almost innumerable. Paintings have been obtained from the most unexpected sources, and the most distant localities.

Herewith is given a list of the portraits already secured through Mr. Prescott's instrumentality:

STATE HOUSE.

PROVINCIAL GOVERNORS.

SIMON BRADSTREET. Original artist unknown; copy by Adna Tenney from a portrait now in the possession of the proprietors of the Museum in Boston, Mass.

JOSEPH DUDLEY, governor in 1686 and in 1702. A copy from a painting in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

WILLIAM BURNET, governor from

1728 to 1730. A copy of the portrait in the senate-chamber in the Massachusetts state house.

JONATHAN BELCHER. A copy of the painting in the rooms of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Governor from 1730 and 1731.

JOHN WENTWORTH (lieut.-governor), from 1717 to 1728. Full length, by J. Blackburn, in 1760; copy by Ulysses D. Tenney, of New Haven, Conn. Presented to the state by Mark H. Wentworth, of Portsmouth, N. H.

BENNING WENTWORTH, governor from 1741 to 1767. Full length, by J. Blackburn, in 1760; copy by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Mark H. Wentworth.

JOHN WENTWORTH, LL. D., governor from 1767 to 1775, when he withdrew. This portrait is a copy after an original by John S. Copley, and is of bust size. It was copied by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Mark H. Wentworth.

PRESIDENTS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF 1784.

JOHN LANGDON, LL. D. Original by John Trumbull; copy by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Alfred Langdon Elwyn, of Philadelphia, Pa.—a grandson. Mr. Langdon was speaker of the house of representatives from 1776 to 1782; senator in congress from 1789 to 1795, and president of the same body. He was one of the most liberal and patriotic men of his time, and bore a conspicuous part in the Revolution. President in 1785 and in 1788. Governor from 1805 to 1809, and from 1810 to 1812.

JOHN SULLIVAN, LL. D. Painted by U. D. Tenney, from an original pencil sketch by Trumbull, in 1790. Presented to the state by Dr. John Sullivan, of Boston, Mass.—a great-grandson. Gen. Sullivan was one of the prominent generals of the Revolutionary war. President in 1786, and in 1789.

GOVERNORS UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF 1792.

JOHN TAYLOR GILMAN, LL. D. An original by J. Harvey Young, of Boston, Mass. Presented to the state by the

Gilman family. Governor from 1794 to 1805, and from 1813 to 1816.

JEREMIAH SMITH, LL. D. Original by Alexander; copy by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by Hon. Jeremiah Smith, LL. D., of Dover—a son. Gov. Smith was also chief-justice of the state from 1802 to 1809, and from 1813 to 1816. Presidential elector in 1808; governor in 1809.

WILLIAM PLUMER. Original by Albert Gallatin Hoit; copy by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by William Lawrence Plumer and Nathaniel Green Plumer, of Epping—grandsons. Gov. Plumer was speaker of the house of representatives in 1797, and president of the senate for the state in 1810 and 1811, and United States senator from 1802 to 1807. Governor from 1812 to 1813, and from 1816 to 1819.

LEVI WOODBURY, LL. D. Original by C. B. King, of Washington, D. C.; copy by Thomas A. Lawson, of Lowell, Mass. Presented to the state by the children of Gov. Woodbury. Mr. Woodbury was governor in 1823; speaker of the N. H. house of representatives in 1825; senator in congress from 1825 to 1831, and from 1841 to 1845; secretary of the navy from 1831 to 1834; secretary of the treasury from 1834 to 1841, and associate justice of the supreme court of the United States from 1845 to 1851.

JOHN BELL. An original by U. D. Tenney, from material in possession of the family. Presented to the state by Hon. Charles H. Bell, LL. D.—a son. Governor in 1828.

BENJAMIN PIERCE. Original by H. C. Pratt; copy by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by Col. Frank Hawthorne Pierce, of Concord—a grand-son. Governor in 1827 and in 1829.

SAMUEL DINSMOOR. An original by Marchand. Presented to the state by Col. William Dinsmoor, of Keene—a son. He was also representative in congress in 1811 and 1812; presidential elector in 1820; governor from 1831 to 1834.

WILLIAM BADGER. An original by Adna Tenney, from an engraving in possession of the family. Presented to the state by Col. Joseph Badger, of Belmont—a son. Governor from 1834 to 1836; state senator from 1814 to 1817; presidential elector in 1816.

ISAAC HILL. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by John M. Hill, Esq., of Concord—a son. He was a state senator in 1820, 1821, 1822, and 1827; second comptroller of the U. S. treasury from 1829 to 1830; U. S. senator from 1831 to 1836; governor in 1836, 1837, 1838. In 1840, was sub-treasurer in Boston, Mass.

JOHN PAGE. Original by Alonzo Slafter; copy by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by Hon. John A. Page, of Montpelier, Vt.—a son. He was councilor in 1836 and in 1838; U. S. senator from June, 1836, to March, 1837; governor from 1839 to 1842.

HENRY HUBBARD. Original by Wilson; copy by H. M. Knowlton, of Boston, Mass. Presented to the state by his children. He was speaker of the house from 1825 to 1828; a representative in congress from 1829 to 1835, and a senator in congress from 1835 to 1841; governor in 1842 and 1843; from 1846 to 1849 asst. U. S. treasurer in Boston. For a part of the 23d congress he was speaker.

JOHN H. STEELE. Original by H. Bundy; copy by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by John H. Steele, of Peterborough—a kinsman. Councilor from 1840 to 1842; governor from 1844 to 1846.

SAMUEL DINSMOOR, JR., LL. D. An original by Plumer Prescott. Presented to the state by Col. William Dinsmoor, of Keene—a brother. Governor from 1849 to 1852.

NOAH MARTIN. Original by N. B. Onthank; copy by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by Mrs. Noah Martin, of Dover. Governor from 1852 to 1854.

FREDERICK SMYTH. An original by E. L. Custer, of Boston, Mass. Pre-

sented to the state by Gov. Smyth. Governor from 1865 to 1867.

WALTER HARRIMAN. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. He was state treasurer from 1853 to 1855; state senator from 1859 to 1861; colonel 11th Reg't N. H. Vol's, and brevet brig.-gen.; secretary of the state from 1865 to 1867; governor from 1867 to 1869; naval officer in Boston, Mass., from 1869 to 1873.

ONSLow STEARNS. An original by Edgar Parker, of Boston, Mass. Presented to the state by himself. He was president of the N. H. senate in 1863; governor from 1869 to 1871.

JAMES A. WESTON. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. Governor in 1871 and in 1874.

EZEKIEL A. STRAW. An original by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. He was president of the state senate in 1865; governor from 1872 to 1874.

PERSON C. CHENEY. An original by Edward L. Custer, of Boston, Mass. Presented to the state by himself. Governor from 1875 to 1877.

BENJAMIN F. PRESCOTT. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. Was secretary of the state in 1872, 1873, 1875, 1876; governor from 1877 to 1879.

NATT HEAD. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. He was adjutant-general of the state during the Rebellion; president of the senate in 1877; governor from 1879 to 1881.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GENERALS IN THE REVOLUTION.

JOHN STARK. Original by Trumbull; copy by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Miss Charlotte Stark, of Dunbarton—a granddaughter.

ALEXANDER SCAMMEL. Original by Trumbull; copy by U. D. Tenney.

ENOCH POOR. Original by Thaddeus Kosciusko; copy by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Col. Bradbury P. Cilley, of Manchester—a grandson. The original painting was sketched

one Sunday on the blank leaf in a copy of the New Testament, while both were at church. Kosciuszko then colored it and presented it to his intimate friend, Gen. Poor. It has been transmitted as an heir-loom to Col. Cilley. It was worn by his mother, as a breast-pin, during her life-time. She was the daughter of Gen. Poor.

JOSEPH CILLEY. Original by Trumbull; copy by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Col. Joseph Cilley, of Nottingham—a grandson, and an officer in the war of 1812, and now residing in Nottingham (1883) in his ninety-third year.

WILLIAM WHIPPLE. Original by Trumbull; copy by U. D. Tenney. Gen. Whipple was also a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a member in congress from 1774 to 1779.

HENRY DEARBORN. Original by Gilbert Stuart; copy by U. D. Tenney. Gen. Dearborn, in 1789, was appointed marshal for the district of Maine, by Washington; representative in congress from 1793 to 1797; secretary of war, under Jefferson, from 1801 to 1809; after which he was collector of the port of Boston. In 1822 he was appointed minister to Portugal, and served in that position two years.

JAMES REED. Original by Trumbull; copy by Miss Anna DeWitt Reed, of New York city—a lineal descendant. Presented to the state by Mrs. Caroline G. Reed, of New York city.

MISCELLANEOUS PORTRAITS.

FRANKLIN PIERCE. An original, full length, by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Col. Frank Hawthorne Pierce—a nephew. Mr. Pierce was speaker of the house of representatives in 1831 and 1832; senator in congress from 1837 to 1842, and president of the United States from March, 1853, to March, 1857.

JOHN P. HALE. An original, full length, by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by friends of Mr. Hale. He was speaker of the house of representatives in 1846; representative

in the 28th congress; senator in congress from 1847 to 1853, and from 1855 to 1859, and from 1859 to 1865. In 1852 he was the free-soil candidate for president. U. S. minister to Spain from 1865 to 1870.

JEREMY BELKNAP. A copy of an original in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He wrote a valuable history of New Hampshire.

NATHANIEL PEABODY ROGERS. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Hon. Jacob H. Ela, and Hon. John R. French—the latter a son-in-law.

JEREMIAH MASON. An original by Chester Harding. Presented to the state by Robert M. Mason, Esq., of Boston—a son. Mr. Mason was attorney-general of the state in 1802, and served several years; was a senator in congress from 1813 to 1817, and a lawyer of national reputation.

SAMUEL CUSHMAN. An original by Chester Harding. Presented to the state by Mrs. E. S. Cushman Tilton—a daughter. Mr. Cushman was a representative in congress from 1835 to 1839.

MATTHEW THORNTON. An original by Adna Tenney, from material furnished by Capt. James S. Thornton, of the U. S. Navy. It was presented to the state by Capt. Thornton. Matthew Thornton was chairman of the committee of safety in New Hampshire; was a member of congress from 1774 to 1779, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

ISRAEL EVANS. A copy by U. D. Tenney, from an original on ivory—artist unknown. Presented to the state by George Porter, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa. Mr. Evans was a chaplain in the Revolution, and an intimate friend of Washington and Lafayette. His portrait was recognized by Lafayette when in Concord in 1825. Mr. Evans was pastor of the Congregational church in Concord from July 1, 1789, to July 1, 1797. He was a trustee of Dartmouth College from 1793 to 1807, and founded one of its professorships, which bears his name.

JAMES SHEAFE. An original by Henry Inman. Presented to the state by John Fisher Sheafe, Esq., of New York city—a son. Mr. Sheafe was a representative from New Hampshire in the 6th congress, and United States senator in 1801-2.

CHIEF JUSTICES OF THE STATE.

SIMEON OLCOTT. A copy by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by George Olcott, Esq., of Charlestown—a grandson. Mr. Olcott was U. S. senator from 1801 to 1805; a trustee of Dartmouth College from 1784 to 1793.

ANDREW S. WOODS, LL. D. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Col. Edward Woods, of Bath—a son.

HENRY A. BELLOW, LL. D. An original by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by Hon. Charles Doe and Hon. Jeremiah Smith, who at the time of presentation were associate justices of the supreme court.

J. EVERETT SARGENT, LL. D. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. Judge Sargent was also speaker of the house in 1853, and president of the senate in 1854.

IRA A. EASTMAN, LL. D. Painted by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by his widow.

PRESIDENTS OF THE N. H. SENATE.

BENNING M. BEAN. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by J. Q. A. Bean, Esq., of Boston, Mass.—a son. He was councilor in 1829; president of the senate in 1832; a representative in congress from 1833 to 1837.

WILLIAM HAILE. A copy by Adna Tenney, after an original by himself. Presented to the state by Hon. William H. Haile, of Springfield, Mass.—a son. Mr. Haile was also governor of the state from 1857 to 1859.

MOODY CURRIER, LL. D. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. He was president

of the senate in 1857, councilor from 1860 to 1862.

HERMAN FOSTER. An original by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. President of the senate in 1861.

NATHANIEL GORDON. An original by N. B. Onthank. Presented to the state by himself. President of the senate in 1870.

CHARLES H. CAMPBELL. An original by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. President of the senate in 1872.

JAMES B. CREIGHTON. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. President of the senate in 1840.

CHARLES G. ATHERTON. An original. Presented to the state by his widow, Mrs. Anne Atherton. Mr. Atherton was speaker of the house of representatives from 1833 to 1837; representative in congress from 1837 to 1843, and senator in congress from 1843 to 1849.

HARRY HIBBARD. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by members of the New Hampshire Bar. He was speaker of the house of representatives from 1844 to 1846; president of the senate from 1847 to 1849; representative in congress from 1849 to 1855.

DAVID A. WARDE. An original by John Burgum, of Concord. Presented to the state by himself. President of the senate in 1873.

WILLIAM H. Y. HACKETT. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by the sons of Mr. Hackett. He was president of the senate in 1862.

JOHN W. SANBORN. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Mr. Sanborn. President of the senate in 1875.

DAVID H. BUFFUM. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by the family of Mr. Buffum. President of the senate in 1878.

NATT HEAD. An original by Plumer Prescott. Presented to the state by himself. President of the senate in 1877.

TITUS BROWN. An original by Howe, of Lowell, Mass. Presented to the state by Thomas B. Bradford, of Francestown. Mr. Brown was a representative in congress from 1825 to 1829. President of the senate in 1843.

JACOB H. GALLINGER. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. President of the senate in 1881.

JOHN KIMBALL. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by himself. President of the senate in 1882.

WILLIAM P. WEEKS. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Hon. Joseph D. Weeks, of Cannan, N. H.—a son. President of the senate in 1849.

OFFICERS OF THE WAR OF 1812-14.

GEN. JAMES MILLER. Original by Henry Willard; copy by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by the family of Gen. Miller. He was territorial governor of Arkansas from 1819 to 1825; also collector of the port of Salem, Mass., from 1825 to 1849.

GEN. JOHN MCNEIL. An original by Henry Willard. Presented to the state by Mrs. E. A. Benham, of Boston, Mass., and Mrs. Fanny McNeil Potter, the surviving children of Gen. McNeil. He was for many years surveyor of the port of Boston, Mass.

COL. JOSEPH CILLEY, a grandson of Gen. Joseph Cilley of the Revolutionary war. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Col. Cilley. He was wounded in the battle of Lundy's Lane, serving as a lieutenant under Gen. Miller. He now resides at Nottingham, in his ninety-third year. He was U. S. senator from 1846 to 1847.

SECRETARIES OF THE STATE.

THEODORE ATKINSON. Copy of an original by J. Blackburn in 1760; two-thirds length, sitting posture. Secretary from 1741 to 1762, and from 1769 to 1775; chief justice of the supreme court of judicature from 1754 to 1775.

THEODORE ATKINSON, JR. Two-thirds length, standing posture; copy after J. Blackburn, 1760. Secretary from 1762 to 1769.

LEMUEL N. PATTEE. An original by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by his widow, Mrs. Pattee, of Goffstown.

THOMAS L. TULLOCK. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by Mr. Tullock. He was secretary from 1858 to 1861; postmaster of Portsmouth from 1849 to 1853; navy agent at Portsmouth from 1861 to 1865; collector of Internal Revenue for the District of Columbia from 1869 to 1876. He was assistant postmaster of Washington for several years, and at the time of his death, 1883, was post-master of the same city.

OFFICERS IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

COL. JESSE A. GOVE, U. S. V. (Capt. 10th U. S. Infantry). An original by Adna Tenney. Presented to the state by his wife, Mrs. Jesse A. Gove. He was killed while leading the 22d Massachusetts Vol's, in the battle of Gaines's Mills, Va., June 27, 1862.

COL. PHIN P. BIXBY. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by the personal friends of Col. Bixby.

COL. EVARTS W. FARR. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the state by his wife, Mrs. Farr, and Hon. Henry W. Blair, U. S. senator. He served in the 11th Reg't N. H. Vol's,

NOTE.—Aside from the portraits mentioned above, are the following, in the securing of which Mr. Prescott is entitled to no direct credit: In the representatives' hall, those of **GEORGE WASHINGTON**, **DANIEL WEBSTER**, and **JOHN DEGRAFFE**; in the senate chamber, **JOHN S. WELLS**; and in the council chamber, **ANTHONY COLBY**, **JARED W. WILLIAMS**, **N. B. BAKER**, **DAVID L. MORRILL**, **RALPH METCALF**, **WILLIAM HAILE**, **MATTHEW HARVEY**, **ICHABOD GOODWIN**, **N. S. BERRY**, and **J. A. GILMORE**. **CHARLES H. BELL**, LL. D. Painted by U. D. Tenney. Presented by himself. Speaker of the house of representatives in 1860; president of the senate in 1864; U. S. senator in 1879; governor from 1881 to 1883. In Doric hall the marble bust of Hon. **AMOS TUCK**.

and lost an arm in the service. He was a member of the executive council in 1876, and at the time of his death was a representative in congress, 1879.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY.

JOHN PHILLIPS, LL. D., the founder. Full length, in sitting posture; copy after an original by Gilbert Stuart, by Adna Tenney. Presented to the academy by Messrs. E. and E. G. Wallace, Rochester, N. H.

LEWIS CASS. An original by G. P. A. Healey, in a standing posture, two-thirds length. Presented by the children of Gen. Cass.

DANIEL WEBSTER, LL. D. An original, three-fourths length, in a standing posture, by Joseph Ames. Presented by the "Marshfield Club," of Boston, Mass.

EDWARD EVERETT, LL. D. Original by J. Harvey Young, of Boston; copy by same artist. Presented by Peter C. Brooks, of Boston.

JOSIAH BARTLETT. A copy after Trumbull, by E. Billings, of Boston. Presented by Josiah Calef Bartlett, of Cambridge, Mass.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS AND LT.-GOV. SAMUEL PHILLIPS, JR. Presented by the the Phillips family of Andover, Mass. The latter is an original painting, and was designed for the Lee family in Virginia, but never reached them. It was painted about 1798.

DANIEL DANA, D. D. Original by Thomas A. Lawson, of Lowell, Mass.; copy by same artist. Presented by Miss Jane Dana, of Derry—a daughter. Dr. Dana was president of Dartmouth College in 1820.

NICHOLAS EMERY. Original by H. C. Pratt; copy by J. G. Fletcher, of Portland, Maine. Presented by Mrs. L. G. S. Boyd, and Miss Charlotte G. Emery, of Portland—daughters of Judge Emery.

LEVERETT SALTONSTALL. Original by Chester Harding, of Springfield, Mass.; copy by Osgood, of Salem, Mass. Presented by Leverett Saltonstall, Esq.—his son. He was a representative in congress from 1839 to 1843.

SAMUEL D. PARKER. An original by Thomas Ball. Presented by Mr. Parker when upward of ninety years of age.

JOHN A. DIX. A marble bust, chiseled when Gen. Dix was U. S. minister to France. Presented by himself.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER. A medallion in marble, by Andrews, of Lowell, Mass. Presented by Gen. Butler.

WILLIAM O. B. PEABODY, D. D. An original by Chester Harding. Presented by Oliver W. Peabody, of Boston—a son.

CHARLES BURROUGHS, D. D. Original by E. Billings, of Boston; copy by same artist. Presented by his wife, Mrs. Burroughs, of Portsmouth.

JOSEPH G. HOYT, LL. D. An original by Adna Tenney. Presented by the friends and pupils of Chancellor Hoyt.

JEREMIAH SMITH, LL. D. Original by Alexander; copy by Adna Tenney. Presented by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Hale Smith, and Hon. Jeremiah Smith, LL. D., his son.

PAUL A. CHADBOURNE, LL. D. An original by J. G. Fletcher, of Portland, Me. Presented by himself.

JOHN P. HALE. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented by Hon. Moses T. Willard and wife, of Concord.

AUGUSTUS WOODBURY (Rev.). An original by Miss Rosa F. Peckham, of Providence, R. I. Presented by Mr. Woodbury.

JOHN KELLEY. An original by N. B. Onthank. Presented by the family of Judge Kelley.

THEODORE TEBBETS (Rev.). An original by Adna Tenney. Presented by the relatives of Mr. Tebbets.

AMOS TUCK. An original. Presented by Edward Tuck, of New York city—a son.

SAMUEL HALE. An original, by his daughter, Miss Martha Hale, and presented to the academy by her.

PETER C. BROOKS. An original by J. Harvey Young. Presented by Mr. Brooks.

JARED SPARKS, LL. D. A plaster cast. Presented by Mrs. Sparks.

THEODORE LYMAN. A marble bust.

Presented by Hon. Theodore Lyman and Mrs. Cora H. Shaw, of Boston—son and daughter.

GEORGE BANCROFT, LL. D. An original by Schaus, of Berlin, Prussia. Presented by Mr. Bancroft while U. S. minister to Berlin.

RICHARD HILDRETH. A copy in oil by U. D. Tenney, from a crayon. Presented by Charles H. Hildreth, M. D., of Gloucester, Mass.—a brother.

WOODBIDGE ODLIN. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented by Mr. Odlin.

JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY. An original by F. P. Vinton, of Boston. Presented by the trustees of the academy.

HENRY WINKLEY. An original. Presented by Mr. Winkley.

JOSHUA W. PEIRCE. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented by his children.

JAMES WALKER, D. D. A crayon. Presented by his family.

BENJAMIN F. PRESCOTT. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the academy by Mr. Prescott.

JOSEPH GREEN COGSWELL, LL. D. Plaster cast. Presented by David G. Haskings, of Cambridge, Mass.*

NEW HAMPSHIRE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

NATHANIEL BOUTON, D. D. An original by Adna Tenney. Presented by Dr. Bouton's family.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT, M. D. An original by Adna Tenney. Presented by Nathan B. Prescott, Esq., of Derry.

JEREMY BELKNAP, D. D. A copy of the portrait in the state house in Concord, by Nathaniel Nelson, of Concord. Presented to the society by contributions for the purpose.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

S. H. PEARL (first principal). An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the school by its alumni.

PEMBROKE ACADEMY.

ABRAHAM BURNHAM, D. D. A copy after Adna Tenney by U. D. Tenney.

* NOTE.—The academy has also in its collection, portraits of Benjamin Abbot, LL. D., and of Gideon Lane Soule, LL. D., former principals. The first by Chester Harding, and the last by Porter.

Presented by John A. Burnham, Esq., of Boston, Mass. He was president of the board of trustees from the founding of the academy till his death, in 1852.

BENJAMIN F. PRESCOTT. An original crayon by J. Bailey Moore, of Manchester.

NATT HEAD. An original crayon by J. Bailey Moore, of Manchester.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

SAMSON OCCOM (Rev.). A copy by A. Tenney from a mezzotint taken in England in 1766. Occom was an Indian of the Mohegan tribe, a pupil under Eleazer Wheelock, in his Indian school in Connecticut. He was the first ordained Indian preacher who ever went abroad. This portrait is three-fourths length, in a sitting posture, with his hand pointing to an open bible. The mezzotint was found in England, by the late Sam'l G. Drake, of Boston, nearly twenty-five years ago. It was presented to the college by B. F. Prescott and others.

PROF. GEORGE BUSH, D. D., class of 1818. Painted by U. D. Tenney from an excellent steel engraving. Presented by Hon. Edward Spalding, of Nashua.

MAJOR-GEN. ELEAZER WHEELOCK RIPLEY, class of 1800. An original painting in military costume. Artist unknown. Gen. Ripley was a grandson of the founder; was a distinguished officer in the war of 1812; was also a representative in congress from 1835 to 1839. Presented to the college by Mrs. A. W. Roberts, of New Orleans, La.—a step-daughter.

REV. LABAN AINSWORTH, D. D., class of 1778. Presented by Mrs. M. M. Greene, of Amherst, Mass.—a granddaughter. Mr. Ainsworth was pastor of the Congregational church in Jaffrey, N. H., for more than seventy-five years, and died at the extreme age of 100 years, 7 months, and 28 days.

HON. FRANCIS COGSWELL, class of 1822. An original. Presented by his sons, John F. and Thomas M. Cogswell.

GOV. JOHN WENTWORTH, LL. D. A copy after Copley, by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the college by Mark H. Wentworth, Esq., of Portsmouth, N. H.—a kinsman. Mr. Wentworth was the last royal governor of the province. He was a warm friend to the college.

REV. EBENEZER PORTER, D. D., class of 1792. Painted by A. W. Twitchell, an artist of New Hampshire birth, now in Albany, N. Y. Presented by the artist to the college.

HON. JOHN WENTWORTH, LL. D., class of 1836. An original by G. P. A. Haley, now of Paris, France. Presented by Mr. Wentworth.

HON. GEORGE W. NESMITH, LL. D., class of 1820. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the college by the class of 1881 in the College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. Judge Nesmith was then and still remains president of this associated institution in Dartmouth College.

NOTE. The following are portraits in the collection at Dartmouth College, which Mr. Prescott had no part in securing:

Rev. Eleazer Wheelock, D. D.—the founder.
 Rev. Francis Brown, D. D.—third president.
 Rev. Bennett Tyler, D. D.—fifth president.
 Rev. Nathan Lord, D. D., LL. D.—sixth president.
 Rev. Roswell Shurtleff, D. D. (Prof.)
 Prof. Nathan Smith, M. D.—founder of Medical College.
 Prof. Cyrus Perkins, M. D.
 Prof. Charles B. Haddock, LL. D.
 Prof. William Chamberlain, A. M.
 Prof. Dixie Crosby, M. D., LL. D.
 Prof. Albert Smith, M. D., LL. D.
 Rev. Benjamin Hale, D. D. (Prof.)
 Prof. Ira Young, A. M.
 Rev. David Peabody, A. M. (Prof.)
 Rev. Samuel G. Brown, D. D., LL. D. (Prof.)
 Rev. Daniel J. Noyes, D. D. (Prof.)
 Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn, LL. D.
 Prof. Stephen Chase, A. M.
 Prof. Edmund R. Peaslee, M. D., LL. D.
 Prof. John S. Woodman, A. M.—benefactor.
 Rev. John N. Putnam, A. M. (Prof.)
 Rev. Charles A. Aiken, D. D., PH. D. (Prof.)
 Prof. James W. Patterson, LL. D.
 William Legge, second Earl of Dart-

ALBERT GALLATIN HOIT, class of 1829. An original by himself. Presented by his son, Albert H. Hoit, of Salem, Mass., and a daughter. Mr. Hoit was one of the most eminent artists ever graduated from the college.

HON. ISAAC W. SMITH, class of 1846. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented by T. M. Stevens, Esq., of North Andover, Mass.—a school-mate and intimate friend of Judge Smith. Mr. Smith is now an associate justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

REV. ASA MCFARLAND, D. D., class of 1793. Copy after S. F. B. Morse, by U. D. Tenney. Presented by Maj. Henry McFarland—a grandson. Dr. McFarland was pastor of the Congregational church in Concord, a tutor in the college from 1795 to 1797, and trustee from 1809 to 1822.

HON. JOSIAH BARTLETT, M. D., a signer of the Declaration of Independ-

mouth—for whom the college was named.

John Phillips, LL. D.—benefactor, and founder of Phillips Exeter Academy.
 Rev. Nathaniel Whittaker, D. D.

Daniel Webster, LL. D.
 Jeremiah Mason, LL. D.
 Joseph Hopkinson, LL. D.
 Amos Twitchell, M. D.
 Richard Fletcher, LL. D.—benefactor.
 Matthew Harvey, LL. D.
 Charles Marsh, LL. D.
 Rufus Choate, LL. D.
 Richard B. Kimball, LL. D.
 Abiel Chandler—founder of Chandler Scientific Department.

Gen. Sylvanus Thayer, LL. D.—founder of Thayer School of Architecture and Engineering.

John Quincy Adams, LL. D.
 Marble bust of Nathan Lord.
 Prof. John Hubbard, A. M.
 Prof. Alpheus Crosby, A. M.
 Prof. Thomas R. Crosby, M. D.
 Samuel Appleton—benefactor.
 Henry Winkley, A. M.—benefactor.
 William Reed—benefactor.
 Prof. Ebenezer Adams, A. M.
 Rev. Asa D. Smith, D. D., LL. D.—seventh president.

Benjamin P. Cheney, A. M.—benefactor.
 John Conant—benefactor.
 Prof. Ezekiel W. Dimond, A. M.
 Alpheus B. Crosby, M. D.

There are many other valuable paintings and works of art not enumerated in the above list.

ence. Copy after Trumbull, by E. Billings. Presented by Josiah Calef Bartlett, now of Taunton, Mass.—a kinsman.

HON. IRA A. EASTMAN, LL. D., class of 1829. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented to the college by his widow, Mrs. Eastman. Trustee of the college from 1859 to 1880.

HON. J. EVERETT SARGENT, LL. D., class of 1840. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented by Mr. Sargent. He was chief justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire.

REV. EZRA E. ADAMS, D. D., class of 1836. A plaster cast. Presented by his widow, Mrs. Adams.

JOHN WHEELOCK, LL. D., class of 1771 (second president of the college). Painted by U. D. Tenney, from material furnished by Hon. Daniel Blaisdell. Presented by Gov. B. F. Prescott.

REV. DANIEL DANA, D. D., class of

1788 (fourth president of the college). A copy by Thomas A. Lawson, of Lowell, Mass., after an original by same artist. Presented by Hon. Nathan Crosby, LL. D., of Lowell.

PROF. CLEMENT LONG, D. D., class of 1828. An original by U. D. Tenney. Presented by several pupils of Prof. Long.

HON. ANTHONY COLBY. Governor of the state, and a trustee. Original by U. D. Tenney. Copy by same artist. Presented by Gen. Daniel E. Colby, of New London—a son.

GEORGE G. FOGG, LL. D., class of 1839. Secretary of state in 1846; U. S. minister to Switzerland from 1861 to 1865; U. S. senator from 1866 to 1867. Presented by George G. Edgerly—a nephew.

DANIEL M. CHRISTIE, LL. D., class of 1815. U. S. district attorney for New Hampshire in 1828. Presented by his children.

THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, BOSTON.

BY FRANK G. HARRIMAN.

Having contemplated attending divine services some day in this ancient edifice, we set out, on the last Sunday morning in September, under an umbrella and slouched hat, the day being rainy and lurid, to accomplish the object. We made our way down Hanover into Salem street, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, presented its usual quota of men, women and children, who flocked in the alleys, tried to shield themselves from the mist and rain in the doorways, or indulged in vagaries on the narrow side walk. It was with some difficulty that the gauntlet was run, requiring considerable caution (clothed as we were in our best Sunday suit) to avoid being smeared by coming in contact with that frisky, filthy, tatterdemalion tribe. We passed the Little Wanderers' Home, but concluded,

from appearances just described, that the little wanderers were out. We could hear the bell calling us to worship; but as we could see no spire, wondered where it could be, till we stood at the very door and saw now and then a worshiper entering. With a peculiar reverence we passed, with others, under the ancient vine-covered portal. The sexton, not being over employed, without delay showed us into one of the old-fashioned, high, strait-backed box-pews. We closed the high door and buttoned it, as though we wished to be left to ourselves, and without any thought of sacrilege commenced our meditations and observations. The first thing noticed was the absence of stained glass. All the light there was from a cloud-wrapped sun, save what was debarred by the proximity of brick walls, came

dancing through the seven-by-nine glass of the seven-by-nine lighted windows, and commenced a conflict for the mastery of the must and mist of ages. On the arched roof overhead were drawn many water-marked maps of time. High galleries, supported by square columns running from floor to roof, environ the front and sides. From the center, suspended by heavy iron chains, hung two candle-mounted chandeliers, which, together with the cherubim on either side of the organ, were taken from a French vessel by the privateer Queen of Hungary, and presented to the church in 1746, by Capt. Grushea. At the right, over an improvised minister's study, stands a marble bust of Washington, which is said to have been the first ever made of the Father of our Country. Lafayette pronounced it a perfect likeness, though it differs very materially from those of a more modern origin. In the rear of the altar are several paintings, among which is one of Christ, an open bible, cherubim, and texts of scripture, together with the Lord's prayer and ten commandments. The service, which is of the Episcopal or English church order, was impressive, save only as it was broken by a curly headed young man going to the rear and informing the sexton that two young lads, so small that we could scarcely see the crowns of their heads above the high-backed pews, were not giving strict attention to a sermon that dealt with ancient history, Socrates, and the heathen gods. From the angle of their heads, what I could see, I should judge they were looking somewhat higher than the sermon or the preacher, and, together with ourselves, were taking in the surroundings of the historical old edifice. Though they made no noise, the sexton, like unto the tything-man of old, paid them a respectful visit, and evidently gave them a word of warning, which, very naturally, they soon forgot, for, so far as we could see, there was no perceptible change in their conduct. The

minister gave them a stern look, and presently the sexton made his appearance in the high vacant gallery, and, like a sentinel stood all through the service, in full view of the observing boys, at whom he shook a threatening finger every now and then. A part of the service, as usual, consisted in taking up the collection. Two deacons, quite aged, and one wearing a somewhat faded wig, bore about, each, a large silver plate, which we learned was presented, together with the communion service, to this church in 1733, by King George the II. Three bright nickels, about all the change we had, which we artistically placed in the center of one of the plates, made quite a respectable show.

The service over we were shown the immense royal bible, printed at Oxford in 1716-17, by John Basket, which is noted for its excellent typography and fine engravings. It is called the vinegar bible, as the title to Luke 20:9 is called the parable of the vinegar. This, together with the communion service, was presented in 1733 by George II. The prayer-book is quite a novelty. It was used before and after the establishment of our independence as a nation. The prayers for the king were pasted over, and the name of the president of the United States written in, together with prayers to correspond. In the study before mentioned is the marble bust of Washington, which, together with the prayer-book with its alterations, plainly indicates that the members of the church, in the trying days of the Revolution, were loyal not only to God but to the thirteen states as well. Several portraits of the early rectors also hang in the study. One of the most noticeable is of Rev. Mr. Worth, who presided for forty-five years.

With several others we made a visit to the tower, through filth, and dust, and dark winding stairways, to the oldest chime of bells in America. They bear the following inscriptions: 1st. This peal of eight bells is the gift of a number of generous persons to

Christ's church in Boston, New England, Anno 1744, A. R. 2d. This church was founded in the year 1723. 3d. We are the first ring of bells cast for the British Empire in North America, 1744. 4th. God preserve the Church of England, 1744. 5th. William Shirley, Esq., Governor of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, Anno 1744. The subscription for these bells was begun by John Hancock and Robert Temple, church wardens, 1743, and completed by Robert Jenkins and John Gould, church wardens, 1744. 7th. Since generosity has opened our mouths, our tongues shall ring aloud its praise, 1744. 8th. Abel Rudhall, of Gloucester (Eng.), cast us all, Anno 1744. Still on and up we went, the very same way which Robert Newman took on the night of April 18, 1775, with the signal lights of Paul Revere, who, together with Col. Conant and others, waited on the Charlestown shore for the signal to tell which way the British troops would go, by land or sea.

"If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal
light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea,
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and
farm,
For the country folk to be up and to
arm."

We found two pigeons that had sought shelter from the storm, flitting about, startled at our approach, and so we read of Newman's adventure :

"By the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters that round him
made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall."

This accomplished Newman came quickly down, passed through the church, jumped out at a back win-

dow, and went through Unity and Bennet streets to his home unobserved. He was found in bed by the British, who took him to jail, but for lack of evidence against him he was set at liberty. The ride of Paul Revere is familiar to all.

The views from these "highest windows in the wall" are remarkably fine and enchanting. They look out upon a world of progress and activity. How unlike are the surroundings to those which met the observer's vision of a hundred years or more ago. The red-coats went, never to return again, except as friendly guests of a free and independent nation. Where once were barren wastes, now stand immense warehouses and innumerable dwellings. The old land-marks are gone, and Boston has encroached upon the sea. The islands of the bay have grown populous, and the beaches, the summer homes of thousands from all parts of the world. The interior, as it were, has become a part of this once little town, till the boundaries of the real Boston of to-day are unmarked, and still Boston is silently and surely marching on.

October 17, 1878, a tablet was placed in the tower of this old church, forty-two feet from the side walk, bearing the following inscription :

THE SIGNAL LANTERNS OF
PAUL REVERE,
DISPLAYED IN THE STEEPLE OF
THIS CHURCH, APRIL 18, 1775,
WARNED THE COUNTRY OF
THE MARCH OF THE BRITISH
TROOPS TO
LEXINGTON AND CONCORD.

It is said that Gen. Gage witnessed the burning of Charlestown and the battle of Bunker Hill from this steeple.

Under the church are thirty-three tombs. One contains the remains of Rev. Timothy Cutler, D. D., first rector of the church, together with his wife. In No. 29 once rested Maj. Pitcairne, but his remains were long since removed to Westminster Abbey. Lymle M. Walter, the founder and first editor

of the *Boston Transcript*, is buried here.

Rev. Walter Montague, rector of the church, was the person who received the ball that was taken from Gen. Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill. It is said that the first regularly organized Sunday-school in New England was established in this church in 1815, by Rev. Asa Eaton and Shubal Bell.

The church was built in 1723. The walls are three and one half feet thick. The spire rises to the height of one hundred and seventy-five feet. In 1804 it was blown down, and was rebuilt in 1807. In 1847, being in a de-

caying condition, it was successfully lowered to the ground, from a height of one hundred and thirty-five feet, and was re-built in conformity to the original plan. It still stands guard over the sacred dead beneath its walls, and those in the ancient burial-place, Copp's Hill, near by. This church is one of Boston's most ancient historical and sacred land-marks, and we trust it may stand through coming generations, till the old north-end shall again, as in days of yore, become a flourishing business center of this great metropolis.

A CURIOSITY IN LITERATURE.

BY J. A. STICKNEY.

AN ASTRONOMICAL DIARY; or, an ALMANACK For the Year of our Lord CHRIST, 1758. *Being the Second after Bissextile or Leap-Year.* In the 31st Year of the Reign of King GEORGE II. PORTSMOUTH, in NEW HAMPSHIRE: Printed and Sold by DANIEL FOWLE.

In the order of time this little book might have come into our hands for review many years ago, but it did n't. It contains sixteen pages, each of which is five and a half inches long and three and one eighth inches wide. It was printed by the first printer of New Hampshire, in the second year after he moved into the state from Boston. Typographically considered, it is a creditable production, and its editor and publisher was very proud of it, which we know because he mentions "The Art of Printing, which has been, and now is, of as much Advantage to Mankind as any ever discovered; since it conveys to us in so cheap and easy a Manner the Learning of past Ages, and enables us to acquaint ourselves with all Parts of the World, with surprizing Dispatch,"

&c. [Phew! how's that for 1758? The stage-coach had not been started. Talk about your telephones, telegraphs, and steam-boats and cars!]

Notwithstanding the delay in forwarding this book for review, it is in a capital state of preservation. Some good person, "gone down to history," or oblivion, put it in the great family Bible for a mark, and there it must have laid for more than a hundred years. [Is this any evidence that our ancestors read their Bibles oftener than we do?] The delightful meerschau color, which can only come from centuries, is evenly and equally diffused through all its pages. The first page is devoted to the title and a quotation from Young; the second to the editor's preface; the succeeding twelve to the calendar, and the last two to articles entitled "Of Eclipses," and "Of Comets." The first two and last pages are ornamented with borders still on sale by type-founders, and the calendar pages are surrounded and divided with single rules in all cases, with the exception that the father of New Hampshire printers was obliged to use his "stops and marks," when

the rules gave out, and when that resource failed him, he bordered one page with the diphthongs æ and œ.

The sun and moon have the same appearance as in the almanac for 1883.

In his preface he says that in consequence of his not giving weather predictions "the Peruser will necessarily be obliged to form Judgment of the Weather from the Appearance of the Heavens; * * * and will, no doubt, have a peculiar Pleasure, so often as he finds the Event coincide with his Prediction." [Hasn't that been handed down to the present day?] He says he adds a column to gratify those who "retain the *antique* Notion of the Moon's influencing different Parts of the human Body: Which I esteem as romantick as any Fable of DON QUIXIT, and an affront to Common Sense." [Just so. But Leavitt's Almanac for 1883 spells out the parts of the human body daily affected by the moon, "as she changes her situation in the Ecliptic, to different Signs, that they may have Opportunity to perform those bloody Operations, which otherways they would esteem extremely hazardous." There can't be any doubt that Leavitt is ahead of Fowle in "influencing different parts of the human Body:"]

There were six eclipses in 1758, one "of the Moon, visible, total and nearly central" at Portsmouth. "Of Comets," the Almanac has quite free mention. Sir Isaac Newton's theories are given, and "The Comet this Year expected, Dr. *Hally* has ventured to predict." Mr. Fowle is doubtful as to the effect the comet would have upon the earth, but thinks "if it should approach so near as to have a sensible Parrallax, I should conjecture its Effects would be considerable on Vegetables, Fluids, and probably perceivable on the Sea." After quoting Mr. Whiston as supposing that the Deluge was, and the Conflagration would be occasioned by a comet, he quaintly closes as follows: "but we have no need that I know of to suppose it necessary; for the subterraneous Fire,

if permitted, might effectually answer the end; and the Uncertainty and Suddenness of the Time, as appears by Revelation, renders it improbable." After one hundred and twenty-five years the bulk of public opinion still remains with Mr. Fowle, Joe Miller to the contrary notwithstanding.

That portion of the calendar which Leavitt fills with advice to farmers, Fowle fills with dates of important historical events and proverbs. The historical events are conspicuous for the absence of those now taught in our public schools. We quote two, viz.: May 31, 1758. General ELECTION, Boston. As no other election is mentioned, the press of Boston will be pleased to know of this confirmatory evidence of the driving of the Hub ages ago. Nov. 23, 1758. Serapia, a woman of Alexandria, brought forth five children at a birth. Elinora, a Citizen of Florence, was delivered of fifty-two children, never less than three at a birth. Saying nothing of this excellent opportunity for a governor over this *full pack* of children, or whether any one of them ever had occasion to sing "Do they miss me at home," we end this long review of a short book by advising our patrons to carefully read

THE PROVERBS OF 1758.

What a multitude of circumstances must be brought together to form a petty happiness in this world!

Job's Wife was the only evil which could draw a sigh from him; This was the only one he seemed to feel.

Of all our senses, sight is infinitely quickest.

Fight and die for thy country.

Credit's like a Venice glass, soon broke.

He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

A judge ought to be indifferent.

A neuter only has room to be a Peace-maker.

He is wise that is honest.

Many imagine themselves only parsimonious, when they are covetous.

It is only in the optical point that the world will bear looking at.

The houses of the great, in reality, are not the most cheerful ones.

A father, by an excess of parsimony, gives his son an aversion to it.

A disgraced courtier is the most striking picture of the nothingness of exaltation; the most eloquent preacher can't come up to the description.

The table robs more than the thief.

Idleness robs the edge of wit.

Some who, within their own doors, commend a simple way of living, and are for the cheapest eatables, leave their philosophy in the cupboard when they go abroad.

The wise man is above any fear of a woman's anger; but he is wiser who is cautious of provoking her.

A miser and a hog may be compared together; till they are both dead we receive no benefit of either.

No man is great till he sees that every thing in this world is little; and of all that is little, that they are the least. Would they Know what is Greatness? Great is he, and he alone, who makes the whole Creation, and its amazing Cause, (the Circumference and *his* own interest) the *Centre* of his Thoughts.

Do not go to the Doctor for every disease, the Lawyer for every quarrel, or Bowl for every thirst.

We may allow it for truth, which is made a common maxim, that ingenious minds are most wrought upon by obligations and favor.

A long-winded talker is often complained of.

The more a man leaves behind him, with the greater reluctance he dies.

Is a man sinking, his best friends let go their hold, and turn their backs upon him. Does a man come up again, every one makes toward him; there's no being too intimate with him.

Think of ease, but work on.

Have a care of that base evil, detraction; it is the fruit of envy, as

that is of pride, the immediate offspring of Satan, who of an angel, made of himself a devil.

Fish and visitors often smell in three or four days.

They most hunger in frost, that will not work in heat.

The press transfers within a day, or near, all that which can be written in a year.

He that's once ambitious is always so.

Love is a credulous thing.

A Fop is but a piece of a man.

He who gives quick, gives willingly.

Little things have their graces.

Do nothing improperly; some are witty, kind, cold, angry, easy, stiff, jealous, careless, cautious, confident, close, open, but all in the wrong place.

He who hath but one hog, makes him fat; and he who hath but one son, often makes him a fool.

An idle man is the devil's playfellow.

Some people are busy, and do nothing.

It is wise not to seek a secret, and honest not to reveal one.

Few out-preach the Ant, and she is silent.

When you are married study *addition*, practice *multiplication*, and avoid division.

At hearing a fine voice the ear can not but be delighted.

Some die of hunger, but more by eating.

None guard so well against a cheat, as he who is a knave compleat.

Company is often pestered with blockheads, who stammer out a dull tale.

There's no companion like the penny.

In the Kingdom of the blind, he that hath one eye is a prince.

A fat house Keeper makes lean ex-cutors.

Every where is Adam cried out against; yet, where is the place in which the like is not transacted?

No condition for a man seems more natural than that of marriage.

A fine woman, beloved and ungov-

ernable, with a spirit disdainig the curb of reason, what a scourge ! what a curse !

By doing nothing we learn to do evil.

Idleness is the key of beggary.

The greatest virtue oftenest lies in bodies of the middle size.

That religion can not be right, that a man is the worse for having.

Dry bread at home, is better than roast meat abroad.

Ingenuity, as well as religion, sometimes suffers between two thieves, pretenders and dispirers.

He is most free who is bound by the laws ; he is most happy who abridges his pleasures ; and he is most magnanimous who fears his God.

The wealthy are too often impertinent and overbearing.

A child of a prodigal parent will

necessarily have recourse to covetousness.

A mistaken vanity often puts us to great trouble.

Forbid a fool a thing that he will do.

It's honorable to die for thy country.

St. Paul's injunction to children to obey their parents, is followed with an admonition to the latter, not to be bitter against them.

A gay coat doth not make a gentleman, nor a gilded cover a good book.

Most courtships are little better than playing at blind man's buff.

No sooner is Isaac marriageable, than his prudent and affectionate father looks out a wife for him. A fortune is not the question with Abraham.

Marriages are often said to be appointed in heaven before they are contracted on earth.

SKETCHES OF WENTWORTH, N. H.—NO. 1.

BY HON. J. E. SARGENT, LL. D.

The town of Wentworth was chartered by Gov. Benning Wentworth in 1766. There were originally sixty grantees or proprietors, mostly residing in the towns of Kingston, East Kingston, Hawke (now Danville), and South Hampton, which originally included what is now Seabrook, and Salisbury, Mass. The charter is in the usual form of the charters of those days. "In the name of George the Third, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith," &c. A tract of land six miles square was granted, containing 23,040 acres, "out of which an allowance is to be made for highways and unimprovable lands, by rocks, ponds, mountains and rivers, 1,040 acres." The land was to be divided into sixty-six equal shares, and was bounded on the north by Warren, east by Rumney, south by Dorchester, and west by Orford—and to be known

as the town of Wentworth ; and its inhabitants were declared to be enfranchised with and entitled to all and every the privileges and immunities which other towns within our province exercise and enjoy. When the town should consist of fifty families resident therein, they were to have the liberty of holding two fairs therein annually, and that a market may be opened and kept open one or more days in each week. Provision is made for the calling of the first meeting of the proprietors, and the annual meetings thereafter. "To have and to hold" said granted premises upon the following conditions : Every grantee shall plant and cultivate five acres of land within five years, for every fifty acres contained in his or their shares or proportions, in said township, on penalty of forfeiture, &c. All white pine trees in said township, "fit for masting our Royal Navy," to be preserved and not

to be cut without permission; upon the division of the lands, a tract of land as near the center of the town as may be, to be marked off as town lots of the contents of one acre, one of which lots shall be assigned to each proprietor. The rent to be paid for the same is one ear of English corn per annum, and in 1777, on the 25th day of December, one shilling, proclamation money, for every hundred acres of land owned by him, was to be paid by every proprietor and owner to the king, and in the same ratio for a larger or smaller tract, which was to be in full of all future rents and services.

Dated November 1, 1766.

There was a reservation of five hundred acres in the north-west corner of the plan of the town, marked "B. W." and known as the Governor's reservation.

This charter was granted to John Paige, Esq., and fifty-nine others. There were five sons of said John Paige, Esq., who were, with him, grantees and proprietors of the town, namely, Samuel, Moses, John, Ephraim, and Enoch. They all lived in Salisbury, Mass., and so far as we know, only two of them ever came to Wentworth. The two younger sons, Ephraim and Enoch, afterward settled in Wentworth and died there. Probably but few of those original proprietors ever saw any part of the township thus granted to them. We can not learn that any others of the whole sixty original proprietors ever settled in Wentworth except Ephraim and Enoch Paige.

John Paige, Esq., the first grantee, was the son of one Onesiphorus Paige, of Salisbury, Mass., and was born February 21, 1696. He married Mary Winsley, of said Salisbury, April 16, 1720. They had five sons and several daughters, none of whom, so far as we know, ever came to Wentworth, except the two younger sons as before mentioned. But they were not among the first settlers of the town.

During the year 1770 the first settlement was made in town by David

Maxfield, Abel Davis, and Ephraim Lund, and in the order above named, though all in the same season. David Maxfield settled on the *White farm*, as it was formerly called, on the interval since occupied by Richard Pillsbury and Col. Joseph Savage. He lived in town but about two years. Abel Davis cleared a small piece of land and built a log-house on the Jonathan Eames place, so-called, and since occupied by Daniel Eames, and now by Amos Rollins. This house was west of the present buildings toward the river. He remained in town but a short time, removing to Vermont. His daughter, Mary Davis, afterward came into town and lived with Enoch Paige's family, and became the second wife of Ebenezer Gove, one of the early settlers, about 1780. Ephraim Lund erected a log-house on the east side of the river, near where the red school-house now stands in District No. 1. He resided in town five or six years, and then removed to Warren, where he afterward lived and died at an advanced age.

Ephraim Paige, son of John Paige, Esq., and Mary Paige, of Salisbury, Mass., was born at said Salisbury, March 16, 1731. He married Hannah Currier there and had ten children, born in Salisbury, and then in the summer of 1773 he moved his family to Wentworth, where he had three more children, making thirteen in all—ten daughters and three sons. John Paige, the eldest son, was born at Salisbury in 1769. Samuel, the second son, was born in Wentworth in October, 1773, and is said to have been the first male child born in the town of Wentworth. His third son, Currier Paige, was born in Wentworth, March 29, 1781, and was the youngest of the family. Ephraim first settled in a log-house on the lower end of the interval, since owned by James K. Paige, and afterward occupied as a town-farm, near the brook. The road that then passed up the west side of the river went east of the village, round the hill and back of it, to the interval above. He lived

here several years, and then built another log-house and moved up where the buildings have since been, and the road extended up to this point originally, and then went on bearing to the west, by the farms formerly known as the Kezer and the Stetson farms, and thence over Beech Hill to Warren.

Ephraim Paige died in Wentworth, November 4, 1802, aged 72, and Hannah, his wife, died there July 9, 1813, aged 75.

Enoch Paige, the brother of Ephraim, was born in Salisbury, Mass., September 29, 1741. He was twice married in Salisbury. By his first wife he had three daughters; by his second wife he had no children. His eldest daughter Mary was Ebenezer Gove's first wife, but she dying, he married Mary Davis as before stated. Enoch moved his family to Wentworth about 1775, and settled near where Samuel Currier's house afterward stood, now occupied by Samuel G. Currier. He had spent much time in town before he moved there. He acted as a surveyor in running out the lands and in establishing the lines and bounds. Probably no one did more than he did in procuring settlers in the town and in aiding and assisting the early immigrants. Upon the organization of the town in 1779 and in the years that followed, Mr. Paige filled most of the important offices in town.

He was town-clerk from 1795 to 1800 inclusive. He was chosen its first representative to the General Assembly at Exeter, in 1781, and soon after he was appointed one of the judges of the inferior court for the county of Grafton.

After coming to Wentworth, and in the year 1779, he married for his third wife widow Mary Taylor, of Plymouth, N. H., whose maiden name was Worcester. She died in the year 1800. They had six children, Persis, Enoch, Benjamin, John, Ephraim, and Samuel Worcester, the first born in 1780, and the last in 1791. He was generally known as MAJOR Enoch Paige. He

died much respected in 1829, aged 88.

Dr. Peter L. Hoyt, who lived in Wentworth and died there some dozen years ago, wrote a history of Wentworth, which I have seen in manuscript, in which he collected many facts and anecdotes about the early settlers in the town. He is my authority for stating that *Major* Enoch Paige was a judge in that county, and he relates an anecdote concerning him, as follows: "A good anecdote is told of the Judge while attending court at Plymouth at one time. It was at the period when all great men and especially all judges and ministers wore powdered wigs. Judge Paige, in consideration of the dignity of his office, had provided himself with one of the most approved and latest style. While at Plymouth he boarded in the family of one Joseph Kimball, who subsequently moved into Wentworth, upon what has since been known as the Dr. Knowlton farm, on the east side of the river. Kimball had a daughter Hannah, who afterward married Capt. John Paige of this town. Judge Paige one night, on retiring to bed, left his wig hanging in the sitting-room. In the morning Hannah, full of fun and frolic, put it on her head as she went to the barnyard to milk. But it made her look so odd and grotesquely that the cows were all frightened at her appearance, and she could not get near one of them. She was finally compelled to take it off, and hanging it on a stake in the fence by the side of the yard, she had no further difficulty in approaching the cows. She hastily finished her milking so as to get back before the Judge should arise and miss his emblem of judicial authority, which was so unnatural as to frighten the cows. Afterward, while residing as neighbors in this town, she and the Judge had many jokes and many hearty laughs over this incident."

Enoch Paige, Esq., son of the above, was born November 15, 1782, and in the later part of his life was almost universally known as MASTER Paige.

her several years and then built another log-house and moved up there. The buildings have since been and the road extended up to this point originally, and then went on leaving to the west by the same township known as the Keeler and the Weston farms and thence over Hatch Hill to Waver.

Elizabeth Page died in Westmoreland November 4, 1802, aged 72 and lived and his wife died there July 2, 1814, aged 72.

Knock Page, the brother of Elizabeth, was born in Salisbury, Mass. September 22, 1747. He was there married in Salisbury. By his first wife he had three daughters; by his second wife he had no children. His oldest daughter Mary was Elizabeth Knapp's first wife, but she dying he married Mary Knapp as before stated. Knock moved his family to Westmoreland in 1777, and settled near where Samuel Carter's house afterward stood, now occupied by Samuel G. Carter. He had spent much time in town before he moved there. His ranch as a surveyor in running out the lands and in establishing the lines and boundaries of the town and lands he did in procuring surveys in the town and in riding and viewing the early granite. Upon the organization of the town in 1770 and in the years that followed, Mr. Page filled most of the important offices in town.

He was elected clerk in 1775 to 1780 inclusive. He was chosen its first representative to the General Assembly at Exeter, in 1787, and soon after he was appointed one of the judges of the superior court for the county of Lincoln.

After coming to Westmoreland and in the year 1770, he married for his third wife widow Mary Taylor of Plymouth. N. H. whose maiden name was Weston. She died in the year 1800. They had six children: Pease, Knapp, Elizabeth, John, Ephraim and Samuel. Westmoreland first born in 1780, and the last in 1791. He was generally known as Major Knock Page. He

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He always lived in town. He was a volunteer in the war of 1812, was appointed a lieutenant, and was for some time stationed at Stewartstown, N. H., to defend the frontier of the state. From here he went to Plattsburg, N. Y., and remained there for a time. He received a pension from the U. S. government for several years before his death. After he returned from the war he followed school-teaching for many years, and thus became known by the title of Master Paige. He was very popular as a teacher. He knew little of moral suasion, or any other kind of suasion, but ruled his school with a rod, if not of iron at least of hickory or beech—chastising without much mercy in case of disobedience. But in those days he was always sustained by the district, and generally by the parents, who were often in the habit of threatening their children that if they were whipped at school, they would be whipped again when they got home. He was one of the most successful teachers of his day. He married June 2, 1822, Betsey W. Glines, and their children were as follows:

Albert Gallatin Paige, born March 28, 1823.

Amanda Jane Paige, born October 20, 1824.

Calista Paige, born July 28, 1829.

Master Paige died April, 1835. He was town-clerk from 1824 to 1830 inclusive. In 1831, 1833, and 1834, he represented the town in the state legislature, and from 1830 to 1835 he was treasurer of the county of Grafton. His widow married a Mr. Dame, of Orfordville, and her children accompanied her and resided there. There are now no direct descendants of Master Enoch or of Major or Judge Enoch Paige residing in Wentworth.

But it was different with the descendants of Ephraim. They settled in and near Wentworth. Many of the daughters married there, and the three sons, John, Samuel and Currier, all settled in Wentworth. A daughter of Currier, Dolly Paige, married Jonathan Eames, generally known as Bachelor

Eames, who was a son of Priest Eames, one of the early settlers, whose tombstone is in the town cemetery, near the gate, on the left as you enter. There was a large family of the Eames's, who lived in Wentworth for a long time, but who have now moved away or deceased. Currier Paige finally moved to Canada to live with one of his children. Samuel Paige, the second son of Ephraim, lived in Warren, adjoining Wentworth, on the old road over the hill on the east side of the river. He died there July 29, 1857, aged nearly 84 years. He had one son, who settled in Littleton, N. H.

Capt. John Page, the eldest son of Ephraim, was about four years old when his father moved from Salisbury, Mass, in 1773. He, of course, had to undergo the trials and hardships incident to the pioneer settlers in a new country. He had but little chance to attend school, but was possessed of a strong mind and memory, and he early acquired habits of business and was active and enterprising, and he proved eminently successful in what he undertook. He had great physical strength and endurance, with a frame tall and well-proportioned, and it was his boast that no man could do a greater day's work than he could; and though he was rather given to boasting of his individual exploits, yet his hired help, who undertook to keep up with him, found that his boasting was not in vain.

At his father's death he inherited the homstead farm, on the interval above the village, on the west side of the river, where he resided for many years. He was long the largest farmer and land-owner in town, owning a large quantity of wild land in different parts of the town, especially in the westerly part, on what was long known as Ellsworth hill. He had several boys, who were all brought up to work on the land. He cleared up those wild lands and sowed grain and grass, and, after mowing them for a few years, he turned them into pasture. In this way he raised much stock, and

for many years he is said to have possessed a larger stock of neat cattle than any other man who ever lived in town. He was the richest man in lands and cattle, probably, that ever lived in town at any time, though there may have been others since worth as much money as he. He was a good farmer for those times, industrious, of temperate habits and good moral character. He was benevolent in his way, but was in the habit of scrutinizing pretty thoroughly the objects to which he gave. He was public spirited and enterprising.

In 1824, or thereabout, he moved to the village, and for a short time kept the tavern at the old stand, which he then owned, and which was located near where Mr. H. P. Chase's house now stands. This business was not congenial to his tastes, and he soon moved from there into the three-story house adjoining, where he resided until his death, which occurred September 4, 1840, aged 71 years. Hannah Paige, his wife, was the daughter of Joseph Kimball, who was an early settler in town, moving from Plymouth. She died, respected, February 17, 1837, aged 65. Their children were as follows:

James K. Paige, born July 26, 1794.

Ephraim Paige, born May 22, 1796.

John Paige, born April 27, 1798.

Eleanor Paige, born Feb'y 19, 1800.

Samuel Paige, born March 17, 1803.

Joseph Paige, born July 19, 1805.

Louisa Paige, born April 18, 1811.

Hannah Paige, born April 13, 1816.

Of the daughters, Eleanor married Jesse Eaton, who lived and died in Wentworth, leaving a family, who reside in Wentworth and vicinity. Louisa married James McQuesten, of Plymouth, where they both died, leaving one daughter, who resides in Plymouth. Hannah married (1) Isaac W. Wright, and (2) Asa Goodell; she lived and died in Wentworth, leaving one daughter. Joseph Paige lived and died in Wentworth leaving a family. Two sons of his are physicians in Taunton, Mass. Samuel Paige

was never married. John Paige lived and died in Wentworth, leaving a daughter who resides in Lawrence, Mass. Ephraim Paige lived most of his life in Wentworth, finally moved to Warren, and died there, leaving a family.

James K. Paige inherited the same farm from his father, Capt. John Paige, which he inherited from his father, Ephraim Paige. This was one of the best farms in town, and being selected by Ephraim Paige, about 1773, on his removal from Salisbury, Mass., it remained in the same family for eighty years, until 1853, when the town purchased it of James K. Paige, for a poor-farm, as it was called, and Mr. Paige moved to Rumney and died the same year. He had been a military man in his younger days, and for many years bore the title of colonel. He was afterward chosen a deacon of the Congregational church in Wentworth, which office he held until his death. He married Annie Maria Ramsey, of Rumney, who died August 19, 1867. They were both very industrious, temperate, and exemplary in their lives, and for many years they were leading and worthy members of the church, to whose prosperity they were strongly devoted. They left seven children—four sons and three daughters, all of whom moved to Wisconsin many years ago, except one daughter who now resides in Concord, N. H.

For many years after the first settlement of the town, the level space now occupied by the village common, and the two rows of houses, one on either side of the common, was occupied as a cemetery, and instead of the highway that now runs through the village, the road then went south of the present village, near the brook, and on the north side of it, from where the Ellsworth hill road crossed the brook below the mill, on the west, to the end of the bridge that then crossed Baker's river at the east or south-east of the village. After a time the highway was changed and laid out up

where it now is. The remains were removed from the burying-ground and put into the present cemetery at the north-west on the hill, and the common was laid out and conveyed to the town, and the houses were built on both sides the common, and the road was extended northerly across the plain and down the hill, and crossing the old road before alluded to at the Ephraim Paige place, went on and crossed Baker's river, in the town of Warren, and thus opened a way from Wentworth village to Warren, on the west side of Baker's river, whereas before the only way was up on the east side of the river or over Beech hill, as before stated.

Many changes have been made in the highways in town, but the hills on the west side of the river are so high and so rugged that it is impossible that the roads that lead to them should be otherwise than hard and steep, and yet many of the best farms in town lie on these hills. But the

town seems to be rather deteriorating as a farming town. The young people are disposed to leave and go to the cities or to the West, and so strong has been this tendency that for many years the population has been diminishing. It was largest in 1850 that it has ever been when the census has been taken. At that time there were 1197 inhabitants; but in 1860 there were 1056; in 1870, 971; and in 1880, only 939; and probably somewhat less than that at the present time. Still, the village is kept in good condition, the houses and yards are kept in good repair, and every thing looks tidy and comfortable about the place. The drives in the neighborhood are very fine, and the scenery, as viewed from various points in the town, is unsurpassed for grandeur and for beauty. The location is healthy, and there are few places where individuals or families from the cities could spend a few months in the summer more pleasantly than here.

EARTHQUAKES FROM 1638 TO 1883, IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES AND IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS NORTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY JOSIAH EMERY.

[CONTINUED.]

The following account is from Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantations, pages 366, 367: "This year (1638), about the 1st or 2d of June, was a great and fearful earthquake; it was in this place heard before it was felt. It came with a rumbling noise, or low murmur, like unto remote thunder; it came from the nor'ward and passed southward. As the noise approached nearer, the earth began to shake, and came at length with that violence as caused platters, dishes, and such like things as stood upon shelves, to clatter and fall down; yea, persons

were afraid of the houses themselves. It so fell out that at the same time divers of the chiefs of this town were met together at one house, conferring with some of their friends that were upon their removal from this place (as if the Lord would hereby show the signs of his displeasure in their shaking apieces and removal one from another). However, it was very terrible for the time, and as the men were set talking in the house, some women and others were without the doors, and the earth shook with that violence as they could not stand with-

out catching hold of the posts and pales that stood next them; but the violence lasted not long. And about half an hour or less came another noise and shaking, but neither so loud nor strong as the former, but quickly passed over, and so ceased. It was not only on the seacoast, but the Indians felt it within land; and some ships that were upon the coast were shaken by it. So powerful is the mighty hand of the Lord as to make both the land and sea to shake, and the mountains to tremble before him when he pleases; and who can stay his hand? It was observed that the summers, for divers years together, after this earthquake, were not so hot and seasonable for the ripening of corn and other fruits as formerly, but more cold and moist, and subject to untimely frosts, by which, many times, much Indian corn came not to maturity; but whether this was any cause, I leave it to naturalists to judge."

Johnson, in his "Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England," as quoted by Mr. Brigham, says: "This year, 1638, the first day of the fourth month (June), about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Lord caused a great and terrible earthquake, which was general throughout the English Plantations; the motion of the earth was such that it caused divers men (who had never heard of an earthquake before), being at work in the fields, to cast down their working tools, and run with ghastly, terrified looks to the next company they could meet withal; it came from the western and uninhabited parts of the wilderness and went the direct course."

The year at that time began in March, which will explain why June is called the fourth month.

Dr. Dwight, in the first volume of his letters written in the beginning of the present century, speaks of the earthquakes of New England, and has knowledge of only nine having occurred. Of this one (1638) he quotes Dr. Trumbull, the historian, who says: "This was a great and memorable

earthquake. It came with a report like continued thunder, or the rattling of numerous coaches on a paved street. The shock was so great that in many places the tops of chimneys were thrown down, and the pewter fell from the shelves. It shook the waters and ships in the harbors, and adjacent islands. The duration of the sound and tremor was about four minutes. The earth at turns was unquiet for nearly twenty days. The weather was clear, the wind westerly, and the course of the earthquake from west to east."

The second earthquake in New England occurred March 5, 1643. "At seven o'clock in the morning," says Gov. Winthrop, "being the Lord's day, there was a great earthquake. It came with a rumbling noise, like the former, but, through the Lord's mercy, it did no harm." The above is the only notice I can find of this earthquake. Mr. Brigham says that Gov. Winthrop seems to be the only one of our early historians who notices it, and that it is mentioned in neither Mallet's or Van Hoff's catalogue.

October 29, 1653, there was a slight shock of an earthquake, as mentioned in Coffin's History of Newbury, page 59.

In 1658 occurred what is usually styled in the old histories "a great earthquake." Morton says this year there was a very great earthquake in New England; but no account of the day, hour, or direction is given: perhaps it was April 4. Van Hoff enumerates this in his list, but gives no further particulars, referring simply to the "Philosophical Transactions" as his authority. Mallet does the same. See William T. Brigham's Historical Notes on the Earthquakes of New England, page 3.

Professor Williams is also authority for a great earthquake in New England, January 31, 1660 (February 10, 1661?).

January 26, 1663, there was an earthquake at the shutting in of the evening, one of the greatest in New Eng-

land, and on February 5th another. The first shock continued above half an hour. On the same day, at evening, another, and did not cease till July following. Coffin, page 66.

Mr. Brigham, in his Historical Notes, says: "January 26, 1662, three violent shocks were felt in New England; chimneys were thrown down." Morton, in his Memorial, as quoted by Mr. Brigham, says: "February 5th, 1663 (n. s.), at the shutting in of the evening there was a very great earthquake in New England, and the same night another, although something less than the former, and on the seventh another, about nine of the clock in the morning."

This earthquake, says Mr. Brigham, was severer in Canada than in the plantations of Massachusetts Bay. Clavigero declares, in his History of Mexico, that it overwhelmed a chain of mountains of freestone, more than two hundred miles long, and changed that large tract into a plain.

Mr. Brigham's reduction of Charlevoix's account of this earthquake is as follows: "About half past five in the evening, the heavens being very serene, there was suddenly heard a roar like that of a great fire. Immediately the buildings were shaken violently, and doors opened and shut of themselves with a great slamming. Bells rang without being touched, the walls split asunder, while the floors separated and fell down. The fields were raised like precipices, and the mountains seemed to be moving out of their places. Animals were terrified and uttered strange cries. For nearly half an hour the trembling lasted, a most unusual time, but it began to abate in a quarter of an hour after.

"The same evening, about eight o'clock, there was another equally violent shock, and within half an hour two others equally violent. The next day, about three hours from the morning, there was a violent shock, which lasted a long time; and the next night some counted thirty-two shocks, of which many were violent. Nor did

these earthquakes cease until the July following. New England and New York were shaken, as well as Canada, but in less degree, and the whole territory convulsed, so far as can be learned; extended three hundred miles from east to west, and half as many from north to south.

"Sometimes the shocks were sudden, at others they came on gradually; some seemed to be vertical, others horizontal. Springs and brooks were dried up or became sulphurous; and some had their channel so completely altered as hardly to be recognized. Between Tadoussac and Quebec, two mountains were shaken into the St. Lawrence. The course of all these waves, when felt in New England, was from the northwest, and the center of disturbance was not far from the ancient volcanoes of Montreal. On the shores of Massachusetts Bay houses were shaken so that pewter fell from the shelves, and the tops of many chimneys were broken; but as many of the latter were of rough stone, they were more easily overthrown."

January 26, 1662, old style, corresponds with February 5th, 1663, n. s. This will explain the apparent confusion, and renders it extremely probable, if not certain, that the earthquakes mentioned at these two dates are one and the same.

Mr. Brigham is the only authority I can find for the earthquake of November 6, 1662.

March 6, 1665, n. s., violent shocks of earthquake were felt at Tadoussac and Malbay, in Canada, according to Salemant.

There was also, in Canada, according to the same authority, an earthquake on the 25th of October, 1665, at 9.30 P. M., preceded by a noise louder than that of two hundred pieces of artillery, and "lasting about the time of a *miserere*."

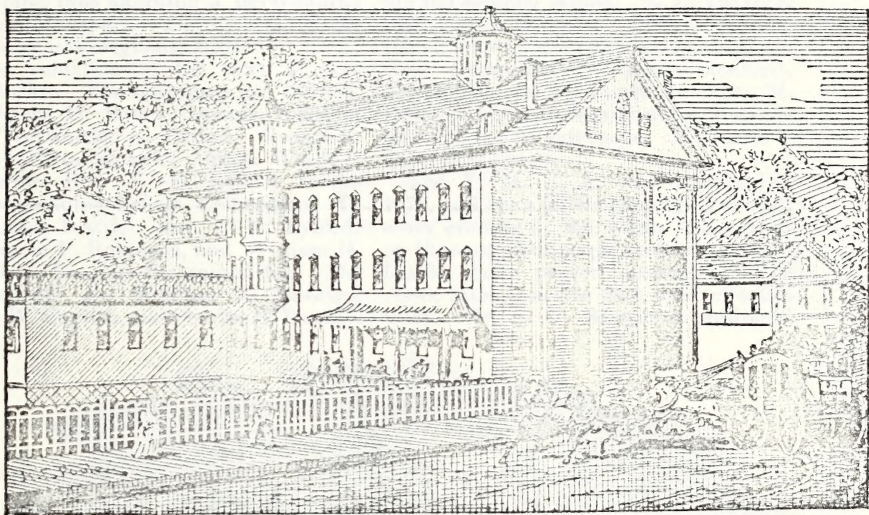
From October, 1665, to the great earthquake of 1727, I find nothing but this from Mr. Brigham's Historical Notes. "Earthquakes are mentioned in the years 1668, 1669, 1670, and

1706, but no account of them has been preserved. Neither Mallet nor Van Hoff mention them. Dr. Mather simply speaks of those occurring on the last two years; and there was one in January, 1720; but all were so slight as to escape general notice, and no particulars have been recorded." There is also this entry in Judge Sewall's diary: "February 8, 1685, Sabbath afternoon, there was an earthquake."

I find this, also, in Rev. Richard Brown's diary, as quoted by Joshua Coffin:

"This year (1700) has been famous for three things, namely,—First, for that the winter was turned into summer, or at least we had little or none, the ground being bare for the most part, though we have had snow at some times, yet very shallow, not exceeding above twelve inches, and that by an advance of southern winds faded away speedily. Second, an earthquake on the last of January which was considerably great. Third, another on the last of February, passing considerably."

(To be continued.)



THAYERS' HOTEL.

LITTLETON.

Nestling among the foot-hills of the White Mountains, on each side of the wild Ammonoosuc river, is the village of Littleton. For thrift and enterprise it is unexcelled. Occupying as it does the most available outlet for the large section lying to the north of the mountains, its merchants command a large trade. The scenery from every part of the village is impressive: the hills on every

hand rising majestically, and only dwarfed by the nearness of a great mountain chain. The river goes dashing through the town in great downward leaps, each utilized by human industry. Every body is busy on the business street, trade comes freely from all the region around. new houses are being erected on every hand, and all is activity.

For the benefit of friends at a distance,

we have taken a hasty glance at the various industries' carried on in the village, and herewith report:

There has been no failure of a business firm in town since 1857. Pea-estate has been steadily appreciating in value. It ships and receives more freight than any station north of Laconia. The Aphorp Water Company's works supply the village with spring water, from a reservoir of half a million gallons, two hundred and fifty-six feet above the steps of Thayers' Hotel. This reservoir is served through an eight-inch pipe. The second reservoir is one hundred and fifteen feet higher than number one, and the fountain-head or reservoir number three of six acres, is about four hundred feet higher than number two. These last are connected with number one by a four-inch pipe, thus affording a never-failing source of supply. The capital of the company was originally \$30,000.

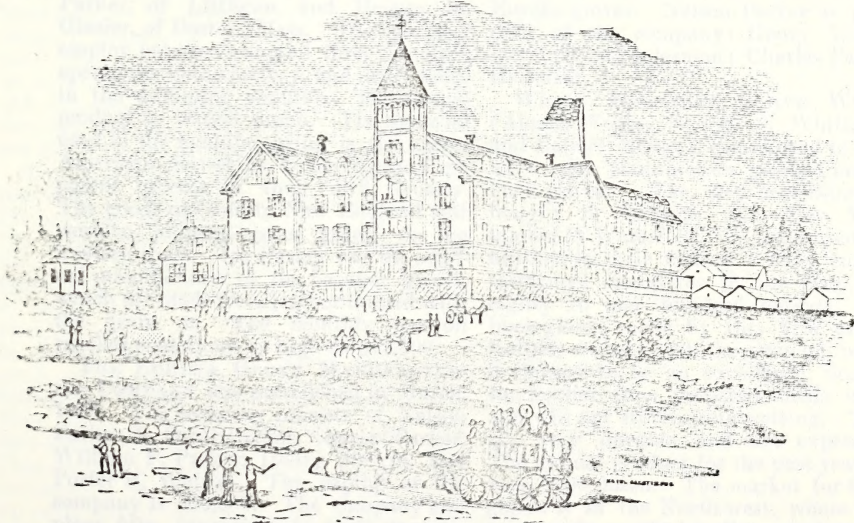
The valuation of the town is: over \$1,340,000. The selectmen for 1883-84, are James H. Bailey, Dennis Wheeler, and Trueworthy L. Parker. George E. Lovejoy is town-clerk; Alonzo Weeks is treasurer; Rev. F. H. Lyford is the Superintending School Committee. In the Union District, Rev. F. H. Lyford, Benjamin F. Robinson, and William H. Mitchell, Esq., are the committee. The supervisors are William A. Haskins, John W. English, and Charles H. Daniels.

Albert H. Bowman is chief of police. There is a volunteer Hook and Ladder Company; a Hose Company, and a Hand Engine.

The railroad was opened to Littleton in July, 1853. In after years, when the road was extended to Lancaster, the citizens of the latter town sent to Littleton a signal flag, thus intimating that the town would become a flag station. Robert Nelson was the first station agent; Horace E. Chamberlain succeeded him; the present agent, Alden Quimby, has been at his post twenty-seven years.

Four new houses are in process of construction by Ira Parker, Charles Parker, Col. Cyrus Eastman, and Charles F. Eastman. The OAK HILL HOUSE is conducted by Capt. George Farr and Dr. John Jarvis, of Poston. There are eighty rooms which are well filled during the summer season. H. L. Thayer & Son (Frank Thayer), conduct Thayers' Hotel, a house unsurpassed in northern New Hampshire for home comforts. UNION HOUSE, managed by John M. Potter, is centrally located and commands its fair share of patronage. It accommodates fifty guests.

The Y. M. C. A. was organized in 1873, and has a public reading-room open every evening in the week, and carries on three or more gospel meetings weekly, beside daily prayer meetings. The Association is active and does effective work. Dr. S. C. Sawyer is president.



OAK HILL HOUSE.

J. F. Tilton, secretary, with a membership of seventy-five.

THE LITTLETON NATIONAL BANK, established in 1871; capital \$150,000, surplus and undivided profits, \$50,709.99; dividends, since 1876, 4 per cent. semi-annual, \$116,931.20 on deposit. John Farr, president; Henry L. Tilton, vice-president; Oscar C. Hatch, cashier; J. E. Harris, teller; Ruel W. Poor, book-keeper; Herbert W. Denio, clerk. Directors: John Farr, Henry L. Tilton, Eleazer B. Parker, Cyrus Eastman, Oscar C. Hatch, Geo. B. Redington, and Geo. A. Bingham. The company built their beautiful and substantial bank building in 1873, at an expense of \$12,000. The effort of the bank officers has been to foster and develop the business of the town, and their policy has always been very liberal.

THE LITTLETON SAVINGS BANK, organized in 1871, has on deposit \$626,565.27; surplus and undivided profits, \$22,360.22; 4313 accounts open. Geo. A. Bingham, president; Henry L. Tilton, vice-president; Oscar C. Hatch, secretary and treasurer. Directors: Geo. A. Bingham, Henry L. Tilton, John Farr, Geo. B. Redington, Eleazer B. Parker, Otis G. Hale, Hartwell H. Southworth, Augustus A. Woolson, Nelson C. Farr, and Oscar C. Hatch.

IRA PARKER AND COMPANY, manufacturers of Littleton Saranac Buck Gloves, embarked in the manufacture of gloves in 1875; the company consists of Ira Parker, of Littleton, and George M. Glazier, of Boston, Mass. The company employ between two and three hundred operatives in the factory, and many more in the adjoining country. The annual product is 50,000 dozen. The material used in the manufacturing is the native American deer-skins, tanned by the Page patent process in their own tannery. The goods are sold to New England and western jobbers,—some going to the western coast. Ira Parker was the original manufacturer of the Saranac gloves, which are made from leather tanned with the grain on. The monthly pay-roll reaches sometimes as high as \$15,000.

THE EUREKA GLOVE MANUFACTURING COMPANY was established in March, 1876. The company consists of Nelson Parker, S. Oscar Parker, Charles Parker, William F. Parker, Henry Merrill, and Porter B. Watson. The capital of the company is \$50,000. The company employs fifty operatives in their factory, and some five hundred out side, manu-

facturing from 12,000 to 15,000 dozen annually, doing a business of \$125,000 a year. They claim to make the most serviceable and best buck-skin goods in America. The raw deer-skins are selected from the best stock in the Chicago and St. Louis markets, shipped to the company's tannery in Littleton, where they are tanned by an improved patent process with the grain on, rendering the leather strong as green hide, pliant, and almost impervious to water. The leather is cut by dies into gloves and mittens at their factory, and made by hand with the best of linen thread. The market for the goods is found from Maine to California, and is being extended to Europe (the writer has worn a pair of the Eureka gloves for two years, in all kinds of wet and cold weather, and they bid fair to become heir-looms in his family). They are as soft and pliant as when first worn. Nelson S., Oscar, and Charles Parker, are brothers, sons of Silas Parker, formerly of Lisbon, well-known as a tanner. William F. Parker is their cousin, a native of Lisbon. Henry Merrill is a native of Littleton. Porter B. Watson was formerly of Warner, and is treasurer of Coos county. Not a single dozen gloves of their annual products has been made from any material save buck-skins. Their goods have reached their present celebrity from the thorough workmanship and excellent material employed. Their patented swivel level button and buttoner, adds to the value of the Eureka gloves. Nelson Parker is president of the company; Henry Merrill, secretary and salesman; Charles Parker, treasurer.

WHITE MOUNTAIN GLOVE WORKS (Alonzo Weeks, George S. Whittaker, and Robert Meiner), established in January, 1881, manufacture grained tanned buck-gloves. The dry deer-skins are bought in Chicago and New York, tanned at Waterford, Vt., cut, sewed and finished in their factory. They employ thirty-five operatives in the shop, and eighty to one hundred outside. The buck-gloves made by this firm are of leather, dressed with the grain on, which is claimed to be an excellence, because the leather thus prepared sheds water and will not stiffen from wetting. They are very durable and not expensive. The annual product for the past year has been 6000 dozen. The market for these gloves is in the North-west, where they are eagerly sought by all exposed to the inclemency of the northern winter. Mr.

Weeks is a native of Danville, Vt. (born April 22, 1819), settled in Littleton in 1843, and for thirty-eight years was in the boot and shoe business, until he went into the present firm. Mr. Whittaker is a native of Holliston, Mass. (born August 11, 1841), is by trade a woolen dyer and finisher; was in Littleton as a boy a few years, and settled in town in September, 1880. Mr. Meiner is a native of Zeitz, Prussia (born May 31, 1843), migrated in 1868, settled in Littleton in 1875. He is a glove-maker by trade, learning the business in his native country.

THE GRANITE STATE GLOVE CO.—Charles L. Clay, Sherard Clay, Thomas Carlton, and Charles Morrill. Capital \$20,000. Established 1882; manufactured 3000 dozen during the past year, and are enlarging their works at Scythe Factory village, expecting to greatly enlarge their operations. They make the Littleton glove, also the Plymouth glove. Charles L. Clay is a native of Andover, settled in Littleton in 1881, and is a son-in-law of Henry C. Redington. Sherard Clay is a cousin, from Plymouth, who married a daughter of Nathan Burns. Charles Morrill is also from Plymouth. Thomas Carlton is a native of Littleton, son of the late Edmund Carlton, Esq., a nephew of Charles Carlton Coffin. Their goods, wherever known, speak for their own merit.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SCYTHE COMPANY was established by Ely and Redington in 1836 (George W. Ely and George P. Redington). In 1842 the firm became Henry C. Redington & Co., which was until 1856. In 1871 it was established as at present, the two founders being still interested. The company manufacture two thousand dozen per year, and sell about two to three thousand dozen.

TILTON & GOODALL (George H. Tilton and Fred. E. Goodall), are engaged in the manufacture of full-fashioned Littleton South-down underwear. They use the most improved machinery, employ skilled labor and make a very fine quality of goods, which is in great demand wherever introduced. Their markets are in Boston and Chicago, where their goods are eagerly sought. The firm was established in the winter of 1882-3. They employ twelve operatives, and have already established a fine business. They are both natives of the town, young, enthusiastic, and aim to push for a leading place among New England manufacturers, by honest and persistent work.

The wool used by the firm is of the highest grade, and the products are unexcelled by any. Among the qualities of their goods are these: they are warranted fast colors, seamless, and will not crock or rip.

BENJAMIN W. KILBURN employs sixteen operatives making his famous stereoscopic views. He makes 600,000 per year.

EATON & ENGLISH (Charles Eaton and Fred. H. English), deal, wholesale and retail, in flour, grain, groceries, crockery, glassware, fruits, and canned goods. The firm was established in March, 1883. They succeeded Eaton & Green. Mr. Eaton is a native of Landaff, and settled and went into business in Littleton in 1868 at his present stand. Mr. English is a native of Hartland, Vt., but has lived in town since 1861.

EDSON, BAILEY & EATON (George A. Edson, James H. Bailey, and Henry A. Eaton), were established as a firm in September, 1882. The business was first started in 1836, by Colby & Eastman. Ethan M. Colby, the senior, now lives in Colebrook; the junior member of the firm being Col. Cyrus Eastman, well-known throughout the state as a successful financier. In 1838 the firm name became Eastman, Mellish & Co., and so continued until 1843, when it was changed to Eastman, Tilton & Co., Franklin Tilton being the junior member. In 1853, Col. Eastman took his brother, Frank J. Eastman, into partnership under the firm name of C. and F. J. Eastman. Frank J. Eastman retired in 1858 (and in after years settled in Tilton, and at present is the wide awake correspondent of the *Laconia Democrat* in that village), and the firm resumed the name of Eastman, Tilton & Co., Charles F. Eastman being the Co. In 1867, Mr. Tilton died, and Col. Eastman took his son, Charles F. Eastman, into the business. The present firm do a large wholesale and retail business at the "depot store" in flour, grain, groceries, general hardware, blacksmith supplies, painting materials, stoves, wooden-ware, hollow-ware, agricultural implements, salt, lime, cement, and general merchandise. Mr. Edson and Mr. Bailey are natives of Littleton; Mr. Eastman of Franconia, and the firm are young men of energy, capacity, and enterprise.

DOW BROTHERS (Arthur F. Dow and Robert M. Dow), deal in dry goods, groceries, and general merchandise. The

firm was established in 1879, succeeding the firm of Farr & Dow. The Dow brothers are natives of Littleton. The firm are enlarging their store and have added a wholesale department to their retail trade, and are rapidly building up a good business in northern New Hampshire and Vermont.

SOUTHWORTH & LOVEJOY are dealers in dry and fancy goods, groceries, boots, shoes, and crockery. Hartwell H. Southworth is a native of Fairlee, Vt., and started in business in Littleton in 1868, with George Farr. In 1873, Mr. Farr left the firm, and George E. Lovejoy entered it.

The firm of **BELLOWS & SON** (Wm. J. Bellows, William H. Bellows and George S. Bellows), dealers in carpets, oil-cloths, clothing, hats, caps, crockery, glass-ware, window-shades and wall-paper, was established in 1873. Mr. Bellows is a native of Walpole, a brother of Hon. Henry A. Bellows, Chief Justice of New Hampshire.

ELBRIDGE FLINT, jeweler, has a handsomely fitted up store, and carries a large stock of jewelry, watches, clocks, silver and plated ware, spectacles, handbags, and ornamental articles. He also deals in ammunition, fire-arms and sewing-machines. Mr. Flint is a native of Shrewsbury, Mass., learned his trade in Worcester, and settled in Littleton in 1863.

STEPHEN OUVRAND conducts a restaurant for ladies and gentlemen, and deals in confectionery, fruit, teas, coffees, spices, pipes and cutlery. He sells most of the oysters used in the vicinity. Mr. Ouvrand is a native of Quebec, and started in business in Littleton in 1870. Phileas F. Ouvrand, his son, is his assistant.

CHARLES C. SMITH manufactures tin ware, and deals in stoves, lead pipe, iron pipe, lamps, and kitchen furniture. Mr. Smith is a native of Danville, Vt., but has resided in Littleton fifty years,

since Oct. 23, 1833. There are four employed in the concern.

CHARLES C. SMITH deals in stoves and manufactures tin ware. The family have been in business in town for half a century.

WILBUR F. ROBINS & Co., apothecary, deals in drugs, medicines, toilet articles and fancy goods. Makes a specialty of trusses, and has a first-class establishment. Mr. Robins is a native of the town, and has been in business since 1878.

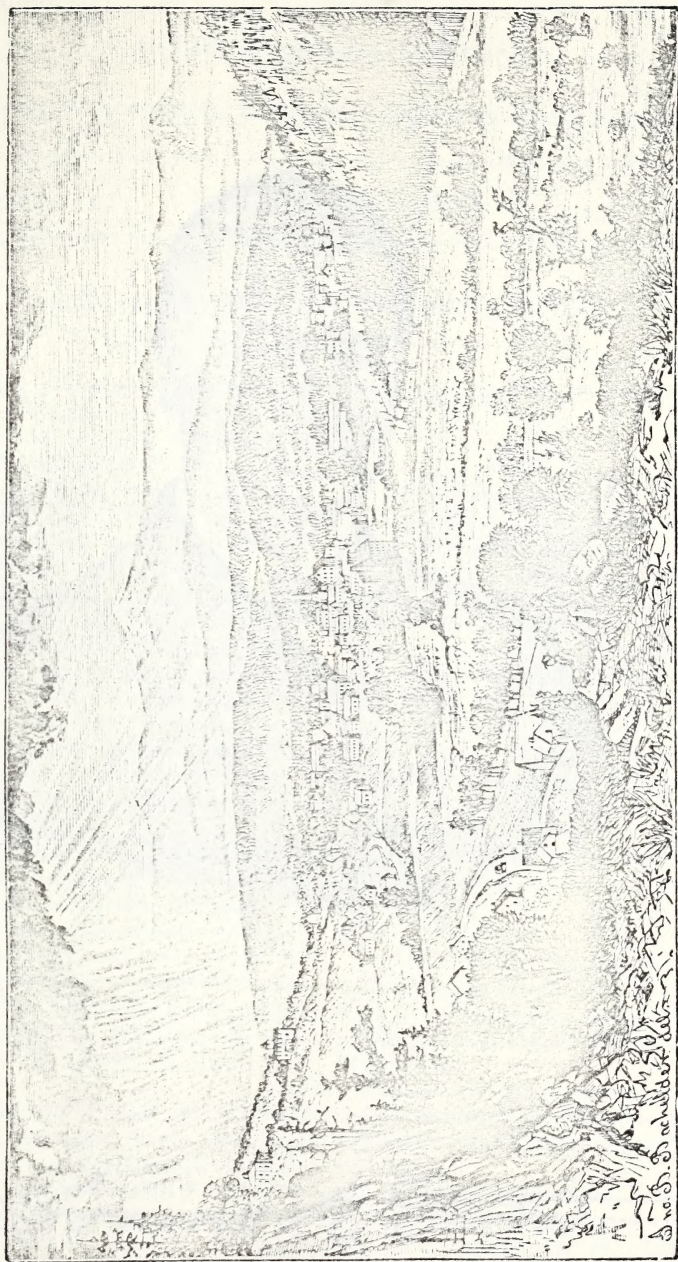
TILTON BROTHERS (John F. and Fred. A. Tilton), dealers in gentlemen's furnishing goods, ready-made clothing, boots, shoes, hats and caps, carry a large stock, and do a good business. They are driving, enterprising young men. The firm was organized in 1870. They are the sons of Franklin Tilton, late of the firm of Eastman & Tilton, and a native of the town.

OPERA CLOTHING HOUSE. Lane & Stocker (Gilbert E. Lane and George K. Stocker), in Tilton's new Opera Block, deal in clothing, furnishing goods, hats and caps and carry a large and well assorted stock, and are doing a large business. Mr. Lane is a native of Lancaster; Mr. Stocker of Windsor, Vt. The firm was established March, 1882.

LORIN P. COLE, dealer in books and stationery, on one side of his store, boots and shoes, on the other, offers goods for the understanding, which the public appreciate. He is the authorized agent in Littleton to receive subscriptions for the GRANITE MONTHLY.

J. J. BARRETT & SONS (James J., Geo. W. and Allen J. Barrett), are engaged in the insurance and conveyance business, representing eleven fire and one life company. The senior member of the firm is a native of Bethlehem, and has resided in Littleton since about 1855.

There are many more business houses in the village, but time forbids our going more into details.



LITTLETON, N. H.



Leonard

E. Gutter

Leonard K. Tuttle

THE
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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

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No. 3.

HON. LEONARD RICHARDSON CUTTER.

The city of Boston is not the metropolis of Massachusetts alone ; it is the chief city of New England. In commercial importance this city is second to none on the Western Continent, except New York. As a great emporium it has drawn within its limits the most energetic and enterprising men from every section of the Union, especially from New England. These men have grasped great financial problems, have organized and combined capital and labor, have inaugurated enterprises extending through distant states and foreign countries, and have had, like the merchants of Antwerp and London, a world-wide reputation and influence.

The state of New Hampshire has contributed her quota to the long list of successful merchants of Boston, as well as to the distinguished statesmen of Massachusetts ; men who, while becoming thoroughly identified with the state of their adoption, have never lost their affection for the place of their birth, and the scenes of their childhood.

Love for his native town is very marked in the case of the subject of this sketch ; a gentleman who in early manhood left his paternal home to seek his fortune in the city, and while eminently successful in acquiring riches, has gained and retained the re-

spect and confidence of his fellow-citizens.

ANCESTRY.

1. RICHARD CUTTER, the progenitor of the Cutter family, son of Samuel and Elizabeth Cutter, came from Newcastle-upon-Tyne, England, with his mother, and settled in Cambridge, about 1640 ; was admitted a freeman, June 2, 1641 ; joined the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston in 1643 ; was a member of the church ; married (1) about 1644, Elizabeth —, who died March 5, 1661-2, aged about 42 years ; married (2) February 14, 1662-3. Frances (Perriman) Amsden, widow of Isaac Amsden, of Cambridge ; was the father of seven children by each wife ; was a cooper by trade ; and died June 16, 1693. He was buried in old Cambridge.

2. EPHRAIM CUTTER, born in 1651, married Bethia Wood, lived in Charlestown and Watertown, and had eight children. He was an officer in King Philip's war.

3. JOHN CUTTER was born July 23, 1700 ; married Rachel Powers, lived in Lexington and Woburn, and died Nov. 20, 1747.

4. JOHN CUTTER, born January 9, 1726, lived in Waltham, Shrewsbury and New Ipswich, N. H. He married, Nov. 16, 1749, Susanna, daugh-

ter of Joseph Hastings; had eleven children, and died Sept. 27, 1771.

5. JOSEPH CUTTER was born May 13, 1752, at Lexington, Mass.; married Rachel, daughter of Nehemiah Hobart; was a farmer, and settled in Jaffrey, N. H., where he died June 25, 1840.

6. DANIEL CUTTER was born February 2, 1784, in Jaffrey; married Nov. 18, 1806, Sally, daughter of Col. Timothy and Rebecca (Bateman) Jones, of Bedford, Mass. He was a prominent farmer in Jaffrey, and died Sept. 23, 1868.

7. LEONARD RICHARDSON CUTTER, son of Daniel and Sally (Jones) Cutter, was born in Jaffrey July 1, 1825. He received his early education in the public schools of Jaffrey, and at the Melville Academy. At the age of seventeen he gave up the idea of obtaining a classical education, and, for three winters, he was engaged in teaching, working during the summers on his father's farm, and building up a robust frame.

Ten months before he arrived at man's estate, he left his native town and sought employment in Boston. His services were secured by Joseph Mann, a retail grocer, with whom he remained for six years, when he succeeded to the business. For the next ten years he conducted a retail grocery concern.

About 1860 Mr. Cutter embarked in the real estate business,—a line in which he has been eminently successful. Herein his creative genius and executive ability have had full sway. He was the first builder who erected tenement houses in Boston, drawing the plans himself, without the assistance of an architect.

Having implicit confidence in the rapid growth and ultimate prosperity of his adopted city, he has invested largely and wisely in real estate; and his good judgment is demonstrated by the steady accretion of his property, until, to-day, his name is high on the roll of the money kings of the city.

The fact that he has become the owner of a piece of property is a certificate of its worth, and its advance in value is sometimes the work of minutes, not of hours or days.

Mr. Cutter's city residence, on the corner of Beacon and Arlington streets, is one of the land-marks of the city, and is famed as one of the most elegant and substantial private structures in New England. Its interior is chastely yet sumptuously furnished, every where indicating the refined taste of its owner. The summer home of the family is a charming mansion, built of granite, beneath the shadows of old Monadnock, in Mr. Cutter's native town of Jaffrey.

In politics Mr. Cutter was an old line Whig, a firm believer in Daniel Webster, and upon the decadence of that party he affiliated with the Democracy. In 1859 he first became actively interested in politics, accepting a place on the Board of Assessors, to which he was elected by the city council. In 1870 he was elected a member of the Board of Aldermen, and for three successive years was re-elected. In 1873 he was chairman of the board, and for some weeks was acting Mayor of the city—an office which he filled with ability and discretion.

As an alderman he assisted, in 1873, in the organization of the Board of Health, and served on the committees on claims, police, fire department and paving, usually in the capacity of chairman.

His sterling good sense has been of great advantage to the city. He is conversant with all the wants of the public. Of undoubted integrity, he is thoroughly independent. No clique can flatter or force him. He looks to what is right, and does it, regardless of consequences.

From 1871, for twelve years, Mr. Cutter served on the Board of Water Commissioners; for the last four years in the capacity of chairman. In this office his ability, efficiency, faithfulness, integrity and capacity, have

been very apparent. He was and is ever opposed to jobs, corruption, extravagance, and unnecessary expenditure.

He married, April 15, 1852, Mercy Taylor, of Boston. Two children grace his home; Agnes Elizabeth and Emma Adelaide.

DAYS WITH THE BROOK.

BY ANNIE WENTWORTH BAER.

The morning was fine, a purple mist was hiding the tops of the distant hills and mountains, suggestive of Indian summer. September had been ushered in with sere, brown fields, dusty roads, and great heat. Drought had been abroad in the land for two months.

As I walked along in the unfrequented creek road, leading to the brook, I saw wild asters, life-everlasting, and golden-rods blooming; the summer flowers were nearly all gone; yellow clover had rolled itself into little hard, brown balls, and stood stiffly by the roadside; hardhack and iron bush were faded and dull.

When I reached the bridge under which the salt and fresh waters are wedded, I lingered to admire the beauties around me. On the east side of the bridge a dense thicket of willow, elm and alder, was growing; among the trees, in an open space, golden-rods of a rich yellow were growing rank and tall; the sunlight flickered and fell through the quivering leaves of the willows, upon the murmuring water, and upon the flowers, deep in color, on the other side.

I leaned over the railing to look at the new abutment, and wished that the old tumbled down wall of twenty years ago was still there. I used to let myself down carefully over the rickety rocks, drag through the clinging cleavers, to peep under the dark old bridge at the pewee's nest built on one of the stringers. The old bridge has passed away—a new one built in its stead; the old abutment has been taken out, and the rocks that for years

had tipped whenever a foot pressed them, are now split and placed in workman-like manner.

The pewee has taken umbrage at the innovation, and will not build on the new bridge.

All that remains the same after the lapse of years, are the cleavers, the brook, and the little current in the brook where I used to throw sticks, and watch them whirl about, and set off down stream at a rapid rate, while I wondered if human beings were as helpless in life's stream, as the twigs were in the current of the brook.

A little below the bridge, in a cove, can be seen the remnant of a beaver's dam. It is more than three rods in length and is built in a semi-circle; behind the dam is a small mound covered with red oaks, poplars, and alders. Close to the water's edge, poison ivy lurks like a thief to catch the unwary. Years ago, past the memory of our oldest people, the beavers had left this dam; but it seems as if every tide helps to keep the little animal, and his work, fresh in the minds of this generation.

I whistled for my dogs—gone in pursuit of some game—crossed the road, and entered the pasture famous for mills in the years ago. Facing me, in a straggling ruin, stands the relics of the grist-mill. A turning-lathe and thrashing-machine were run in connection with the grist-mill at one time; but business began to grow less, and the old people of the town tell me that fire *opportunistically* wiped the whole thing out. Here the

brook was sliding through and around the rocks, for—

"The silver note in the brooklet's throat
Had softened almost to a sigh."

Across the brook, near the other shore, a plot of spearmint was growing; small detachments of this colony were blooming close under my feet. I gathered and crushed in my fingers the tiny lavender whorls, and the perfume they yielded, as a guerdon for the gathering, was most fragrant.

On a handful of earth, between the rocks where a truant wavelet occasionally ran over it, snake-head was throwing up its creamy blossoms. On the shore, like guards, stood the tall, straight silk weeds, armed with their plump pods, stuffed with silk.

Thrown against the wall, an old mill-wheel leans, as if weary of toil. Last spring, when the waters were rushing wildly down the brook, this wheel made its appearance among us. It is supposed that years ago it was discarded, when an old mill, a mile or more up the stream, was torn down. All this time the wheel has been hiding, like a criminal, in eddies here and there, until the rush of water in the early spring rolled it on down stream. It was picked out from among the rocks, and is now filling a gap in the disjointed stone wall.

Three or four rods farther on I came to the ruins of a saw-mill. This mill was held up by stones piled under each corner. Once, when the miller had a very large log in, and started the mill he felt a trembling. He stopped the mill and found that one corner was giving away.

This mill was never started again here, but was moved up the brook. Above the ruins I came to islands in the middle of the stream; these were rich in blossoms, and trailing vines. Meadow beauty was growing lush, and its flowers were of a deep shade. Thoroughwort was growing in the midst, as if to tone down the brightness of its brilliant neighbor; wild clematis, with its pale green, downy heads, was

running at will over these herbs and weeds, and finally, tired of this humble way of living, threw itself into a pine tree growing near the water.

As the dogs and I splashed and plunged along on the edge of the brook, schools of skippers made off for the other shore and swam around in the greatest confusion.

After I had freed myself from the clinging embrace of an out-reaching clematis vine, and had righted my hat, I stopped to notice where the saw-mill of later years stood. Nearly every trace had gone, and the old mill and its site will be remembered by hearsay.

On the east side the bank rises very steep from the brook, and as I looked up its rugged side I recollected the story told me when a child. Skirting the bank a wheel path runs. This path for a century or more has been used to cart thatch and salt hay (cut on the beds in the creek) over, and all the rock-weed and muscle mud, and other movables, which were brought up the creek in gundalows, for parties living back in the country. After a rain this road would be very slippery, the ground being clayey. Many years ago a man was carting wood in an ox-cart over this road, when all at once the cart began to swing round, and before he could speak the oxen began to go down over the bank. They held on with their hoofs bravely, but the small oak roots broke, and they went down. The wood upset, but the oxen were not injured.

Huge willows, ancient as the brook itself, if one could judge from appearance, borders the brook on each side for some distance. Here the sheep come down to drink, and the pasture is embroidered with narrow paths, like a silver braid, in the short green grass.

To-day this part of the stream is called Barbel brook, but in an old grant, dated February 6, 1702, it is styled "the freshet that Runeth Down to fresh creek."

The ruins of mill No. 4 were lying near, and nature, with a lavish hand, was fast concealing the rubbish. I

saw the penstock standing, as it had stood for so many years. When I took hold of the planks, I found them yielding readily to my touch. Time and the weather had destroyed their strength. This mill was moved up the brook and placed on a firmer foundation, but it was fated never to do much work. Three thousand of boards were sawed out and the saw went down, never to come up. The mill pond was so small that the water would not turn the mill but a few times before it would stop. Then the anxious miller would take hold and bravely lift at the saw, hoping to encourage it to saw off one more board, but he would have to shut down and wait for the mill-pond to fill again.

In the pasture, back of the mill ruins, can be seen traces of the cellar where the house of Dr. Thomas Miller stood, early in 1700. A group of willows marks the spot. Some years ago, while the men in the district were working on the road, a *lignum vitæ* log, hollowed out at one end, was discovered in the wall by the highway. The man who picked it up wondered at its strange appearance, and upon inquiry, found it was Dr. Miller's mortar. It had been lying round at the house of a neighbor. No one would undertake to split it up for stove-wood, and finally it was piled into the wall.

The man who found it took it home, and a little later had a mortar of symmetrical proportions turned out, and to-day it is treasured as a relic of the past. The mechanic who turned the mortar was interested in the story concerning it, and he saved enough of the wood to make a head for a cane, and recently he gave the cane to a party living near the Dr. Miller cellar. Old records tell us that the administration of Dr. Miller's estate was granted June 30, 1762.

His estate was appraised £126. 6s. 11d. In 1729 Thomas Miller and many others signed a petition to be set off as a parish from Dover. The Parish was called Somersworth. Dr. Thomas Miller was the first parish clerk. I

stepped down close to the brook, and a solemn looking frog leaped out into the middle of the stream, and quickly swam back to the shore, and hid himself under the grass hanging over the water.

I now crossed the road laid out June 8, 1733, by Paul Wentworth, Tho. Wallingford, Tobias Hanson, and James Davis, selectmen of the town of Dover. This is one of the oldest roads in the town.

In the pasture, beyond the ancient highway, the brook tumbles recklessly over rough rocks, and sings a merry, rollicking song.

Close to the water the cellar of Capt. Morris Hobbs can be seen. On this spot the last twenty years of "Master Tate's" life was spent.

"Master Joseph Tate" played quite a conspicuous part in the early history of the town.

He told almost miraculous stories of his life, and these tales have been handed down to the present time.

He said "that he was an Englishman, and that he was impressed into the service of England and came to America on an English ship. When near Portsmouth he jumped overboard and swam for the shore. He got entangled in the sea-weed, and came near being drowned, but finally succeeded in gaining dry land. He followed up the Piscataqua, and lived at one time on the Salmon Falls river, "a few rods below the lower mill." He taught school in Somersworth, and at last became the care of the town. For many years he was "bid off" by Capt. Morris Hobbs.

A copy of his records, dating back to 1767, is owned by the town of Rollinsford to-day, and many quaint and curious things can be found therein.

I left these ruins, rich in history, and traced my brook through a willow grove. In the cow-path I found a wooden mortar. Following my first impulse I set it afloat. While watching the course of my craft I found that it was manned by a spider. I thought from his countenance that he was concerned

and mystified by the motion, and he hastened "on deck" to take observations. I left him to float down to some rocky islets, where he could live like Robinson Crusoe. In this pasture I startled sober-minded cows, and one, who perhaps had been a trifle giddy, judging from the blind-board over her face, tried many ways to discover what strange party had invaded her domain. I think curiosity is an inherent quality in the brute creation, as well as in mankind. Some of these cows concealed their inquisitiveness, much better than others. For these I had great respect. A spotted one was determined to investigate my dogs. Jack answered her rather gruffly, and she made off.

I wandered on by the purling brook, through alders and elders, the latter laden with berries. A swarm of golden butterflies rose above my head, floated around and settled down on the bushes, only to augment their number and rise again. I concluded they were happy and passed along. Vivid red bunches of "Jack in the Pulpit" fruit showed where last June Jack could have been found by the botanist. Jack is a recluse, and one must know his haunts well to find him with us. At this point I left the brook and walked up a steep hill, through small, hard wood trees, in quest of the place where Capt. Hobbs and his wives and "Master Tate" were buried. I was rewarded for my walk by finding the spot. Rough stones mark their graves.

Remembering a spring which I was wont to visit in my school-days, I looked around among the pines, and soon discovered the rich foliage of the sturdy rock maple. From among the roots of this noble tree a tiny stream of clear, cold water, always runs summer or winter. The thirsty traveler can be refreshed here. Egg-shells, bread crumbs, and pieces of brown paper, scattered on the mossy bank above, told how urban dwellers enjoy a bit of woods life, just over the line of city limit. A cocoanut dipper had been used by many and carefully put back

for the next comer. The sun was nearly overhead. My dogs, wearied with their morning's chase, had stretched themselves for a nap. They would wake suddenly to snap at a troublesome fly and hasten to sleep again.

The murmuring of the brook below called me to resume my march.

I crossed the "turnpike" where a tall narrow culvert penned the waters. This part of the brook is called "Willow Brook." I found that here the main brook receives a branch. I followed the main one, and it led me through tall pines. On one side is a steep bank, carpeted with shiny pine needles; on the other, is low meadow ground. Tall ferns were growing by the brook side, and they seem to lean over to catch a glimpse of their finely formed leaves in the smooth water below.

I followed a narrow, deep stream, through the Roberts pasture. This land was granted, in 1702, to John Roberts. That year Roberts and his wife came up from Dover Neck, built a log-house, and started an orchard; but the Indians proved so troublesome that they left their house and went back to Dover Neck. After a year or two they came back and took up a permanent abode. Woods grew close around them, and bears walked boldly about. I have heard this story of the old settlers: "The man and his wife each had a pig. The woman petted hers; but the other one grew uncultivated and piggish in his ways. One night the old folks heard the pigs squeal. The woman said, 'Get up; there's a bear there.' The man said, 'Lay still; no there ain't.' One more squeal; and the woman ventured to open the door. In pushed her pig, breathless with running and blind with fear. He ran against the old lady, and toppled her upon the bed. The other pig being wild, kept clear of the house, and bruin captured him. Generation after generation of this family have lived on this land, and one of the name owns it to-day. A part of the original log-house is used for a woodshed by the

present owner. The house in which he lives is stored with ancient articles. Standing on red dressers large pewter platters and round porringers form a bright array. A long necked gourd, used to hold coffee, has hung for years in the old "dresser room." On the red brick hearth a tiny iron skillet stood, and was used in lieu of a wash basin. In the "fore-room" a buffet, built in one corner, held the best dishes of the family. A bed, made up plump and square, covered with a blue woolen coverlet, quilted in "feathers and straight work," occupied considerable space. Behind the door, a tall eight-day clock told the true time to those who opened the door and peeped in. Once, while calling here, I saw a large bible, and was told that it was printed in numbers and then bound. The Robertses were scholarly people, and took the newspapers, when none of their neighbors could afford to, and the people used to gather there to hear the news.

In a back bed-room stands a chest of drawers with "Sarah Miller" painted on the back. She was a daughter of Dr. Thomas Miller, and married a Roberts, and this was her property. In this house the rooms are sheathed to the ceiling with wide boards, and were painted dark red. In the attic, linen wheels, spinning wheels, reels, swifts, barley riddles, and many other implements of the long-ago can be seen. A set of tiny scales belonged to this family, and people came from far and near to get money weighed. They are treasured by the present owner.

In the corner of this "granted" land, near the brook, a deer was shot, not many years ago. A little above where the deer gave up his life, the water runs between steep banks. As I walked on, the tall pines were whispering softly over my head, and tiny oaks and maples were rustling their large leaves, as if to attract my attention. Huge slaty stones raised themselves in the middle of the brook, and the water swirled angrily around them. One group of rocks resembled a St. An-

drew's cross, and only lacked the four letters to make the cross complete.

This place is called "The Falls." On the bank above stands a deserted dwelling-house. A long time ago it was used for a pest house. I thought what a pretty, quiet place for people suffering with that loathsome disease to be brought to. The smell of the woods, and the song of the birds, mingled with the rushing of the water, must have been grateful to those poor bodies, worn with sickness. A wheel path skirts the brook for several rods. Where the brook crossed this path, a saw-mill stood, in the days gone by. At my right, in the field beyond, the cellar of the old Merrow house can be seen, and a few apple trees are left of the ancient orchard. This Merrow was given to using lengthy words, regardless of their significance. At one time he was relating a slight that some one had put upon him, and ended his complaint by saying, "I presented that, now I tell ye." He was one of the signers of the petition that the parish of Somersworth might be incorporated as a town.

He had a daughter Elsie; she had passed her youth and wore out her middle life doing rough work on the farm. The fences were straggling, and frail in many places, and her father's herd, and the neighbors', were wont to get together. Elsie had run after them, built fence, and felt extremely wicked so many times, that finally she gave vent to her feelings in the following sarcastic words: "I am dog, devil, and fence."

I left Elsie and her discontent and plunged into the near alder swamp through which the brook ran in a tiny stream.

Occasionally a cat-bird gave her shrill scream over my head. Ground sparrows peeped at me with a side-long glance as I parted my way through the low growing branches. Ere long I came to another division. Warren's brook runs in a northerly direction. Twombly's brook (as it is here called) runs nearly west.

I walked along in open pastures; the beauties of the brook I had left behind me; the water gurgled on for a long distance in a narrow ditch; eagerly I looked to the tall woods ahead. A cruel barbed wire fence brought me and my dogs to a stand-still. The brutes looked me inquiringly in the face as I walked along, trying to find some hollow in the ground where the lowest line of wire would be high enough to let us crawl under. At last I succeeded, and passed through without injury, as did my followers.

The brook now led me into Somersworth, and for two miles I followed it through pastures, fields, and woods, and at last hunted it down in a swamp, within sight of the spires of the hilly village, Great Falls. From two large springs, a few rods apart, leaps forth the head waters of this brook. Trout and shiners dart and play in the clear water.

The sand and the water tempts many otherwise obedient children to play truant, and spend the long summer days sailing boats, and wading here. I found such a party, and they fled like partridges at my approach, fearing the birch withe, which they had merited that day by disobedience.

October, rich in glorious autumn tints, was fast waning, when I started off through the fields, still green in spots.

In a grove of tall pines crowning a hill, I heard a blue-jay call in anxious tones to his mate; twice, thrice he called, and his answer was the sharp crack of a cruel gun, followed by another report. Almost before the smoke had curled its way up among the pines, a man, dressed in a hunting jacket, with game bag, powder flask, and shot bag, hanging about him, came out in sight, with two beautiful blue-jays in his hands. He hurried along by the wall, and picked up a dead crane which he had shot a little while before. I came up to see this tall, slim bird; the feathers on his wings seemed almost like coarse hairs, and they were of a lovely lavender color. Beneath

them fawn colored downy feathers could be seen. His long legs and bill proclaimed how he fished his living from the shallow pools on the flats, after the reckless waters had left them. I felt a thrill of sadness, when I looked at the drooping heads of the birds, and the thick red blood oozing from the shot wounds, telling too plainly that the bird-soul had left its beautifully feathered tenement.

I crossed a pasture where the cattle had gnawed the short, sweet grass close into the sod; peeping out, tiny blue violets were blooming so gayly. These little plants blossoming so untimely, had thrown up a stem not more than half an inch, and hurried to flower before the coming of "Vidar the Silent."

When I found myself at the junction of "Barbel brook" and its tributary, I cast a longing look toward the "Falls" and began to follow the brook running westward. A tall, large pine had been cut down and was lying prone with its branches still on it. A clump of small pines were hovering around like children over a prostrate parent.

I felt, as I neared the high mound built by the Boston and Maine railroad, about 1842, the ground tremble under me. I looked around for the cause, and an iron horse, puffing and grinding, came in sight, with a long train of cars attached. I watched the powerful machine roll on, and then commenced to climb the steep bank. When I gained the top I saw my guide glistening in the curves and angles farther on. Another branch came rushing out, but I left that for a later day. I passed along in the pasture below the house, which was formerly used for a town poor-house. I was startled by a big splash in the brook, and the water grew rily. I stooped down to investigate, when another plunge followed. Under a large bunch of bog rush I discovered a much disturbed face. The musk-rat and his mate had been surprised by me, and one had concealed himself in this mi-

nute cavern. His little chubby face was dripping with the water taken on his last plunge. I pitied his cramped position, and as he evidently did not wish to make my acquaintance, I passed on.

Soon I crossed another main road, and in the pasture the brook divided again. Beyond, tall golden-rods, clad in feathery costumes, stood waiting a propitious breeze to waft their many winged seeds afar; quantities of these seeds fastened themselves to me, and I willingly bore them on in my journey.

As I pushed through a bunch of alders I woke, from a mid-day nap, a trio of horses. The oldest fled, and the colts followed; one little bushy fellow showed plainly by his gait that he would be a pacer when he became a roadster.

The brook now ran under the road, and on the other side a small tarn walled in, confined the head-waters of this branch; swamp maples grew on one side and elms on the other; red squirrels were holding converse in the tall stone wall at the north side. In this diminutive tarn the water was dark, and the bright maple leaves buried beneath it, shone the brighter for the burying. In the field opposite cattle, like Jacob's of old, were busy cropping the frost-bitten rowen.

I walked along in the highway until I came to the branch I had left below. Here I entered another cow pasture, and my watery guide led me into a swamp of birches and maples. I made my way noiselessly over the brittle twigs. Here I was alone with the woods; the leaves had dropped and left the branches bare. I could catch glimpses of the blue sky ever and anon. Suddenly I was awakened from my musings by the dull whirring sound of wings; looking up quickly I saw two partridges rise and light in a scrubby apple tree. I crept up and saw the cock, with his feathery cap, taking swift observations. One more move on my part and the twain flew off with much ado.

Farther on in the swamp, nearly out to another main road, this tributary commences its life in a spring. I think that the cattle feeding in the pasture, and the wild animals, alone frequent this source.

Retracing my steps I gained open ground, and discovered and old cellar. Here many years ago stood the Ezekiel (?) Ricker house, and the traces of the wheel path running near are all that is left of the old "county road."

As the roads run now, this cellar seems left by civilization; but when it was inhabited, the people lived on the main road from Dover to Norway Plains.

I walked through the tall, white grass, and it bent like wire under my tread. I could see nothing east of me but the pine clad side of "Capt. Ich.'s hill." I intended to climb it, and my path led through a grove of savins. The warm sun brought out a cedar-like smell from the shrub that was most agreeable. My footing over the glossy pine needles was precarious, but I was well paid for my physical efforts, when I reached the summit. Dividing Ezekiel Ricker's side of the hill from Otis Ricker's (for whom the hill is sometimes called), a wall stood, and can be traced to-day, although it was long since mustered out of service.

Large oaks hold the top and spread their strong arms in a protecting manner over the small pitch pines growing in the cleared space where thirty years ago corn was planted. I sat down amid the baby pines and thought how, in a few years, they would be called "young growth," and some one would be speculating about "how many cords to the acre." Behind me I heard the noisy protest of the crisp oak leaves as they fell to the ground. The warm wind wafted a mingled perfume of pine and cedar to me, and a strong love of nature filled my soul. I felt that I was blessed indeed to be here. How perfect every thing was. All had been arranged by a never erring hand. The horizon at the north was guarded by Bonneg-Beag, the east by Agamenti-

cus and his train. The Rocky hills and Frost's hills ended the chain, and the blue mists told me where the Atlantic washed the limited sea-board of New Hampshire.

This hill and acres numbering three hundred, once belonged to Capt. Ichabod and Andrew Rollins, sons of Judge Ichabod Rollins. Their heirs now own a good share of it. Between two roads stands the house occupied by the Rollins family a century ago; but it has been remodeled by stranger hands.

Capt. Ichabod and Andrew lived here many years, and the town's people tell from hearsay and remembrance of their kind deeds and noble ways. An old man whose hair is white with the snow of three-score winters, told me much of them. He said: "I went there to live when I was four years old, and staid till I was nigh twenty-two." "Andrew Rollins," he said, "was a great worker; he used to team with six oxen to the Bay (Lake Winnipiseogee); he freighted groceries from Dover up, and brought back shooks, staves, shingles and boards; he went that old road, right out by 'Zekiel Ricker's, cross Tate's brook, over Rocky hills, and so on to Norway Plains. I tell ye, it was a long drive, three days and three nights to make a trip. Capt. Ichabod had been to sea forty-five years; he had brought home a monkey; they called him "Jack." I was awful 'fraid of him when I fust went there, but he did n't live a great while. Just before town meeting all the carpets in the lower part of the house was taken up, and three barrels of crackers and two or three quintals of fish would be brought and a barrel of rum set up. Town-meeting night all the neighbors would come and have a good time, and the Cap'n would fiddle for them. I never heard an ugly word at these times while I staid there."

The old man told me this without a question, scarcely, and he seemed to grow young again, living over those old times. He said "Cap'n Ichabod had brought home chaney and all kind of

knives and forks, and the cases to put them in, there! The house was full of stuff brought from furrin parts."

At my right, Garrison hill loomed up and seemed very near. In the Indian times, two men were killed in the valley between these hills. A flock of crows flew over me, and we regarded each other with curious stare.

This hill is a famous resort for foxes, and the mother fox often rears her bright-eyed, sharp-muzzled brood, only to have them chased away by the keen-scented hound and shot by the waiting gunners.

Plainly I heard the "Whoa: hish buck" of the farmer turning the stiff green sward in the field below. Reluctantly I left the hill.

In my way down I passed under old apple trees known as the "Nocks Orchard," and again was lost in the swamp.

When I cleared the thick birches, I was near two men plowing with a yoke of dark cherry-colored oxen, with a steady-going horse on the lead; a plump, gray dog came to the fence to greet me as I stopped to admire a last year's scare-crow.

The owner of the team told me that he was a descendant of Ezekiel Ricker, and that he had, after many years, drifted back, and now owned a farm near the old place.

As I walked along in the road homeward, I found a grave-yard, up from the road, fenced in with a neat iron fence, and ever-green trees were growing among the grave-stones. I wondered who were buried there. The gate was locked, but I read through the fence,

CAPT. ICHABOD ROLLINS.

Died Nov. 18, 1848,

Aged 61 years.

ANDREW ROLLINS, ESQ.

Born Oct. 29, 1770. Died March 13, 1832,

Aged 61 years.

A patron, and example of diligence and benevolence. In him the man of

industry found encouragement, and the poor man had a friend.

The sufferings which terminated in his lamented death were borne with the patience and resignation of a Christian.

The memory of the just is blessed.

SALLY P. ROLLINS,

Widow of Andrew Rollins, Esq.

Died April 23, 1849.

Aged 61 years.

These three people all lived to be sixty-one years old, and then passed away from a life of usefulness and kindness. They were beloved by their town's folk, far and wide.

Few, perhaps, know of these stones marking their graves; but by kind deeds these people built monuments in the memories of many that will never perish.

This generation hears of them from the one before.

A NIGHT RIDE. (LAKE BAIKAL, EASTERN SIBERIA.)

BY THOMAS W. KNOX.

The winter threw its fleecy snows around us
On cold Siberia's plain;
And winds from Arctic's icy climes had found us
Crossing their wide domain.

We reached the lake's low bank; our halt completed
We sought the other shore,
And anxiously our Cossack guide entreated
To take us safely o'er.

The frozen waters stretched away before us,
Spread like a silent sea.
Our Tartar steeds with fiery vigor bore us
Fast as the deer can flee.

And while they galloped o'er that inland ocean,
The night-cloud ope'd above;
With flashing beams each star appeared in motion
Like eyes that glow with love.

Reflected 'neath us in that boundless mirror
The spangled dome was spread;
It gave again, with not a single error,
The twinkling gems o'erhead.

And while we watched the stars, whose rays were beaming
Through all that depth below,
The rising moon, with silver light, came streaming
Beyond the Eastern snow.

The skies were spread around, above, below us,
The world was left behind.
And Eastern light seemed shining out to show us
Where Faith and Hope are shrined.

Among those burning, starry clusters flying,
Breathless we held our way,
Forgetting earth; but soon we saw, half sighing,
The gleam of breaking day.

And back to earth the sounding hoof-beats brought us,
And Cossack driver's yell,
And morning winds on frost-blanch'd faces caught us
And broke that wondrous spell.

MAY-FLOWERS.

A CHAPTER FROM THE HISTORY OF CONCORD.

I.

[The manuscript which furnished me with the facts that are here narrated, and which is noticed more at large in the body of this history, did not of course comprise every petty detail that I have given. Some matters of considerable moment I have been forced to supply from other sources, and I should be pleased to notice in particular the excellent History of Concord, by the late Rev. N. Bouton. If there is any thing seemingly improbable in the narrative, the reader will do me the grace to remember that the manuscript stands sponsor for all, and of the truth of this he must frame his own conjecture, not forgetting, when he passes judgment, that the occurrences which took place after the writing of the manuscript rest on no such secondary authority. The manuscript itself has had rather a curious history. It is now in the possession of an uncle of mine, Dr. John A. Meekin, of Peekskill, to whom my thanks are due for valuable aid in elucidating it. It was given him by Mr. James Newcomb, once connected with the paper-mill of Newcomb & Barrett, formerly in operation in Lowell, who rescued it from a mass of waste paper sent from Concord. This was more than thirty years ago, and I have no doubt that it was brought to light when the old Walker house was overhauled and repaired by its present owner in the year 1848.—M. N. E.]

Before the year 1818 the Congregationalists had it all their own way in Concord. For nearly a century after the Rev. Timothy Walker, in 1730, began religious services with eight members in his congregation, no differences had shaken the community. A society of the Friends, indeed, and very recently some movements of the Baptists and the Methodists, showed that the ancient unity was near its dissolution, and for the past year the Episcopal Liturgy had been occasionally followed by a small assemblage of persons, but no new denomination had yet gained a sound footing. The Episcopal movement was much furthered by the efforts of a young graduate in

divinity, Edgar Somerton by name, who was not yet in orders. The first rector, the Rev. Cha's Burroughs, was not appointed until the following year. Mr. Somerton was a slight and sensitive young man, thoroughly devoted to the work to which he had consecrated his life. It was in the month of April that this chronicle begins. The young man had already been for some months in Concord, where he had by this time made friends with several fine old families of the place, whose companionship sufficed in some measure to drive from his mind a certain morbid melancholy to which his too susceptible nature had ever been prone. No family stood higher in the esteem of the community than that of the Walkers. The Honorable Timothy Walker, now a man of eighty years, lived in the old, gable-windowed, gambrel-roofed mansion, which was built by his father, the Rev. Timothy, in 1734, and which still stands on the old family place. Not far away stood the more modern house of his son, Charles Walker, whose daughter, Lucretia, now in her nineteenth year, was accounted the most beautiful and accomplished young lady in the place. A tall, graceful figure, borne with a certain conscious dignity that was almost pride, yet redeemed from the shadow of severity by the kindness that lay in the depth of her blue eyes, and by the frank smile upon her lips—a smile always dignified and quiet, yet always kind,—betokened a mind that knew its own worth without vanity, and a heart full of ardent but elevated emotion. Can any one wonder if the young student, fresh from the dreams and the romance of history and legend, found his friendship for this beautiful girl beginning to prey upon his peace?

The May-flowers were just bursting their cerements and clothing the hills in the purity without the chill of snow.

It was a Monday afternoon, when Mr. Somerton and Miss Walker might have been seen walking upon the hillsides to the west of Concord. The spring was early this year. The warm sun beamed upon the grass and the budding trees, and the bluebirds poured their liquid melody upon the glad air; and it seemed to Edgar Somerton, as he watched the waves of Miss Lucretia's bright hair flowing softly over the blue dress on this sunny day of spring, that the bluebirds themselves were not more free than she, and that he might sooner hope to call the bluebirds to his hand than to approach Miss Lucretia nearer than a mere casual friend might come. She was so far, so far away from him, like the evening star, which looks upon the earth with tender eye, but keeps its state inviolate for ever. She was kind, and talked pleasantly and sweetly of the bright season with all its bursting joy; yet she was in her very friendliness so unattainable, that it was almost a pain to be with her.

"I have heard it said, Mr. Somerton," she began, after a while, "that your stay in Concord is to be cut short in a few months. I hope I am wrong."

"I should choose to stay here for ever, if the liberty were mine," he replied.

"You would hardly find room enough in Concord," she said, "to use your best powers for any long time. It is but a small place."

"What are powers, and what is success, if the sweetness of living be gone? Oh, I will not go, I can not leave—my friends."

"I am sure we should all be sorry. But you are always sure of friends, wherever you go."

"Friends, friends, what are friends?" he said.

"You spoke of leaving them yourself," she answered.

"A man can have but one friend, Miss Walker," he cried with suppressed passion, looking up hopelessly as he spoke. "Miss Walker, you are the light of my life."

"I am sure," she returned quietly

and kindly, after a half-involuntary glance at her companion, "I am sure. Mr. Somerton, I wish I might brighten your life a little for you, for I have noticed that it seems too gloomy sometimes. Do not let me be a moth's candle, though," she added more quickly. "But see, what glorious blossoms."

Glorious they were indeed, and she stooped to gather a handful as she spoke. Edgar Somerton stood beside her without the heart to help her, or, perhaps, his thoughts were too painful to give him leave for such attentions. But at last he bethought him of his duty, and the basket was soon filled. The sun was low, and it seemed to Edgar Somerton, as he walked home with Miss Walker, that the crimson clouds, which faded so soon into dull banks of leaden gray, were the aptest symbols of his ill-starred hopes.

He half forgot his pain, a few days later, when Miss Walker met him upon the street, with her kind smile. "Will you walk up to grandfather Walker's with me, Mr. Somerton?" she said. "I am staying there now while our house is empty. The rest of the family have gone to Cambridge to visit my brother Charles, whose class is to give a grand entertainment on May-day."

"What kind reason kept you with us in Concord? I am sure your brother could spare you least of all."

"Oh, we like some of the children to stay with grandpa, and keep him cheerful," she replied, "but why do you always talk of me, as Colonel Darrington used to do, who was quartered here three or four years ago. He quite turned my head; I was only a child then, and he should have known better. But officers are almost always reckless."

"Yes, that is why they are favorites. Prudence makes few friends."

"And yet," she answered, "I am sure that men may sometimes be brave and spirited, without being headstrong and rash. Ah!" and her voice grew stronger, while the far-away unapproachableness seemed to fall again

like a mist upon her heightened form.

"Ah, if men could be heroes, and women stars to shine beside them, we should not have to wait for the golden age. There are good qualities enough; but no one is all good. Oh could I but see the man who stands in the front of the battle, fighting victoriously for truth and for every thing great, forgetting himself and living alone with his heart, how I should worship him, and be ready to sacrifice myself to the glory of his greatness until—"

They had reached the gate, and the fair enthusiast, who had entirely forgotten her companion, turned and saw him standing with a dejected countenance at her side. Her heart smote her, and she added more gently: "And yet I know it is not the part of many to lead, and even those who follow may do their own work nobly. Will you come into the parlor for a little while, Mr. Somerton?"

"No, I thank you," he replied; "it is late, and I have yet to call upon Widow Thompson, whose little Norah is very sick." And indeed, Edgar Somerton was almost glad to go away. Miss Walker's distance from him was so great, and her condescension, though unconscious, was so plain.

"I shall see you to-morrow night at Mr. Sparhawk's May-party, I hope," said Miss Walker, as he was about to turn away.

"If you hope to see me there, I shall be present, though I had intended to remain at home. I will go, if I may expect to find you there."

"Such holidays keep the heart light, and I think every one should do his utmost to chase away the shades of melancholy."

II.

The candles flashed brightly from the windows of the old Livermore house on the night of the first of May. This house, which was built in 1786, by Major Daniel Livermore, was at the time of this narrative occupied by Samuel Sparhawk, the banker, who

having a wide acquaintance through New Hampshire and elsewhere, had proposed that this party should be the event of the season. All the worthy people of the town, old and young, thronged the brilliant rooms, trimmed in their gayest plumage. There were the Kents, and the Thompsons, and the Walkers; the Abbotts, the Bradleys, the Ayers, and the Kimballs; the Hutchinses, the Eastmans, the Dows, and the Elliots:—Yes, yes, they were all there, and a host beside. But to Edgar Somerton there was only one,—and where was she? Here was her Aunt Betsey, with whom no doubt Miss Walker had come. Mr. Somerton inquired of Mrs. Betsey, who said that Lucretia was somewhere about, but she did not know just where, and before Edgar had time to take the alarm, Aunt Betsey, who was famous as a talker, had begun a history of the Walker family for his questionable pleasure. Edgar gave small heed, though he had to make a show of attention, and his ear caught more readily a remark made by Lizzie Ayer to her friend Caroline Kent, who stood close at his elbow:—"Just look at 'Cretia Walker, will you? Did you ever see the like? She need n't be so airy, if she *is* the best looking girl in town."

"Who is that gentleman that she is with?" returned Miss Kent.

"That!—don't you know *him*? Why, he is the lion of the evening. That is Mr. Morse, the artist. You ought to know him; he talks like a book."

Edgar heard no more; but he could see Miss Walker now, over Aunt Betsey's shoulder. Her gloved hand rested upon the arm of a gentleman, who, from his distinguished and easy bearing, Edgar Somerton judged at once to be the Mr. Morse in question. Mr. S. F. B. Morse, afterward famous the world over as the inventor of the electric telegraph, was at this time well known through New England as an artist and portrait painter. After crossing the Atlantic with Washington Allston, and studying in England under the guidance of Benjamin West, he

had earned considerable distinction in the British Academy by his picture of the "Dying Hercules." He was now in his twenty-eighth year, full of ambition and hope. Edgar Somerton's heart fell as he thought of Miss Walker's heroic ideal, and wondered whether she had found it here. It was sometime before he saw her again; but when he did so, she gave him a kind smile, and he greeted her at once. Had she news of her father and mother and the others in Cambridge? Oh, yes, Susie had written; they were having a delightful visit, and Charlie was so kind and so happy; and she went on to tell him all about the spring festivities in Boston. It was all very gracious—this talk; but oh, so far away from where his thoughts longed to be. But to-night, more than ever, Miss Walker seemed wrapped in a golden haze that like a necromancer's spell made her unapproachable. She was like a summer cloud, he thought, and he a dusky mountain tarn: the cloud drifts past, and itself unchanged, changes the picture in the depths of the lake, which lies fast bound, to dream of the cloud when it is gone. She looked upon him kindly, but like the cloud was ever far, far away.

"Would Miss Walker go with him to the refreshment room? She was sorry, but had promised to go with Mr. Morse. Mr. Morse appeared at this moment, and led the young lady away. An hour later Edgar was sitting in the south room, with his head against the cabinet, when he heard low voices on the opposite side, which he knew at once. Before it occurred to him that he was eaves-dropping, he had forgotten himself in the interest of what he heard.

"It was the picture of the 'Dying Hercules,' you said, Mr. Morse, that won you so high a place in the Academy. Why did you choose so violent and gloomy a subject?"

"It is one that has always wrought upon my sympathy," was the response. "The old Greek mythology is every where full of eternal truth, which like

Proteus appears in a thousand forms where you look for it least. It seems to be the fate of every heroic person, who, like Hercules, sacrifices himself for his race, to suffer and die upon some mountain height, like Hercules, alone. Even the consciousness of his own dignity seems to stead him little in the death-struggle of his last agony. Yet he has his reward with the gods."

"Ah," and there was a wondrous wistfulness in the tone, "I can never believe that all greatness must die. Can no one live to defy, in this world, the hopelessness of death?"

"Death is not hopeless," he replied, "even though we do not look beyond this world. We live and pass away, but we leave our spirits behind us, which never die; and that is our reward."

"Your own hopes are high, Mr. Morse, and your eyes are fixed upon the stars. I know you will climb the mountain before you, but do you never shrink when you look up the steep ascent?"

"I shrink when I think of looking down; so long as one looks upward he is safe. What I can accomplish I do not know; no one can give more than himself, and only the end can prove the work. Death comes swiftly on. And yet," and the voice grew deeper, "and yet, with some one to cheer him with sympathy, and brighten his dark days with love, a man might almost hope to bid defiance to the specter of death. But it is only a woman's tenderness that can make man immortal."

"And herself. It would be a woman's noblest life," was the low reply.

The voices sank lower, and were inaudible. It occurred to Edgar Somerton, for the first time, that he was trespassing on the grounds of confidence, and he walked moodily to the door, hardly knowing what he did. From there he could see Miss Walker sitting with downcast eyes, and Mr. Morse looking at her without a word. Suddenly she looked up with a radiant face, and Edgar knew that the story

was told. He went home, but not to sleep.

III.

The dew sparkled upon the grass the next morning, in the beams of the warm vernal sun, as Edgar Somerton, baring his hot brow, strode rapidly along the Hopkinton road. After a walk of fifteen minutes he turned aside upon the slope where less than a fortnight before he had rambled with Miss Walker among the May-flowers. The season was early this year, and the white or pink blossoms, now wilted, had given room to a host of variegated flowers, cinque-foils and violets, but-tercups and strawberry flowers, winter-green berries and frail innocents, carpeted the hills with the most pleasing hues. But Edgar found little delight in this outspread gorgeousness. Nature takes her mood from the mind; she laughs with a May-day dancer, but her face clouds when the mind is shadowed with grief, and though the petty annoyances of life may yield to her soothing art, the deep-seated sorrows are beyond her skill, unless she call to her aid that more potent wizard,—Time. So it came about that the young man wandered sorrowfully on through wood and meadow-side, until he entered the bed of an ancient water-course, with a tiny rivulet still trickling through the hollow. The sides were thinly wooded, with large rocks here and there, covered with mosses or vines. Edgar seated himself upon a mossy stone that was crowned by a yellow blossomed bush-honeysuckle. It was a cool, shady spot, and the low murmur of the brook blending with the soft love-notes of the quiet birds made the silence musical while the new green leaves and the bursting buds seemed ready to join in the song as they were touched by the warm gold of the sifting sunshine. "Ah," sighed the disconsolate youth, "every thing is happy in this world but I. The breeze caresses the blossoms, and the leaves hold out their lips to the gales; the birds talk of love to one another, and

I, only I, am alone and forsaken. Alas, can it be but a year since I thought that in the path of duty no shade could cloud my happiness? But ah! it is easy to gaze only at the stars when the earth is dark, but when some bright illusion of this frail, but too beautiful, world gleams upon the sight, the stars quickly lose their celestial charm. Yet it is sheer madness in me to love such a being as Miss Walker: she is an angel from another planet, walking across the Milky Way in heaven—a spirit to be worshiped by an humble student rather than loved."

Whether it was that the purling brook stole his senses away, or that his calmer reason regained its sway, certain it is that he felt more and more satisfied that his love for Miss Walker was not such as the heart requires for its sovereign joy, but only a kind of exalted reverence, which, in this earthly life, could never even hope for its due reward. He would love her still as he loved the clouds or the sunshine, and her memory should shed a luster over his whole life; and was not that enough? Love withers unless watered with the dew of hope, and hope was gone for ever. Amid such thoughts, therefore, his soul grew calmer. The rill seemed to say, "Never mind, never mind," and the birds talked in very plain words, which he understood perfectly well, though for his life he could not have told what they said. There were some blue violets under a little bank which actually smiled at him, though they were so very modest that when he looked again their downcast eyes were quite sober. The woods here were full of the largest and most dewy pure May-flowers, which linger in the shade for weeks when their rash sisters of the sunny hills have perished. Surely this was the green valley of happiness where all evil things turn to good. The drowsy hum of the bees about the bush-honeysuckle over his head, the murmur of the brook beside him, the twitter of the birds and the whispers of the windy leaves blended

with his thoughts until he could not tell one sound from another.

A faint rustling noise caused him to turn his head, and he started up, or thought he started up, wide awake. Not ten yards from where he sat, white and pure as the flowers themselves, knelt a young girl, who, without noticing him in the least, seemed to be kissing and caressing a cluster of the largest blossoms. Her soft white dress fell in spotless folds about her, and rested upon the leaves. Edgar Somerton remained spell-bound, wondering at the soft beauty of her dark flowing hair, with only a little bunch of May-flowers for adornment, wondering at the milky whiteness of her graceful neck and the paleness of her transparent cheek, wondering still more who she could be, and how she had come so near without disturbing him. At last she raised her head; she did not seem at all startled to see him. But as she gazed at him, a little sadly, as he thought, out of her soft brown eyes, he felt a sudden rapture thrill his veins such as he had never before known. *Here* was nothing distant and repelling, nothing haughty and unapproachable; oh, no: her whole face and bearing diffused a gentle spell of tenderness that fell upon Edgar Somerton's wounded heart like dew.

"Then you have really come?" she said, with a questioning wistfulness in her voice, which charmed his ear like music; "I have waited so long, so long."

"Oh, tell me who you are, and what you mean," cried Edgar impetuously, springing forward and kneeling on one knee close before her; "how did you come here, beautiful girl, all alone?"

"Oh, I am Linda," she said, modestly, as if her presence were the most natural thing in the world; "I am Linda, and I was sure you would come."

"Why, who is Linda? What is the rest—Linda who?" he cried.

"That is all," she said.

"But what are you doing here in the woods, so far from any house, you angel child?"

"Oh, I am always here; it isn't so far away as you think, and no body would hurt me. But I can not stay long, so you must tell me quickly what you do in the great world?"

Eager as he was to question her, Edgar felt compelled to do whatever she asked: "I am soon to be a minister of the gospel," he said.

"The gospel?" she asked doubtfully.

"To tell people about God," he explained. It did not seem strange, for some reason, that she should be ignorant of the simplest things.

"Ah, yes, he gave you your souls," she said musingly.

"He gave us all our lives," returned Edgar devoutly; "but will you not tell me where you live, and how you came here?"

"Wait, wait, have patience," she said; "the time is too short to waste, for I must go very soon."

"Oh, Linda, Linda, if that is the only name that I am to know," he cried with sudden passion, "do not leave me; it is you I have been waiting for all my life, though I never knew it till now. Linda, do not leave me." For it seemed to him that she might slip away at any moment as quietly and quickly as she had come.

"See, the sun is sinking: it is growing late; but I will come again."

Edgar noticed that it was indeed near sunset. How in the world it came to be so late Edgar could not conjecture, and indeed he had little time to solve the riddle, for suddenly a shrill voice rang through the woods: "Lindalin, Lindalin," it cried; "Lindalin."

"There, I must go now. You will come again," she said.

"A thousand times; but I will not let you go so. You shall not pass through the woods alone," and he arose to accompany her. But she was already many steps away; she seemed to be walking leisurely enough, but Edgar felt himself utterly unable to follow her, and could only stretch out his arms imploringly, as she disappeared behind a hazel copse, waving

her hand as she went. He seemed to see her white scarf still, but when he made his way to the spot, he saw that it was only a dead sycamore bough. Edgar explored the woods and coppices, but it was all of no avail: there was no sign of human habitation. Half despairing, though not without hope for the future, he sat down at last on the stone where he had seen Linda first. Suddenly a voice cried again, as it seemed, "Lindalin, Lindalin." He started up, and looked about, rubbing his eyes, but he soon perceived that the sound was only the note of a whip-poor-will, and he almost wondered if the first call had been any thing more.

"Oh, Mr. Somerton, I am so glad to see you again," exclaimed his good hostess, Mrs. Odlin, when he knocked at the door long after dark; "I have been so worried about you. Where have you been; and only look, what a mess your shoes are in, and your stockings, too. You must go right off up stairs, and change your clothes, and then come down, and I will have a good cup of coffee for you, and some nice porridge that I saved for you from dinner, and you shall have a mug of some fine hard cider that old Reuben Abbott just sent down to-day. But come, what are you waiting for?" and she bundled the young man up stairs. Edgar felt for the first time that he was ravenously hungry, a fact that it had not occurred to him to notice before. He slept soundly until the following morning, notwithstanding the mixed thoughts that thronged his memory.

IV.

The duties of the morrow, which was the Lord's day, gave little room for reflection, and kept him constantly busy from morning to night. One or two ladies, it is true, did wonder a little at his absent answers to their questions about the new Sunday-school in West Parish Village. His thoughts were far away in a woodland glen; but he was unable that day to follow them

in the body; and whom should he meet the next morning, when he strode out of the gate, but Miss Lucretia, who, wiser than Ponce de Leon, knew that the phantom island of Bimini lay at her own door, and had risen thus early to drink a cup of Nature's own elixir. Mr. Somerton must walk with her. She had been reading about the river Ganges, and would he tell her something about the pagans who lived there, as she knew he had read a great deal about India, having, indeed, at one time, contemplated going thither as a missionary. He could not refuse; but the day was so bright that Miss Walker could not bear to think of the poor, half-dead Hindoos, and would talk of the birds and flowers instead. She seemed to him as beautiful as ever this morning, but he no longer felt the same dejection in her presence. She was fair like a Grecian goddess, fair like marble, and he felt that Pygmalion's art was not for him to warm the cold heart of stone to life; she might be responsive to others, but he was no Pygmalion, and he felt that her disturbing spell had fallen away from him. And yet his walk with her had a strange influence upon him; it seemed, after he left her, that he had been walking in a land of illusion for the two days past, and that he was now brought back to the common light of day. The strange circumstances of his meeting with Linda on Saturday came to him with their full force for the first time, and his reason sought to unfold the riddle. It fell upon his heart, all at once, like lead that the occurrences which lingered in his memory could have been no more than a dream. Every thing pointed to that conclusion; the vision had begun after a fit of drowsiness, and had ended by his being aroused from a brooding study, and he now recollected that in his childhood he had often been unable to separate reality from dream. That was long ago, but a man's nature is an inveterate thing, and faculties long dormant often work again. The irresistible conviction filled him with de-

spair, for Linda surely seemed a reality ; had he given his heart to a being that would ever float only in the wavering mists of dream, more unattainable than his former ideal, whom at least he could see? The thought was madness, and he strode back in bitter grief to the rock where the vision of bliss had visited him. "Ah," he cried wildly, "the glow of Pygmalion's desire could never have been fiercer than this ; but even Pygmalion had a stone to clasp, and I can clasp nothing but vacant air." He threw himself violently upon the ground in a transport of despair. There were the very flowers that she had seemed to kiss, and he could almost see the white folds of her virgin dress on the leaves. "Oh, Linda, Linda," he cried, "shall I never see you again !" and he buried his face in the moss and leaves, moaning grievously.

A soft hand touched his shoulder ; he looked up ; it was Linda. Thrilled with an awful rapture, like one who sees a lost darling brought back from beyond the gates of the grave, Edgar Somerton struggled to his feet and looked at her with a wild light in his eyes ; yes, it was truly she, and without a word he held out his arms, and clasped the white-robed maiden to his bosom. Instead of struggling, Linda laid her beautiful, fair head upon his convulsed breast, and he held her, oh, so close in his arms, till he felt the quick heaving of her gentle bosom, and the pulses of her fluttering heart. "Oh, darling, darling," his voice was almost drowned in an agony of passion,—*"I thought you were lost, that I should never see you again,"* and he pressed her head closer to his breast with his hand.

"Oh, why did you not come yesterday?" she said, turning up her face so that he saw the bright tears upon her eyelashes and her cheek.

"Oh, you will never, never leave me again," he cried.

"I would not," she replied tearfully, as she nestled in his arms, "but the

time is short, the flowers are growing brown already."

"Yes, but you shall show me where you live ; you shall go with me, and never, never leave me again."

"I do not think you understand," she said, "but I will come again."

"Why do you say again?" he cried reproachfully ; "you shall never go at all."

"Ah, you know I must, the flowers fade so soon," she said wistfully.

"But our love need never fade," he said, and kissed her again and again.

They sat down upon a mossy stone, and talked a long time, though it would have been hard to say what they talked about. A voice rang through the wood, "Linda, Linda." "I must go," she said ; "I can not come again until to-morrow, you know."

"If you go, I will go with you," he said.

"No, no, you don't understand ; come to-morrow." She pressed into his hand the cluster of May-flowers that had adorned her hair, and was gone. Edgar wished to follow, but he did not know which way to turn ; his limbs seemed to fail him, and he sank to the ground in a half-stupor. After a while he rose despondently ; but hope came back with the thought of the morrow. He had dropped the flowers that Linda had given him, and now he looked for them a long time in vain. They *could* not be lost, he thought ; he had not moved a step since she left him, and the ground was clear and even about him. It began to grow dusk, and he was forced to abandon the search. A sudden thought made him shudder : "Is this, too, a dream?" he muttered, but the feeling quickly passed away, for he knew now that Linda, however mysterious, was at least a reality.

v.

A storm had been gathering in the warm May air, and when Edgar Somerton awoke the next morning, he found the day cold and rainy. Too eager, however, to heed wind or

storm, he dressed himself hastily, and started for the rendezvous of the previous day. The wind was high, and as he passed the Capitol, which was then in process of building, a sudden gust loosened a piece of scaffolding which, as ill luck would have, must fall plump on the young man's head, stretching him senseless upon the ground. He was carried home again, but it was some hours before he recovered his senses. When consciousness returned it was broken and disturbed by frequent fits of delirium, which left him so weak that for a fortnight he did not rise from his bed; and even then the doctor forbade him to leave the house for a week to come. Two or three days after this admonition had been given, good Mrs. Odlin went up stairs in the morning to call Mr. Somerton to breakfast, when, to her consternation and alarm, she found an empty room. Edgar, in fact, was by that time far on his way to the wood that he knew so well. It was now past the middle of May, and when he came to the rock where he had met Linda before, he found the May-flowers brown and withering, with hardly a suggestion of their primal beauty. He looked about him, but nothing was to be seen save the rocks and trees. He called Linda several times by name, but the only answer was the discordant scream of an angry jay. Not knowing what to do next, but unwilling to sit idle and inactive, he began to explore the surrounding woods, hoping that, perhaps, notwithstanding his previous unsuccessful efforts, he might be able to find some indication of the way where Linda had gone when she left him; but it was all of no avail. After wandering up and down for some hours, he returned at last to the glen, where, oh, wonderful, there she stood—Linda herself—in all her angel mildness, gazing sadly at the vacant rock. She did not see him at first, and he noticed that her face had grown paler, and that a settled sadness rested upon her features. When she saw him she sprang to meet him, and sank almost

fainting in his arms. "Oh, I knew you would come," she said, "before the flowers were all dead and I was gone: but oh, where have you been all these long tired days?" Edgar explained why he had not come before, and he now determined once for all to solve the mystery that seemed to clothe the girl like a mantle. He drew her down upon the rock beside him, but all his tender questions were of no avail. "You will know soon," she answered in a half pitiful way, or "You can't understand yet." "Linda," he cried passionately, at last, "who and what are you; I will not let you go until you tell me," and he clasped his arms about her yielding form, and drew her head down upon his breast. Her great brown eyes were filled with tears. Ah me! for a touch of holy fire, that I might tell of the rapture of the tears of love. What are sighs and what are kisses, when the heart is bursting, though not with grief; where joy is so wild that it joins hands with agony; when self is lost in an ocean of forgetfulness. Time was no more, and all things were drowned in an eternal now. The hand-stroking, the gleam of her cloud-like hair, the breast rising and falling with the music of her breath, the two hearts beating in accord, seemed to them both like the dream of some wild enthusiast, who has overleaped the bounds of this contracted world, and melts away in the ocean of what might be. The young man seemed to feel his soul growing to a giant size, and thrilling the wide world till it grew like himself. At last Linda rose to her feet and said slowly:

"We each have our term of life, and I go and come with the May-flowers. We are not like you, for you live for ever. Though you seem to die, your souls live on. But now you have made me like yourself; your soul has kindled itself in me. I shall go with the flowers, but my new-born soul will live for ever. Do not seek me here again, for I can not come, but I will come again with the bloom of the flowers."

"Oh, Linda, Linda, I do not understand a word of all you say. You must go with me, and never, never leave me."

"Ah, you will see it all as I do after awhile. Do not mourn for me, only hope." And with one last lingering kiss she was gone. Edgar fell senseless to the earth.

It was midnight when he awoke. He saw lanterns gleaming through the wood, and heard voices calling him by name. The town's people, who had turned out to search for him, shook their heads significantly when they saw his wild and disordered look. The blow that he had received on his head a few weeks before was obviously responsible for his strange behavior. So without needless questions they constructed a kind of litter on the spot, and carried him home, for he was altogether too weak to walk. He was put in bed again, where he remained for several days.

VI.

When at length Edgar was able to sit upon the piazza, an odd-looking letter was brought to him one day, marked "Official," and sealed with a great black seal. Edgar opened it wonderingly, and found a letter written on brown fibrous paper, which read as follows:

"To his Excellency, Edgar Somerton, S. H.—Your duty respectfully required at the rock in the glen, on the 28th of May, by the reckoning of the sun. Your servant in grief, —"

The signature appeared like a mere tangle of chance lines and angles, from which Edgar could make no meaning. On Thursday, the twenty-eighth, however, he was so far recovered that he undertook to carry out what seemed to be the request of the mysterious billet. The thought of Linda drove from his mind any fear that such a strange message might well have caused, and when he arrived at the familiar glen he looked eagerly around him in hope of seeing some sign of Linda. But she did not come,

and even the last vestige of the May-flowers that she had loved was gone. Suddenly a discordant noise caused him to turn quickly: "Since your excellency has seen fit to come so early," it said, "we will proceed at once." The speaker was a thick little man, in black dress coat and small clothes, and with a high sugar-loaf hat upon his head. Beckoning Edgar to follow, he led the way a hundred yards or so into the woods, to a little square stone house, at which Edgar stared in amazement, for he believed that he had searched every square foot of that part of the forest, and here stood a house looking as old as the crags themselves. Indeed it looked very like a huge boulder, with a doorway in one side, and it might have been that very resemblance, Edgar thought, that had caused him to overlook it. Leaving him beside the trunk of an oak-tree, his guide entered the low door-way. Presently an old man and an old woman walked slowly out of the door, side by side, followed by another old, old man, in a long black robe, who carried a ponderous book under his arm. Twelve men came next, bearing what looked like a bier, with an ominous black covering. Last of all marched twenty sable-clad men, some with spades, some with pick-axes, among whom Edgar recognized his guide. The whole train moved mechanically forward, with measured steps, passing within a few feet of him without noticing him in any way. Indeed they did not seem to notice any thing, but walked straight forward with faces expressive of nothing but utter vacancy. They struck into the road at last—it was the Hopkinton road,—and followed it until they came to a grave-yard—the Millville cemetery—which at that time contained but few graves. Edgar, though unbidden, followed as a matter of course, and he observed with wonder that several persons whom they met upon the road, passed them by without bestowing even a glance upon the extraordinary procession. The pall-bearers entered the

cemetery, and set the bier upon the ground, while the pickers and spademen quickly dug a grave in one corner of the inclosure. A great foreboding filled Edgar's heart, but the automatic movements and the continued silence of the strange people held him spell-bound. The black covering still lay upon the bier. The solitary old man took his place at one end of the grave, opened his book, and, in a hard, expressionless voice, began to read, while the rest stood about the grave with fixed and vacant countenances. The words of the priest, for such he seemed to be, were an unintelligible jargon to Edgar; the separate words were distinct enough, it is true, but they were jumbled together in hopeless confusion. A crow flew by, overhead, with a hoarse "caw, caw," which sounded singularly like the voice of the priest. Not a leaf stirred upon the trees; the very air seemed laid and dead. At length the priest stopped, and the pall-bearers drew back the black covering of the bier. There lay Linda, pale and dead, with a chaplet of green vines wreathed in the gleam of her hair. With a great cry Edgar Somerton threw himself upon the bier, and clasped her lifeless form in his arms. A frightful tumult of angry voices arose around him. A noise like the rush of a hurricane sounded in his ears, and his senses forsook him.

VII.

"It is plain that his reason was shaken by that unfortunate blow on the head," said Mr. Morse to Miss Walker, who held in her hand a roll of papers from which she had just been reading. "It is plain that his reason was shaken; such cases are very common."

Edgar Somerton had returned to his lodgings that night as pale as a ghost. He sat in his room all night writing as fast as his pen would move. The next morning he paid his account with Mrs. Odlin, in spite of her grief and wonder, and went away by the early coach, leaving nothing behind him but a roll of manuscript, which he requested Mrs. Odlin to deliver into the hands

of Miss Walker. In this roll she found a clear though impassioned narrative of all that had befallen him since he had gone a-Maying with her more than a month before. "I do not expect ever to see you again," the manuscript concluded, "for I bear in my heart a pain that can never know relief. What I shall do with the remnant of my life I do not yet know."

Miss Walker shivered a little when she had finished it, but like a wise woman she carried the mystery to her betrothed for solution. "It is plain that his reason was shaken," Mr. Morse explained. "This Mr. Somerton seems to have been of a melancholy and romantic cast of mind, just the temper that is most susceptible to hallucination. The first meeting or two which he imagines he had with the young girl were probably dreams, as he himself seems to have suspected, and all the others have happened since he received the unfortunate injury upon his head."

"I suppose your explanation is the true one," said Miss Walker, "and they did say that he behaved himself very oddly at the last. But I can not help feeling that it is all very weird and strange." And with a little shudder she laid the manuscript in an old chest, when she went up stairs again, where she never ventured to disturb it afterward.*

Miss Walker became Mrs. Morse in September, and lived in New Haven for seven years, when she died, bitterly lamented by her husband. Edgar Somerton passed the winter in Boston, giving himself heart and soul to a missionary work that was being carried on in the poorer quarter of the city. April came round once more, and Mr. Somerton one day informed his friend and fellow-worker, Arthur Blake, that he wished to make a brief visit to Concord. Mr. Blake, who had noticed some eccentricities in his friend's conduct, during the past week, and who

* See note at the beginning of the narrative.

had heard some reports of his strange adventures in Concord, was unwilling to let him go alone, and Edgar was forced, though against his will, to take Mr. Blake in his company. They reached the hotel late at night, and in the morning Edgar declared his intention of taking a long walk over the country. "Perhaps we shall find some May-flowers, to reward our pains," said he, when he found that Mr. Blake insisted upon walking with him. Mr. Blake assured him they would not be out for a week at least. Edgar led the way to the wood he knew so well, and sat down silently upon the familiar stone, while a host of memories, sweet and painful, came thronging on his heart. He began to turn over the ever-

green leaves upon the ground, where he had seen Linda for the first time.

"Is it here that you come to look for May-flowers?" said Mr. Blake, half contemptuously; "why, they are not in blossom yet in the sun, and it will be a month before they are out in this gloomy wood."

Edgar did not answer, but went on turning over the leaves. Mr. Blake went to the other side of the glen, and was looking up the bank, when he heard a quick, joyous cry. He turned and hastened to the spot. There, his face buried in a great cluster of fragrant white May-flowers, that almost hid his head from sight, lay Edgar Somerton—dead.

THE DREAM OF A RHYMER.

TO M. L., A POETESS.

I.

First was shadowed in my dream
A maiden, seated by a stream,
 Bending o'er a book,
And she read aloud a song
That did softly glide along.
In the music of the metre,
In the rhythm, sweeter, sweeter,
 Than the gliding,
 Shadow-hiding,
 Currents of the brook.

II.

Then within a palace olden,
Where, on tapestries, the golden
 Ages pictured were,
In a palace old was seen,
One who wore the look of queen,
And, behold, it was a page
Of the same book did engage
 All her fancy,
 Since her eye
Did not from it stir.

III.

Next upon a vessel far,
Steering toward the Northern star,
 Thro' God's ships of ice,
Mid the sunless solitudes,
Where but seldom man intrudes,

In my vision I did hear,
Thro' the mist of many a tear,
 With loving heed,
 The captain read
From the same book thrice.

IV.

Then beneath a Western wood,
Where the trees, for aye, have stood,
 Birth of primal fire,
In the wood of old I heard,—
And the solemn music stirred,
Of the wind within the pines,—
Heard a hunter read the lines
 Which had been
 Meet to win
Captive queen's desire.

V.

Last, wise Time, gray, keen-eyed, came
With a stainless wreath of fame
 From the laurel tree,
And he eagerly did look
For the writer of the book,
Which the hearts had won of all
Who in hut or baughty hall
 Must love and live:
 Wise Time did give
The laurel crown to thee!

G. W. PATTERSON.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN IN MICHIGAN—No. 4.

HON. C. C. COMSTOCK.

CHARLES C. COMSTOCK was born March 5, 1818, in Sullivan, Cheshire county, N. H. He is the youngest of the family of a respectable farmer of moderate means. At an early age he manifested remarkable business tact and enterprise; was very successful, and by industry and economy (so common among New England people), at thirty-five years of age, had accumulated a property of about \$10,000, and was considered one of the most thrifty farmers of that region. He had also built and operated two saw-mills there. In 1853 he removed to Grand Rapids, Michigan, with his family, and soon became one of the foremost men in the place, in the lumbering and wood manufacturing enterprises in that then young but vigorous city. The financial crash of 1857-60, temporarily checked his business; but with redoubled energy, strong will, and resolution which knew no failure, he rallied, and, in a short time, was at the head of one of the most flourishing manufactories of cabinet wares in that region. He had also increased his lumbering operations, and several branches of lumber manufacture, many fold; beside investing largely in real estate, which was hugely increasing in value, he built up and operated one of the largest pail and wooden ware factories in the West; and in many other private and public enterprises, has taken an active part. His strong point is to *push things*. With unflagging energy,

tireless industry, indefatigable perseverance, great power of endurance, thorough business integrity, promptness and punctuality, strong judgment, managing even in detail heavy and various interests, he has built up a handsome fortune, and is esteemed one of the wealthy citizens of the state. A worker himself, he has given employment to thousands, and thus, and by the interest he has taken in municipal affairs, has contributed greatly to the progress and material growth of his city and county. Though deeply absorbed in business, he always responded freely to calls for religious, benevolent, and public purposes. Mr. Comstock has served ably in different official positions; was mayor of Grand Rapids two terms—in 1863-4. In 1870 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of the state, receiving the full vote of his party, and in his own county running ahead of his party ticket. In the fall of 1873 he received a nomination as the people's candidate for representative in congress, from his district, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. W. D. Foster, and at the special election held for that purpose, he had an unprecedented run, reducing the majority of the dominant party, from 8,000 to 114. Mr. Comstock may be regarded as a prominent representative of the successful business men of the West.

MARY M. CULVER.

COUNCILOR PAUL WENTWORTH.

BY JOHN WENTWORTH.

I have read with great interest the contribution of Levi W. Dodge to the October number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and more particularly that portion of it relating to Councilor Paul Wentworth, of whom so little is known. Since the publication of the Wentworth Genealogy, by Little, Brown

& Co., of Boston, Mass., I have come to the conclusion that he was a native of Barbadoes, or at least came from that place to New Hampshire, where he could have remained but a short time. I find no official note of him until the administration of Gov. John Wentworth. On December 31, 1771, Gov. Wentworth granted two townships of land to the same parties. One he called Maynesborough (now Berlin), and the other Paulsburgh (now Milan). John Farmer, in the *N. H. Gazetteer* of 1823, says Maynesborough was granted to Sir William Mayne and others, of Barbadoes. He says the same of Paulsburgh, named for Paul Wentworth. Now in both the name

of Paul Wentworth occurs; but there is no residence of any one given, except of William Wentworth, who is called of Barbadoes, probably to distinguish him from the many other Wentworths in Old and New England. I find that a William Wentworth was a prominent man in Barbadoes, in 1764, who may have been a brother of this Paul. It looks as if all the grantees were Barbadoes men, whose acquaintance Paul had there formed. He was not a descendant of the emigrant ancestor of New England, and all tradition represents him as coming from some of the West India Islands—probably from Barbadoes.

MY MOTHER'S "GOOD NIGHT."

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MASON.

Erst-while there bent above my bed
A mother's precious, golden head,
And she dear words of comfort said,

That gave peace nothing could destroy;
Whate'er had been the day's annoy,
She said "God bless my darling boy!"

'Tis long and many years ago;
And now my head is white as snow,
But still I hear that voice so low.

Though long since numbered with the
dead.

My mother leans above my bed;—
I feel her blessing o'er me shed.

Her presence brings me sweet release,
And carking cares and worries cease,
And settle on me passing peace.

The vision is my greatest joy;
My greatest good without alloy
The prayer,— "God bless my darling
boy!"

LIFE'S DAY.

BY ANNA L. LEAR.

AT MORN—

Two lovers walked for their pleasure
Under the morning dawn;
Happy with love and with leisure
While the bright day sped on.

AT NOON—

Two cheerful workers together
Toiled neath the noon-day sun,—
Heeding not hardship nor weather
Since they were both as one:

AT EVE—

A peaceful couple, at evening
Watching the sinking sun,
Thought not of grumbling or grieving,
Since all their work was done.

AT NIGHT—

Down where the tall willows, weeping,
Make the day dim at noon,
Two forms are quietly sleeping
Under the silent moon.

HON. DAVID ATWOOD.

BY C. W. WALLACE.

The name Atwood appears as early as 1638, on the records of Plymouth colony. The subject of this sketch traces his ancestors on his father's side (six generations in America), to Herman Atwood, who immigrated from Sanderstead, about fifteen miles from London, and settled in Boston, Mass., in 1642. The family was of pure English descent. More than a century later Isaac Atwood, a descendant of Herman, came to Bedford, N. H., with his wife, whose maiden name was Hannah Chubbuck, and from whose family Mrs. Adoniram Judson, the last wife of the missionary of that name descended. Of their nine children David, the father of David, junior, was one. His mother was Mary Bell, a descendant of John Bell, who was born in Ireland, came to this country, and settled in Bedford, N. H., in 1736. It may be of interest to the many families of that name in the country, to be informed of its origin. The legend runs thus: "John Austin, of pure Norman extraction, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, invented the tulip-shaped bell, for which he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, and took the name of "Bell." He was a staunch Presbyterian, and during the religious controversy of that period was obliged to flee, and went to the north of Ireland. From thence a large family of brothers immigrated to the United States, one of whom came to New Hampshire. David Atwood, senior, and Mary Bell, were both born in Bedford, the former, March 24th, 1779, the latter, April 12th, 1781. They married, Sept. 21st, 1802, and settled at once on the farm where they remained through their long, quiet and useful lives.

David, who received the name of his father, was the seventh child and fourth son. He was born in Bedford, Dec. 15th, 1815, and was brought up on the farm. As soon as he was old enough

he went to the field to perform such labor as his slight and delicate frame would permit. He was not a strong boy (one of those who spring to man's estate before they pass half through their teens), yet he was no shirk. One more willing and industrious never toiled on our New Hampshire hills. David, in his early youth, enjoyed such privileges of education as the common schools of his native town afforded. In his district, however, the advantages were very meager. Before he was old enough to be of service in the field, he might have attended a few weeks in the summer; but after that, it was only the winter school, a term of ten or twelve weeks, that afforded him any educational advantages. This continued until he was sixteen years of age. He then graduated from the same old school-house, guiltless of paint or shade tree, standing by the common highway, where Horace Greeley had just before studied and graduated. Without the privilege of a single day's study in an academy or high school he went forth to engage in the work of life and carve for himself a name among those of his generation.

We may add, he was no more gifted with gold or influential friends to aid him in winning the favor of the public, than he was with classical lore. He literally went forth alone, with none to help, none but his equals to cheer, as he toiled with other laborers in life's great battle-field.

At the age of sixteen, in 1832, he accompanied an older brother to Hamilton, N. Y., where he at once entered upon a five years' apprenticeship to the printing business, in an office exclusively devoted to the printing of law books, and not until he had attained his majority did he return to the home of his childhood to behold his parents, then passing into the vale of years, and again meet his brothers and

sisters. Returning to Hamilton, for three years he was engaged in the sale of law books published by his former employers. During this period he traveled extensively in the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, and the District of Columbia. During these years he gained much knowledge of pioneer life, and often was amazed at the wide contrast between the luxury and ease found in the older states, and the self-denial and struggle found in the new. When Mr. Atwood first saw Chicago he found it in a swamp, with a main, muddy street almost impassable, and the business of the town gathered about a forlorn wooden hotel. Declining tempting offers to engage in business elsewhere, he returned in 1839 to Hamilton, and undertook, in company with his brother, the publication of the *Hamilton Palladium*, a weekly newspaper. This paper was political in its character, and devoted to the old Whig party. It was continued through two Presidential campaigns; that of Harrison and Van Buren in 1840, and of Clay and Polk in 1844. At the close of the latter, on account of failing health, Mr. Atwood withdrew his interest from the paper, thinking that out-door employment might be beneficial. In company with a friend he purchased a tract of land in Stephenson county in Illinois, and stocked it with sheep. His farming enterprise for two years was not a pecuniary success, but it brought a return of his former vigorous health. Having disposed of his farm he commenced life anew, and in the business to which he had given many years, and for which he was best prepared. Mr. Atwood at once proceeded to Madison, Wisconsin, and within an hour after his arrival he was placed in editorial charge of the *Madison Express*, then published by W. W. Wyman. During the first year of his residence at Madison, he purchased *The Express*, changed the name to the *State Journal*, and within five years he bought out *The Daily*

State Journal, with which he is still connected. Soon after Mr. Atwood located in Madison the constitutional convention of 1847-8 convened in that place; he took his seat in it as a reporter, and during every moment that body was in session, he was present, and furnished a report of its proceedings. He has continued to act as a reporter of legislative bodies ever since he commenced. Either by election or appointment Mr. Atwood has held many offices, both civil and military,—justice of the peace, village trustee, chief clerk of the assembly, member of the assembly, assessor of internal revenue four years, mayor of Madison two years, and member of the forty-first congress. He was commissioned by Pres. Grant as centennial commissioner from Wisconsin. He has also held many local positions in different associations, such as the City School Board, State Agricultural Society, State Historical Society, the Madison Mutual Insurance Company, the Madison Gas Light and Coke Company, Hospital for the Insane, and several railroad companies.

In early life, while in New York, he was commissioned as adjutant on the staff of Col. James W. Nye, in 1841. The next year he became major of the regiment, and the next, colonel. In Wisconsin, he was quarter-master general, and afterward major-general.

In politics, Mr. Atwood was a Whig, and labored actively to promote the interests of that party, until it died in its attempt to unite liberty and slavery. He was on the committee that reported the first Republican platform, and has ever since been a most zealous supporter of the principles advocated by that party.

In the review of such a life as that above noticed, there is much to excite interest and awaken inquiry. In an age and a country like ours, where every attainment is possible, and yet, where there are so many life failures, it is pertinent to inquire what are the conditions of such pre-eminent success. It is evident that with Mr. At-

wood they were not in any circumstances of birth or education. He entered upon the struggle of life as one of the great commonwealth. He had no influential friends to push him upward to positions of trust, or furnish him with funds with which to purchase the public favor and its emoluments. In all respects he is a self-made man. Not only as it regards education, but in respect to business, and every position he attained, no friendly hand was stretched forth to assist him. It is evident that Mr. Atwood must be a man possessed of superior natural abilities. No man could accomplish what he has without. But as a boy, he was not especially precocious: nor as a young man was he more brilliant than many others who fail in life's struggle. What he gained was the result of patient, persistent labor. In him was fulfilled the words of Scripture, "Seest thou a man diligent in business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." What he did was always done to the best of his ability; whether it was learning his lesson in the district school, driving his father's cows to pasture, serving as an apprentice, acting as a reporter, or seated in the councils of the nation. The thought never entered his mind that a dollar was to be put into his hand until it was first earned by his own honest labor. This idea, received in his boyhood, and abiding with him in his after years, doubtless had much to do with his success. He was never found waiting for something to turn up, but was ever in earnest, bending circumstances to his control. Those who wait for the shoes of dead men often wait in vain, and if the coveted prize is secured, sometimes the fit is not a good one. In every office he has filled he has expected nothing through the gift of others; nothing till he had fitted himself for the position, and won the confidence of those who sought a man to fill the post of honor and trust. It is a trite saying that "The boy is father of the man."

Pre-eminently was this true of Mr. Atwood. I remember him well when eight, ten, twelve years of age—the quiet, persevering, studious boy—for I sat with him in that old wood-colored school-house.

The subject of this notice, through all his life, has been an honest man. I do not mean merely that he has been honest in his commercial transactions, but in all his intercourse with men. He has been a man much in political life, and a man having the courage of his convictions; a man identified with a political party,—a party which shaped the legislation of our country during a most stormy period of its history. Yet he has never been charged with chicanery, nor with under-handed management that would not bear the light of day. The remark of a distinguished reformer that a politician was a man who would serve the Lord just so far as he could without giving offence to the devil, would not apply to him.

Mr. Atwood has been a temperate man. Though so much of his life has been spent in public, where, I regret to say, there is far too much of indulgence of the appetite, he has reached, unscathed, nearly to the scriptural limit of human life. So far as I know, he has never identified himself with any branch of the visible church, but he has not departed from the faith of his venerated parents. From youth to old age they were members of the Presbyterian church of their native town.

On the whole I think the life and character of my friend are well worthy of the thoughtful consideration of every young man, as he steps out to take part in the struggle which stands between him and success, especially that large class of young men whose only inheritance is a pair of naked hands, and whose royal birth-right is a virtuous ancestry.

August 23, 1849, Mr. Atwood was married at Potosi, Wisconsin, to Mary Sweeney. They have had four children,—two sons and two

daughters, the eldest of whom, a son. year of his age. The remaining three died in 1878, in the twenty-eighth reside in Madison, Wisconsin.

MY LESSON.

BY LAURA GARLAND CARE.

"Oh, cease your foolish arts and wiles!"
 Our wise male friends are ever preaching.
 "Be natural! There's naught beguiles
 Like simple ways of Nature's teaching!"
 And so I've watched, with careful eye,
 The motions of this praised old mother,
 Learning from her as you and I
 Oft' gather hints from one another.

I saw her, in the early spring,
 Array herself in robes of beauty,
 And every blossom she could bring
 To add its charms was placed on duty.
 While leafy plumes and fringy sprays,
 And dainty things that sway and flutter,
 Combined to form in many ways,
 What artists paint and poets utter.

In summer, though her cares increased,
 She ne'er became a drudge or slattern.
 But, working at the harvest feast,
 Still kept her robes a princely pattern.
 And while she rounded fruit and grain,
 And all good things for use intended,
 With them, o'er forest, field and plain,
 Neatest of fancy-work she blended.

At last I saw her clothes look frayed:
 A little faded—somewhat dusty;
 And thought—will Madam be dismayed
 To find she's getting old and rusty?
 Ah! While I stood noting each change,
 Saying no art could mend or hide them.
 O'er all her skirts—startling and strange—
 Came brilliant hues! Madam had dyed them!

But dyed o'er goods are always frail;
 These soon wore out and fell in pieces.
 And Nature's face without a veil,
 Showed brown and old and full of creases.
 And then I saw this artless dame
 In robes of snowy white enshroud her,
 And her old, withered face became
 Fair as a babe's—neath pearly powder.

With icy gems that flash and gleam
 She decked herself in rich profusion;
 And thus she stands—cold as a dream—
 The queen of art—a fair delusion!
 This is my lesson, brother man:
 Beauty's a gift direct from heaven.
 Then keep its charms long as you can,
 Making the most of all that's given.

EARTHQUAKES FROM 1638 TO 1883, IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES AND IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS NORTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY JOSIAH EMERY.

[CONTINUED.]

October 29, 1727. The great earthquake of 1727 deserves special notice. For most of the following account and quotations I am indebted to Joshua Coffin's History of Newbury, a work now nearly out of print, though I think his daughter, to whose courtesy I am much indebted, has a few copies. "As the great earthquake," says Mr. Coffin, "which happened in October of this year (1727), was one of the most violent that ever happened in New-England, and as, according to Hutchinson and other writers, the shock was greater at Newbury and other towns on the Merrimack river than in any other parts of Massachusetts, I shall be a little more minute in my extracts from accounts written in Newbury at the time. From the records of the Episcopal church in Newburyport, kept by the Rev. Matthias Plant, the rector, I make the following extract: October 29, 1727, being the Lord's day, at forty minutes past ten the same evening, there was a most terrible, sudden, and amazing earthquake, which did damage to the greater part of the neighborhood, shook and threw down tops of chimneys, and in many places the earth opened a foot or more. It continued very terrible by frequently bursting and shocking our houses, and lasted all that week (the first being the loudest shock, and eight more that immediately followed, louder than the rest that followed), sometimes breaking with loud claps six times or oftener in a day, and as often in the night, until Thursday of the said week, and then somewhat abated.

Upon Friday, in the evening, and about midnight, and about break of

day, and on Saturday, there were three very loud claps. We also had it on Saturday, the Sabbath, and on Monday morning, about ten, though much abated in the noise and terror. Upon the Tuesday following, November 7th, about eleven o'clock, a very loud clap; upon every day and night more or less, three, four, or six times each day or night, and upon the twelfth, being the Lord's day, twice from betwixt three to half-past four, in all of which space of time some claps were loud, others seemingly at a distance and much abated. Upon Monday, two hours before day, a loud burst, and at half-past two in the afternoon another burst was heard, somewhat loud. On the nineteenth, about ten at night, a very loud shock, and another about break of day, somewhat abated; but at Haverhill a very loud burst, making their houses rock, as that over night did with us. It was the Lord's day, in the evening. It has been heard since, much abated. The very first shock opened a new spring by Samuel Bartlet's house, in the meadow, and threw up in the lower grounds in Newbury several loads of white sand. After that some loud claps, shaking our houses. Another about four the next morning, much abated."

The following account is from the journal of Stephen Jaques, of Newbury:

"On the 29th day of October (1727), between ten and eleven, it being Sabbath day night, there was a terrible earthquake. The like was never known in this land. It came with dreadful roaring, as if it was thunder, and then a pounce like great guns, two or three times, close, one after another. It

lasted about two minutes. It shook down bricks from the chimneys—some almost all the heads.

"All that was about the houses trembled, beds shook, some cellar walls fell partly down. Benjamin Plummer's stone without his door fell into his cellar. Stone walls fell in a hundred places. Most of the people got up in a moment. It came very often all the night after, and it was heard two or three times some days and nights; and the Sabbath day night of the twenty-fourth of December following, between ten and eleven, it was very loud, as at any time except the first, and twice that night after, but not so loud. The first time it broke out in more than ten places in the town, in the clay lowlands, blowing up the sand, some more, some less. At one place, near Spring Island, it blew out, as it was judged, twenty loads, and when it was cast on the coals in the night, it burned like brimstone."

The following is a copy of a letter written by Henry Sewall, of Newbury, to Judge Sewall, of Boston, and published at the time in the *Boston News Letter*.

"NEWBURY, NOV. 21, 1727.

Honored Sir:—

Through God's goodness to us we are all well, and have been preserved at the time of the late great and terrible earthquake. We were sitting by the fire, and about half after ten at night our house shook and trembled as if it would have fallen to pieces. Being affrighted we ran out of doors, when we found the ground did tremble, and we were in great fear of being swallowed up alive; but God preserved us and did not suffer it to break out till it got forty or fifty rods from the house, where it broke the ground in the Common, near a place called Spring Island; and there is from sixteen to twenty loads of fine sand thrown out where the ground broke; and several days after the water boiled out like a spring, but is now dry and the ground closed up again. I have sent some of the sand that you may

see it. Our house kept shaking about three minutes."

Mr. Brigham puts the beginning of this earthquake Nov. 8 (which corresponds with Oct. 29, old style), and its direction from north-west to south-east.

Rev. Benjamin Colman says: "The earth opened and threw up many cart-loads of fine sand and *ashes*, mixed with some small remains of sulphur, but so small that taking up some of it in my fingers and dropping it into a chafing-dish of bright coals in a dark place, one in three times the blue flames of the sulphur would plainly arise, and give a small scent, and but a small one."

Dr. Dudley, in his account sent to the Royal Society, says: "Persons of credit do also affirm that just before or at the time of the earthquake, they perceived flashes of light."

Mr. Brigham doubts the smell of sulphur, yet to me, even apart from the evidence, it seems probable.

"Several springs of water," I quote from Mr. Brigham, "and wells that were never known to be dry or frozen, were sunk down far into the earth, and while some were dried up, others had their temperature so altered as to freeze in moderate weather. Some had their water improved, but others were made permanently bad. Some farm land was made quagmire, and marshes were dried up."

Mr. Dudley says further, in his account: "A neighbor of mine that had a well thirty-six feet deep, about three days before the earthquake, was surprised to find his water that used to be very sweet and limpid, stink to that degree that they could make no use of it, nor scarce bear the house when it was brought in; and imagining that some carrion had got into the well, he searched to the bottom, but found it clean and good, though the color of the water was turned wheyish and pale. About seven days after the earthquake the water began to mend, and in three days more it returned to its former sweetness and color."

(To be continued.)

HYMN.

To the Seamen's Friend Society. Written in 1839.

BY GEO. KENT.

Ye, who o'er ocean roam,
Shut out from joys of home
Far on the deep;
Sport of the winds and waves,
That from Æolus' caves
O'er men, their willing slaves,
Stern vigils keep:

Ye, who the works and ways,
All glorious in praise,
Of God behold—
As fearless ye pursue
The waste of waters through,
Mid scenes for ever new,
Your journey bold:

When "to the heavens ye mount,"
His wondrous deeds recount
His praises sing!

When "to the depths go down"
'Mid angry ocean's frown
Still do his mercies crown
Each living thing.

His WORD then for your CHART!
Bind it to every heart,
And by it steer—
Wide o'er the pathless sea,
The Cross your pole-star be,
And ne'er to *wind* or *lee*
Departing veer.

The halyon calm of peace,
Then o'er you ne'er shall cease
Its due control:
Onward, at Heaven's behest,
With crew for ever blest,
The ship to port of rest
Glorious shall roll.

TO ———.

I send you flowers,
To make the hours
Pass pleasantly and sweetly.
When flowers decay,
We know that they
Have duty done completely.

They never cloy,
Nor lessen joy,
But add thereunto often;

And many know
That pain and woe
Their presence serves to soften.

The flowers I send
Full soon will blend
Their beauty with the dead dust;
But that which gives,
For ever lives,—
My love, esteem, and trust.

G. W. PATTERSON.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Dec. 15th, 1883.

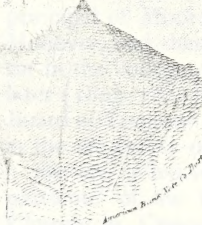
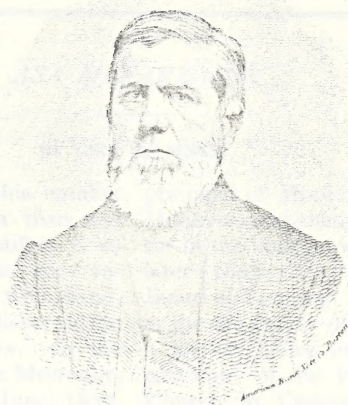
JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, Esq.;

Dear Sir:—In looking over the list of portraits named in your last number, as being in the State House, I was pleased to see that it embraced the name of my old college classmate, at Norwich University, Col. Jesse A. Gove, "the gallant Jesse," than whom a more genial companion never lived. I was also pained to see that you had omitted

from the list my first army commander Col. E. E. Cross, of the fighting 5th and my army associate, Maj. Edward Sturtevant, the first soldier in New Hampshire to enlist in 1861. There is no need of any portraits to perpetuate the memory of either, so long as brave deeds are remembered by our people.

Yours truly,

G. W. BALLOCH.



Japanese Mount Fuji O. P. 1870

by
W. H. L. L. L.

Asa M^{ry} Fairbank.

THE
GRANITE MONTHLY,
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE PROGRESS.

VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1884.

No. 4.

ASA MCFARLAND.

BY GEO. E. JENKS.

The portrait given in this number has a more stern expression than was habitual with its subject; still it is so exact a likeness as to be at once recognized as that of Asa McFarland, the veteran editor and publisher of the *New Hampshire Statesman*. Of the contributors to the GRANITE MONTHLY, which was established in June, 1877, he was the first to pass the boundary line of time. To the date of his death, he had held longer connection with the printing business in Concord than any other man, and he had filled a quarter century of service as editor and publisher of the *Statesman*. His pen was in use to the last, contributing to this magazine in 1879 articles entitled "Illegible Manuscripts in Printing Offices," "Early History of the Concord Press," and "Hymnology of the Churches."

Asa McFarland was born in Concord, May 19, 1804, and died in the house where he was born, December 13, 1879. He was of the fourth generation in descent from Andrew McFarland, who came from Scotland (where the name is usually McFarlane) and settled in Worcester, Mass. His father, Rev. Asa McFarland, D. D., was a native of Worcester, the son of a farmer, and a graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1793. After graduation the father was for two years

principal of Moore's Charity School in Hanover, and then for two years a tutor in the college, which he also served later (1809-1822) as a member of the Board of Trustees. His portrait hangs in the art gallery of the college.

He was called to and installed in the pastorate of the First Congregational Church in Concord, March 7, 1798, and remained in that connection until 1825. He married, September 5, 1803, Elizabeth Kneeland, of Boston, a woman of rare excellence and strength of character, who bore to him eight children. Of these three sons and four daughters were reared and educated to positions of honor and great usefulness in there several spheres of life. A brother in Illinois, and a sister in Ohio, are the survivors of the family. The parents both died at the age of 58 years.

Asa was the first-born of the family, and his early education was superintended by his parents. His subsequent educational privileges were such as the schools of Concord could afford, supplemented by a brief period of study at Gilmanton Academy, where, among his classmates, were the late Hon. Wm. H. Y. Hackett, of Portsmouth, and Hon. Ira A. Eastman, of Manchester. Further opportunities for study and reflection were furnished by that poor

boys' college, the printing office, and by quite an extensive course of reading.

Both of his parents were of a literary turn of mind, and employed their pens steadily, the father in preparation of his Sunday discourses and other productions; the mother in managing a correspondence partly in connection with her husband's, and other religious work, and in keeping a diary.

On June 2, 1808, Dr. McFarland preached an "Election Sermon" before His Excellency Gov. John Langdon, the Honorable Council, Senate and House of Representatives of New Hampshire, — a custom of those days. The great truth which he sought to present was, "The Christian dispensation more than any other system of religion, is favorable to the true end of civil government." In part he thus addressed the Governor: "Your Excellency will be pleased to accept our cordial congratulations on this new proof of the public confidence and esteem. The providence of God has placed you in an elevated station, where your influence and example will have great weight in recommending to the regard of others that religion from which, we have the happiness to believe, you derive your own principles and hopes. It can not have escaped your observation that the light in which the gospel exhibits a Christian magistrate, ruling over a Christian and free people, is such as reflects great dignity on his office. His authority is derived from the highest source, and will have commanding influence over the reason and conscience of every good man. He is a minister of God for good, and therefore 'holdeth not the sword in vain.'

"But while this gives great weight to his office, his responsibility to the Supreme Ruler is proportionately great. The abuse of power so sacred, and derived from such a source, will be followed by consequences greatly to be deplored."

In May, 1820, having become fascinated by the printing business, and preferring to engage in that, rather than

pursue a collegiate course of study (as was desired by his parents), the son of whom we are writing was sent to Boston to learn the "art preservative of all arts" under the tutelage of Nathaniel Willis, publisher of the *Boston Recorder*, and afterward to John W. Shepard of the *New Hampshire Repository*, a religious newspaper of Concord. Then he served George Hough, the first printer of Concord, and Isaac Hill, who was commencing to make the *New Hampshire Patriot* hot and vigorous. From February 11, 1826, to December 31, 1833, he was interested in the publication of the *Statesman*, with several partners who were not so constant as he in the ownership. They were Moses G. Atwood, George Kimball, George Kent and George W. Ela.

In October, 1834, Mr. McFarland opened a printing office for the execution of book and mercantile work exclusively. This establishment gained early a celebrity for correct and tasteful productions, and was probably as successful as any other in the interior of New England, some of the books from this press being of so creditable a typographical character as to excite the surprise of Boston booksellers, when placed on their shelves. Among these were a goodly number of law books, — the "Justice and Sheriff," the "Probate Directory," the "Town Officer," "Gilchrist's Digest," and many volumes of "Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Superior Court." The machinery of the office increased from one hand press to three, when, in 1846, its owner was chosen State Printer. From July 1844 to July 1850 Mr. McFarland was the political writer for the *Statesman*, then published by Geo. O. Odlin & Co., which service he accomplished in hours not absolutely necessary to the supervision of his own business.

In July, 1850, George E. Jenks, of Newport, N. H., who had served as apprentice and journeyman in his office, became his partner, and leaving the business in his associate's hands, Mr. McFarland visited Europe, writing thence a series of interesting letters to

the *Statesman* and *Congregational Journal*, which were afterward gathered in a duodecimo volume.

In July, 1851, Messrs. McFarland and Jenks purchased the *Statesman*, and under the imprint of that firm it continued to be published until September 30, 1871. Henry McFarland had joined the firm in January, 1858, and Asa McFarland retired in December, 1867, by reason of failure of health. He, however, often contributed to its columns, and assumed control for brief periods in vacation seasons.

As printer, publisher, editor and correspondent, Mr. McFarland held, as we have before stated, longer active service at the printer's art than any other man of Concord. This length of service has been exceeded in only a few instances, if by any, in the history of the craft in New Hampshire. Those whose terms of service most nearly parallel his are John Prentiss, of Keene, Richard Boylston & Son, of Amherst, Isaac Hill, of Concord, Charles W. Brewster, of Portsmouth, George Wadleigh, of Dover, and Simeon Ide, of Claremont.

Contemporary with him as editors of leading political journals at Concord were Isaac Hill, George G. Fogg, and William Butterfield, all eminent in their profession.

In what we have written, the origin, education, calling and business life of Mr. McFarland have been outlined—the record of an industrious and useful career. His life as an employer, citizen, leader of public opinion, and Christian gentleman, remains to be given. A third of a century going in and out with him—as a member of his household, apprentice, journeyman, partner for twenty years, in social relations for a longer period—leads the writer to essay this privilege.

Having chosen the art of printing, he sought to reach it in a high degree of excellence. He became an expert compositor and workman at the hand press, while as a proof-reader he attained the head of the profession in

the state, and stood there so long as he followed the business. He always retained a fondness for the manual labor of composition, and frequently put his thoughts in type without the usual preliminary writing. His eye was trained to appreciate a well designed title, a correctly proportioned page, or an artistically arranged book or newspaper. As a business man he was noted for directness and decision of purpose, for promptness, industry, economy in methods, and integrity. He required promptness and diligence from his employees, and set an example to be followed. No business appointment was ever lost through his lack of punctual attendance.

He had a taste for local historical affairs, and became a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society in June, 1837. In August of that year he delivered an address before that society at the dedication of the Bradley monument, near St. Paul's School—erected to commemorate the massacre by Indians, in August, 1746,—which was published in the collections of the Society. He was almost continuously an officer of this Society from 1840 to 1868, serving as treasurer, recording secretary, and vice-president. He had, however, no liking for that historical writing which involves a search in musty records, or the compilation of statistics; but his reminiscences of historical and biographical events occurring within his own observation were highly interesting, and constituted a feature of the *Statesman* very welcome to New Hampshire people at home and abroad. In 1836 he compiled a volume of favorite poems, entitled "The Gift," 272 pages. But few copies of this book are now in existence. On the fly leaf of one of them he wrote, in 1873, as follows: "This volume was printed by me at a time when I was without much business, in a book and job printing office which I had just established. The selections are mostly my own; George Kent furnishing a few. It is a volume on which I look with satisfaction, for

most of its contents obtained a permanent place in English literature. The Gift was printed when my office was in a wooden building standing where is now Eagle Hall."

It was as the editor of the *Statesman* that Mr. McFarland attained the high estimation in which he was held by his fellow-citizens, and it was not until just past the meridian of his years that he undertook that responsibility. In July, 1844, at the outset of a memorable presidential campaign, the Whigs rallying around their great standard-bearer, Henry Clay, the *Statesman* became the property of Geo. O. Odlin & Co., and Mr. McFarland undertook its political control. He was also made chairman of the Whig State Committee, which place he filled three years—1844-'46. Into this campaign he threw all his energy, with little hope, however, of the success of the Whig electors in New Hampshire; and to his deep disappointment Mr. Clay lost the Presidency, because of the votes of a factional party in the state of New York. The *Statesman*, when it came under Mr. McFarland's control established as its platform the "American doctrine," as promulgated and championed by Henry Clay,—“the protection of American industry, judicious internal improvements, economical expenditures, strict accountability of public servants, equal and exact justice to all men, liberty without license, no extension of slavery into new territory, and by all proper means its extinction where existing;”—a noble political platform. As to its local purposes, the editor averred that, so far as controlled by him, the *Statesman* “should not be a medium for mischievous men to wantonly attack, or utter ill-will against, others; that it should exert a healthful moral influence, be kept clear of the isms, crotchets and humbugs of the day, and that its aims should be sanctioned by an enlightened patriotism.”

From this time onward the *Statesman* led the other journals in the state in advocacy of all proper enterprises.

It pleaded for the “right of way” for public thoroughfares, and the granting of inducements for foreign capital to develop the resources of the state by railways, canals and factories. As early as 1853 it championed railway communication to the Pacific. It also urged an appropriation by the commonwealth for an accurate map of the state to exhibit its water-power.

Mr. McFarland was earnest in urging a city charter for Concord, and a laborer in securing its adoption. He was of the committee to divide the town into wards,—a work so justly effected that it has stood for thirty-five years, and Concord (alone of our cities) has never tinkered the outlines of its wards. He wrought for the best educational facilities—material and mental; the public library, and a library building; steam fire-engines, street lighting, sewerage, good public buildings, and a picturesque cemetery. Notable among his efforts for the benefit of the city were those for the introduction of Long Pond water. This project was discussed for years, amid many discouragements, until to his and every citizen's great gratification, the city has an abundance of water, superior to that of any other municipality in the state. It is confidently believed that the primary honor for this great blessing belongs to Asa McFarland. For his zeal in every like good work, he was often spoken of as the most progressive man north of “Smoky Hollow.” He was always interested in the erection of substantial church edifices, or the improvement of existing ones, with complete outfit of organ and conveniences. He delighted to seek an eminence overlooking the city to admire its church spires and listen to the music of the bells. The sound of the church-going bell was a delight to him—as the *muezzin* is to the faithful Mohammedan—a notification of the hour of prayer and worship. He was a lover of sacred melody, and entered with zest and the spirit of true worship into sacred song, led by the grand tones of the organ.

He also did the city and "the state some service, and they know it," in upsetting a theory at one time in vogue with jurors, that public highways should be so perfect that no accidents could occur to travelers. Concord (and other places to a less extent) had been burdened with damages in all sorts of suits from accidents on the highway. Mr. McFarland attacked this theory with so much vigor and success that it was demanded by counsel that he be summoned into court to "purge himself of contempt." These vexatious suits came to an end about that time, and suitors have since been taught from the bench that they must be without fault themselves, in cases of accident on the highway; but jurors held not to this wisdom of common sense until the *Statesman* had aroused public opinion.

The penmanship of the editor was singularly easy, and the labor of writing never seemed to task him. His autograph, open and firm, a revelation of character, easy to be read of men (see frontispiece), was worthy of a place on the Declaration of Independence, following that of John Hancock.

The opinions of the *Statesman* were never bartered for pelf or patronage. Conducted in this high-minded and unselfish way, the newspaper attained due influence in the state, while its mercantile printing department became widely and favorably known, and a goodly measure of prosperity followed.

Mr. McFarland was state printer in 1846, 1859, and 1860, and a member of the legislatures of 1858 and 1859; but he had no thirst for office, and courted no public distinction.

His family consisted of his wife, Clarissa Jane Chase, of Gilford, whom he married in 1830, and four children, all but one of whom are living.

Mr. McFarland was of a large-hearted nature. He believed that men should do good with their means while living, as circumstances might permit. Distress and sorrow appealed to him with intensity; so he was kind to the poor,

helping without ostentation, and giving freely to charitable, religious and public objects—sometimes to an extent seemingly unwarranted by his resources. He had the tenderest instincts, and was merciful to every creature. It pained him to see any living thing suffer, and life was not allowed to be taken about his premises. He loved the birds, and encouraged their dwelling in his cheerful grounds. Even a predatory woodchuck, which came from the Merrimack interval and took up a residence in his garden, found in him a steadfast friend.

In certain moods, or when earnestly at work, he was rather unapproachable; but in leisure no man was more genial. Though born of a worthy parentage, he felt no pride of ancestry, and was eminently democratic in the proper meaning of that term. But he never "crooked the pregnant hinges of the knee, where thrift might follow fawning." Slight acquaintances misunderstood him because he did not always hasten to offer salutations in the street, and this was attributed to an eccentric or aristocratic habit, while it was nothing but mental preoccupation.

He had an abiding love of home and natural scenery. Looking on a large western river and its attractive environments, he was asked, "Is it not beautiful?" "Yes," he said, "but not equal to the Merrimack. That is the most beautiful river in the world to me. I wish I could look upon it this minute." So it was in boyhood, he often proposed to school associates that they go to "Wattanummon brook," the "Fan," the "Eddy," or to "Sugar Ball." He was fond of a good story, well told, and when he laughed it was with an intensity that made merriment contagious.

On September 2, 1842, Mr. McFarland became a member of the South Congregational church, in Concord, of which Rev. Daniel J. Noyes was pastor. From that date to the time of his departure, his course of life was eminently God-ward and progressive. A year later he was chosen a deacon of

that church, and held that relation for twenty years. He was absolutely loyal to his denomination, but was no bigot, being in full fellowship with all men, of every denomination, who believe in the Son of God. The modifying influences of Christianity had a lofty exemplification in his life. An imperious nature took on gentleness. He sought to "add to faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and

to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

This well-rounded, cheerful and useful life ended December 13, 1879, at an age greater by seventeen years than was reached by either of his parents. He had been conscious for some months that his end was approaching, and wrote in a letter, dated October 13: "My health is becoming more and more feeble; but 'goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,' and surely I shall not complain at the end."

THE DOW BLOCKS.

The strip of land in Concord east of the Stickney block and Eagle Hall, south of Free Bridge street, west of the Northern Railroad and north of the Eagle Hotel stable, was bought of one of the Stickney heirs, in December, 1881, for \$10,000, by Samuel H. Dow, a citizen of Warner. On this piece of property, which includes about one acre of land, Mr. Dow proceeded to erect a block, 155 feet long and 36 feet wide, of four stories, immediately in the rear of Eagle Hall. It was finished in April, 1883, at a cost of \$15,000, and immediately occupied by tenants. Roberts, blacksmith, took one division of the basement; Porter Blanchard's Sons, two divisions; Benj. C. Stevens, machinist, two divisions. The first story is occupied by Lorenzo Dow, carpenter; James Moore & Sons, hardware; Porter Blanchard's Sons, churns; and B. C. Stevens. The second story is occupied by W. C. Patten, furniture; James Moore & Sons; Porter Blanchard's Sons; and B. C. Stevens. Porter Blanchard's Sons occupy the third story.

On the site of the old Stickney storehouse, formerly occupied by Mr. Sibley, C. J. Connor, and Savage Brothers, and more lately by J. C. Tilton, as a carriage-shop, Mr. Dow next erected a building, 102 feet long and 60 feet wide, of three stories, with a wing toward Main street, 36 by 40 feet, of three stories, at an expense of about \$25,000.

Woodworth, Dodge & Company, immediately upon its completion, January 1, 1884, occupied the whole of the main

building, carrying an immense wholesale stock of grain and groceries. Connected with the building to the south is a wing, in which is a steam-engine of 35 horsepower, furnishing power for a grist-mill in the building.

The upper story of the west wing has been fitted and furnished for a room for the Concord Reform Club. The first floor and basement have not yet been leased.

In the north-west corner of the lot the third block is in process of completion. It is 93 by 36 feet, of three stories, which will cost about \$10,000.

This building, when finished, will be eagerly sought by tenants.

Mr. Dow, the constructor of these elaborate and useful buildings, deserves much of the city of Concord for turning this waste place to such advantageous uses, and adding to the wealth of the city. He is a quiet, modest gentleman, born in Hopkinton, June 10, 1818. In 1838 he settled in Warner, and has been an active, driving business man all his life. His principal business has been lumbering, farming, buying bark, and accumulating money, which he expends judiciously.

Mr. Dow married early, and his four children are settled in life.

Such men as Mr. Dow are of incalculable advantage to our city. His wealth is expended where it does the most good, beautifying the city, giving employment to its citizens, and furnishing very attractive business buildings.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXPRESSION.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN, LL. D.

"The voice of nature," says Plato, "is always to be heard and obeyed in teaching." In educating the young it is specially important to understand fully their *constitutional tendencies*, their idiosyncrasies both mental and physical. We need the same kind of knowledge to judge discreetly of men as they move and act in society. An accurate estimate of what a man is by nature, is the only safe guide in our intercourse with him. Education may modify, regulate and guide the constitutional faculties of the soul, but it can not re-create or regenerate them. Human character results from the combined agency of innate tendencies and those complex influences which we denominate education. Apart from the efficacy of divine grace, every man will prove essentially true to his native instincts; or, as it is commonly termed, "his natural bent." In the savage and the philosopher, hereditary tendencies predominate. In the former, they constitute nearly the whole character; in the latter, they furnish the substratum upon which all the refinements of intellectual and moral culture are superinduced. No process of training, however, will free the soul from its innate appetencies. Says the Roman poet: "*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret.*"

"For Nature, driven out with proud disdain,
All-powerful goddess, will return again."

Nature will continue to plead and enforce her rights, in despite of every temporary restraint. Manners are conventional; dispositions are constitutional. The first are the gift of society; the last, of nature. It is often asked whether successful heroes, statesmen and artists, owe more to circumstances or to endowments. Horace answered that question with great judgment nearly 2,000 years ago:

"Tis long disputed whether poets claim
From art or nature their best right to fame;

But art, if not enriched by nature's vein,
And a rude genius of uncultured strain
Are useless both; but when in friendship
joined

A mutual succor in each other find."

A fertile soil and the genial influences of the sun and air are both essential to a rich harvest. The golden grain does not wave over stony places or bow its modest head in worship by the way-side. In the time of the American Revolution there were many wise counselors and able commanders, but there was but one Washington. Another man can not be named who could have been his substitute; and yet all these patriots were trained in the same school and subjected to the influence of the same circumstances. Washington was born to rule, "To govern men and guide the state." In his boyhood he was always selected to be the umpire in the disputes of his school-fellows. His veracity was never questioned. His judgment was never successfully impugned. Had he been educated in a Turkish seraglio, he would have enacted a very different part upon the theater of life; still his character would have possessed essentially the same elements. He would have been the same serious, sagacious, prudent man he was at the head of the American armies. In any country on earth he would have been selected as state counselor. In Turkey or Russia he would have been the prime minister of the realm, and yet he seemed all unconscious of his own superior endowments. When John Adams nominated him to be commander-in-chief of the revolutionary forces, he was taken entirely by surprise, and left the hall in the utmost trepidation; and when the thanks of Congress were tendered to him for

his successful generalship, he lost his presence of mind and was entirely unable to reply. He was not the man, therefore, to assert his own supremacy. His services were needed and he waited for the summons of the nation.

It is supposed by many that there are multitudes of great men who are never developed. Their talents are hid because they are unknown. Addison remarks, "The philosopher, the saint, or the hero, the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lies hid and concealed in the plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light." He also compares education to the art of the statuary; the statue lies hidden in the block of marble and the artist only cleaves away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. "The figure is in the stone; the sculptor only finds it." The poet Gray has embodied the same sentiment in the following beautiful stanzas:

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial
fire;

Hands that the rod of empire might have
swayed

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush un-
seen

And waste its sweetness on the desert
air."

According to this theory, if all men were educated, we should have Homers, Platos, Shakespeares and Franklins in every village; but the extreme rarity of such men among the most highly cultivated nations, renders it probable that such gifted minds seldom make their advent upon our earth. "A mute, inglorious Milton" is almost an impossibility. It is the nature of genius to become conspicuous; and you might almost as easily put out the light of a beaming star as to hide the glory of intellect in a plebeian. Mind will make itself known and felt, whether it exist in the savage or the sage. True it is, education must develop it;

but true genius never consents to inaction and supineness. It seeks culture where it is not offered. Look at the Corsican lieutenant in the streets of Paris. Violence and anarchy are triumphant. Every man's hand is against his neighbor. All are at their wits' end. A young officer appears at the head of the broken columns of infantry, orders, with the authority of a monarch, the cannon to sweep the street, and with great presence of mind assumes the command and restores order. This was the beginning of a new state of things for France. The man was equal to the occasion. He was qualified by nature for the post he assumed. There was not probably another man among all the great men who figured during the reign of terror, who could have enacted successfully the same part. Napoleon was fitted for the place. The circumstances were such as to call into action his highest powers. They stimulated but did not create them. A multitude of instances might be cited from the world's history, showing that such executive energy is the result of clear conceptions of the understanding, outrunning the deductions of logic and prompt decisions of the judgment when under high excitement. Such conduct is the highest outward expression of mind in action. It is the best test of superior endowments. Whenever such gifts are bestowed by the Creator, they generally show themselves early in life. Turn out a company of children upon a common to seek recreation, and very soon the voice of some one boy will be heard above the shouts of the many giving orders for some favorite game; and, by acclamation or silent compliance of the crowd, he is at once installed dictator of the play-ground. Let a company of little girls hold a tea-party; and some one of them will soon be found personating the school-mistress or the housekeeper, and summoning others to her side to receive her commands or listen to her rebukes. Let a company of emigrants assemble at a common place of rendezvous from every town in the state;

and within one hour after their union they will be found hanging with breathless interest upon the lips of some strange orator, and before they part he will be unanimously selected as their leader. Thus mind shows itself in action. Character is manifested by works. This is the only unerring criterion of a man's ability, both mental and physical. By their fruits ye shall know them.

But in all ages, men have been anxious to judge of their fellows at sight. They can not wait for the tardy testimony of experience. They often ask, with the poet :

"Is there an art

To find the mind's construction in the face?"

It has ever been a desideratum with philosophers to determine the true method of discovering mental and moral qualities from external signs. It has ever been the prevailing opinion that both the mind and affections stamp their own image upon the features. Especially in the human countenance have the inquisitive sought to read the secret workings of the soul. Aristotle seems to have been the first philosopher who attempted to reduce physiognomy to a science, and to establish it upon fixed and undeniable principles. He defines it as "the science by which the dispositions of mankind are discoverable by the features of the body, especially those of the countenance." This philosopher has treated the subject more rationally than any of his successors of higher pretensions. This science was much cultivated among the Romans. Cicero often availed himself of its admitted principles, whenever he could bring contempt, suspicion or hatred upon a criminal by pointing out the rogue in his face. A judge upon the bench once said to an eminent barrister, who, in his plea, was evidently making the worse appear the better reason: "Ah, man, I see the rogue in thy face." "Indeed," replied the advocate, "I was not aware that my face was a mir-

ror." The countenance, however, is by no means an unerring index of the internal emotions. In some persons the face has nothing peculiar in its conformation; in others, expression is but slight or evanescent; in others, the true character is revealed only under strong excitement. Others, by a long course of hypocrisy, have repressed or changed the natural indices, and substituted those which have no corresponding types in the soul. Some men have so disciplined their emotions as never to betray them in their looks. The most scrutinizing gaze of Napoleon could not disturb the fixed composure of Talleyrand. Having heard that his minister was planning his own aggrandizement in case of Bonaparte's defeat in his Northern campaign, the Emperor said to him, on the eve of his departure: "I have given orders for your immediate arrest, in case my expedition fails." The courtier replied, with imperturbable gravity: "I shall pray for your majesty's success." Such was the man who affirmed that language was made to conceal thought; and he might have added the human face was made to mask emotions. But apart from such exceptions, there is so much significance in external signs as to render them available aids in estimating character. They are not confined to the face merely. They exist in the whole organization of the man. Nor are they peculiar to man. They are common to all the animated creation. The characteristics and qualities of animals are known by their conformation; and even by their *physiognomy*. Dr. Lemerrier says: "The ears of a horse may be called indices of his mind. Intelligent animals prick up their ears when spoken to; vicious ones throw their ears back. A blind horse directs one ear forward, and one backward, and in a deaf horse the ears are without expression." Celerity and timidity are visible in the form and countenance of the roe; dignity and strength in those of the lion; surliness and sluggishness in those of the bear. The faces of dogs differ as much as

those of men, and are equally expressive of their natural dispositions. We make the lamb and the dove emblems of innocence and purity. Defenceless and timid animals are provided with slender limbs for speed, with ears turned backward to catch the sound of the pursuer. Such are the fawn and hare. Savage beasts of prey likewise exhibit their true character in the figure and face. Herdsmen and jockies distinguish the temper of animals from their natural expression. So, throughout nature, the characteristics of the animal are uniformly exhibited in his organization. Man is no exception. The conformation of the head, the features and expression of the face, the volume and tension of the muscles, the size and length of the limbs, all testify, in their place, of the indwelling spirit. In a word, the whole physical structure is designed for the soul that inhabits it. The constitutional tendencies of the mind and body modify and limit each other reciprocally. They are both governed by immutable laws. The intellectual system may be developed at the expense of the physical, and the reverse; then that living harmony which is produced by the regular operation of nature's laws is interrupted, and disease ensues. The intellect and affections of men are undoubtedly revealed by external signs. We speak of an intelligent and stupid countenance, and we instinctively judge of character by this mark. The passions also write their history legibly in the face. Says the poet of his mortal foe :

"I touched him once,

He turned as he had felt a scorpion; fear
And loathing glared from his enkindled
eyes,
And paleness o'erspread his face like
one
Who smothers mortal pain. Subtle,
dark, fierce,
Designing and inscrutable, he walks
Among us like an evil angel."

Some men wear perpetual sunshine in their looks; others never show a gleam of benevolence from their per-

petually clouded brows. Children and even animals read these signs, and instinctively attach themselves to the gentle and avoid the morose. Philosophers and poets have acted and written upon the same principles. It has been admitted by all students of nature that vigor and strength of intellect are intimately associated with the size, tension and form of the brain. This is no novel opinion. Painters, poets and sculptors, in all ages have taken this for a postulate. Their ideals, whether of gods or men, have been designed in accordance with this notion. Physiologists concur in the same opinion, though they differ widely in the conclusions and inferences drawn from this generally admitted fact. "Independently of phrenology," says Sir Charles Bell, "it has, of old time, been acknowledged that fullness of forehead (combined with a corresponding development of the features of the face) is an indication of intellectual capacity, and of human character and beauty. All physiologists have agreed in this view, while they are equally confident in affirming that anatomy affords no foundation for mapping the cranium into minute subdivisions or regions. As nature, by covering the head, has intimated her intention that we shall not there scan our neighbor's capacities, she has given us the universal language of expression." Whether phrenology be true or false it is not my object now to inquire. I wish to confine my remarks to the record of that language of expression which nature has so fully instamped upon every feature, limb and muscle of the human form. Assuming what all admit, that the brain is the organ through which mind manifests itself, it is by no means unphilosophical to regard its size, tension and form, as indicative of intellectual power. The skull is supposed to be conformed to the shape of the brain. The position of the bony structure of the cranium produces a marked difference between the faces both of men and brutes. The jaws of the latter project so as to form a more acute an-

gle with the forehead; those of men recede, till in the best modeled heads the organs of respiration and mastication fall beneath the overhanging brow. The forehead, more than any other part, characterizes the human countenance as the seat of thought, the tablet where intellect has set her seal. "*Frons hominis,*" says Pliny, "*tristitia, hilaritatis, clementie, severitatis index est.*" The old painters and statuaries were acute observers of nature. In the best specimens of ancient art, particularly in purely ideal representations, the cranium is elevated and brought forward so as to give peculiar fullness and capacity to the forehead. The other features are sufficiently prominent to give dignity and manliness to the countenance. Some physiologists contend that the prominence of the central and lower organs of the face indicates no moral likeness to the brutes. "There is nothing in common," says Sir Charles Bell, "between the human nose and the snout of a beast. The latter has reference only to the procuring and mastication of food; while the mouth and nostrils, in man, have reference rather to the functions of respiration and speech." This is not confirmed by observation. As a general rule, large features indicate strength and force of character; small and contracted features indicate acuteness and penetration, but in proportion as the central organs of the face approach the type of the brute, they reveal brutal propensities. The man to whom nature has given a low and depressed brow, with extended jaws, projecting teeth, and a capacious mouth, will not ordinarily make a very favorable impression upon strangers. These features are not, to be sure, certain evidences of brutality, still they are associated in the popular belief with such qualities. The hooked nose and gray eyes peculiar to Jewish landsharks, are selected by novelists to portray the miser. It is said that no great achievement was ever performed by a man with a nose *retroussé*. The voluntary turning up of the nose is the

index of pride and hauteur. In a word the nose is a very important and significant feature of the face. I saw a man once who had lost his nose, and I mentally exclaimed, "Oh, how changed!" No accurate observer of men will confide in a stranger, whose brain, like that of a cat, lies mostly behind his ears. During the last century, Prof. Camper, of Leyden, an eminent physician and naturalist, invented a method of determining the intellectual capacity of men by what he denominated the facial angle. This angle is formed by lines drawn as follows: the one through the external orifice of the ear to the base of the nose, horizontally; the other, perpendicular to it, from the center of the forehead to the most prominent part of the upper jaw bone, the head being viewed in profile. By the opening of these two lines, the author thought he could measure, as by a sliding scale, the capacities of inferior animals and men. The heads of birds display the smallest angle. The angle always increases in size as the animal approaches the human type. In the lowest species of the ape, the facial angle is 42 degrees; in those more nearly resembling man it is 50 degrees. Between the heads of Africans and Europeans there is an average difference of 10 degrees—the angle of the former being 70 degrees, that of the latter 80 degrees. On this difference "the superior beauty of the European certainly depends, while that high character which is so striking in some works of ancient statuary, as in the head of the Apollo Belvidere, and in the Medusa of Sisocles, is given by an angle of 100 degrees." This theory was supposed to afford a criterion for estimating the degree of intelligence and sagacity bestowed by nature on all those animals possessed of a skull and brain. Like all theories which attempt to read the complex characters of men or beasts from the development of any one portion of the vital machinery which manifests the mind that governs it, this ingenious device claimed too much for itself; and, of

course, failed to accomplish its magnificent promises. This test of character, however, is not without its value. As one of the indices of mental capacity, it may aid us in judging of human character; but like all the specifics of empirics, it should be used with caution. Phrenologists, biologists and mesmerisers, by pretending to demonstrate what is only matter of hypothesis, subject themselves to the charge of imposture. Notwithstanding all the specific rules which craniologists and physiognomists have given to lovers for the choice of companions for life, I have never known a wife or husband to be chosen from a measurement of the head or the facial angle. Despite the warnings of pretended science, passion still triumphs, and the blind lover finds attractive charms even in the base defects of his idol, exclaiming with Pope—

"'T is not a lip, an eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all."

The old Greeks were distinguished for their finely developed forms and beautiful faces. The ideals of their divinities were copied from nature. Blumenbach has described a Greek skull in his collection, which agrees perfectly with the finest works of Grecian art. The philosopher describes this skull as possessing "a forehead highly and beautifully arched, the superior maxillary bones, under the aperture of the nostrils, joined in a nearly perpendicular plane, straight nose, the cheek bones even and turning moderately downward." If this be a true type of the old Grecian head, it is reasonable to suppose that the size and configuration of the head had some connection with the superior intellectual endowments of that gifted nation. Dr. Pritchard, author of the *Physical Researches*, does not admit that the manifestation of mind depends at all upon the size and form of the brain, and yet his work furnishes incidental proof of the truth of this theory. In speaking of the British nation, he observes: "The skulls found in old bury-

ing places in Britain, which I have examined, differ materially from the Grecian model. The amplitude of the anterior parts of the cranium is very much less, giving a comparatively small space for the anterior lobes of the brain. In this particular the ancient inhabitants of Britain appear to have differed very considerably from the present. The latter, either from the result of many ages of intellectual cultivation, or from some other cause, have, as I am persuaded, much more capacious brain cases than their forefathers." This fact seems to indicate a gradual improvement of the physical organization corresponding to the admitted mental and moral advancement of the same nation. It is written in the apocryphal book entitled *Ecclesiasticus*: "The heart of a man changes his countenance, whether it be for good or evil. The envious man has a wicked eye, he turns away his face and despises man. A man may be known by his look and by his countenance when thou meetest him." All the violent passions write their own biography upon the faces of their victims. "When we consider that," says Dr. Reid, "on the one hand, every benevolent affection is pleasant in its nature, is health to the soul and a cordial to the spirits; that nature has made even the outward expression of benevolent affections in the countenance pleasant to every beholder and the chief ingredient of beauty in the human face *divine*; that, on the other hand, every malevolent affection, not only in its faulty excesses, but in its moderate degrees, is vexation and disquiet to the mind, and even gives deformity to the countenance, it is evident that by these signals nature loudly admonishes us to use the former as our daily bread, both for health and pleasure, but to consider the latter as a nauseous medicine, which is never to be taken without necessity, and even then in no greater quantity than the necessity requires." This accords with universal experience. Men do not often mistake the assassin for the philanthropist, or the coward

for the hero, or the dunce for the sage. We not only presume to read the characters of men from external marks, but when the histories of men, good or bad, debased or exalted, are recited, the imagination of the hearer creates for itself a corresponding physical constitution. An artist or a poet would not represent a saint and an outlaw with similar features. No one ever supposed that Judas the traitor, and John the beloved disciple, had the slightest personal resemblance. Even the name of Judas has been banished from Christian society. Sterne represents Capt. Shandy as saying to his friend, "Your son, your dear son, from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect—your Billy, sir—would you for the world have called him Judas?" "I never knew a man," adds the author, "who was able to answer this argument." We never assign similar forms and features to men of dissimilar moral and mental habits. The heroes of Homer are no where minutely described. There are occasional allusions to personal qualities by the application of a single descriptive epithet. Their armor, dress, words and deeds, are graphically delineated. From these data we form a distinct notion of the men, as they moved and acted. We are as strongly impressed with the marked difference in personal appearance between Achilles and Paris, or Nestor and Diomedes, as with the corresponding difference of character assigned to them by the poet. Writers of fiction are keen observers of men and manners. They usually draw their pictures from life. They are not apt to mistake in assigning to *ideal* characters an appropriate *ideal* form. The mere mention of some of the fine moral portraits of Scott awakens pleasing emotions, like the recollection of an old friend. The slightest allusion to others will as quickly excite loathing and disgust. With the names, the ideal forms return. Every intelligent reader of poetry or fiction has in his mind's eye the characters described. If they seem worthy of his affection,

he bestows it upon them. After Richardson had published the first four volumes of his *Clarissa*, which were devoured with the utmost eagerness by the famished crowd, it was reported that the catastrophe in the forthcoming volume would be unfortunate. The public had become so interested in his imaginary beings, that they could not bear to part with them in a tragical manner. Remonstrances were poured in upon him from all quarters. "Old Abber," says Scott, "raved about it like a profane bedlamite; and one sentimental young lady, eager for the conversion of Lovelace, one of the novelist's heroes, implored Richardson to *save his soul*, as though there were a living sinner in peril, and his future destiny depended upon the author." All who have read *Ivanhoe*, Scott's most celebrated novel, will remember with interest the Jewess, Rebecca. Her angelic loveliness and patient beneficence never fail to win the heart of the reader. With the utterance of her name, that beautiful form in which such heaven-born charity resided, arises before the mind's eye. Who hears the name of Waverly without recalling the raven locks, the marble brow, the pensive eye and stately form of the high-souled, generous Flora MacIvor, or that elegant little personage that forms so fine a contrast with Flora, the Scotch beauty of sweet sixteen, "with a profusion of hair of paly gold, and a skin like the snow of her own mountains?" Who that has read the "Tales of my Landlord," does not remember the round face, plump form and modest mien of Jennie Deans? And who does not associate with her rustic manners and tidy dress those homely Christian virtues that so adorned her character, and have made her, though a mere creation of genius, a model for imitation. Compare Jenny Deans with Becky Sharpe, of Thackeray. Homely, or home-like, ought never to be a term of reproach. The word only indicates a fondness for domestic life. Says Milton—

"It is for homely features to keep home : They had their name thence."

In one of the best of Scott's fictitious works, is a man of tall, ungainly form, of taciturn and grave manners, with a long, sallow visage, goggle eyes, and a jaw which appeared not to open and shut, by an act of volition, but to be dropped and hoisted again; by some complicated machinery within the inner man. His voice was harsh and dissonant. When he walked, his long, misshapen legs went sprawling abroad, keeping awkward time to the play of his immense shoulder blades, and they raised and depressed the loose and thread-bare black coat which was his constant and only wear. No kinder heart ever beat than that which kept in motion this awkward and repulsive microcosm of vital machinery. A tall, gaunt, bony figure, a homely face and a thread-bare coat are no evidence of depravity. Such an outer man has often been the tabernacle of a soul of which the world was not worthy. Contrast this ungainly form with the muscular, strong, thick-set figure of Capt. Dirk Hatteraick, with his bronzed face and satanic scowl, and you will see at once that the "Great Magician" has not mistaken his man. He knew in what sort of body the soul of a pirate would embark on its long and perilous voyage of infamy and crime. It seems a kind provision of Providence that men of huge anatomy and gigantic strength are usually gentle and pacific in temper; while persons of very diminutive stature are apt to be jealous of their rights, and by consequence, peevish, irritable and sometimes snappish. No man understood the tortuous and many windings of the human heart better than Scott; and he has with a fidelity and accuracy never before equaled, drawn ideal personages to represent every shade of human character, from the heights of angelic loveliness to the depths of satanic malice. He was a perfect master in the delineation of the odd, grotesque and ugly. Monkbarrow, Edie Ochiltree, the Black Dwarf, Meg Merriels, and Norna of the Fitful Head

can never be forgotten by those who have once made their acquaintance. Compared with similar creations in Dickens, they are more true to the reality. They possess verisimilitude. Those of Dickens are overdrawn so as to become monstrous. Quilp, Fagin the Jew, Sykes, Dennis the hangman, Barnaby Rudge and Uriah Heep are of this description. Compare his school-masters, old Squeers, Creakle, and Choakumchild, with the kind-hearted old Dominie Sampson, and you will say at once it is enough to represent teachers as terribly *awkward* without making them abominably *wicked*. It has been often said that every passion gives a peculiar cast to the countenance. "The bas-reliefs," says Mr. Isaac Taylor, "and bronzes of the age of Roman greatness have brought down for our inspection the form and visage of the Roman soldier, such as he was under Numa, Trajan, Aurelian and Domitian. The contracted brow declares that storms of battle have beat upon it often; the glare of that overshadowed eye throws contempt on death; the inflated nostril breathes a steady rage; the fixed lips deny mercy; the rigid arm and the knit joints have forced a path to victory through bristled ramparts and triple lines of shields and swords. And withal, there is a hardness of texture that seems the outward expression of an iron strength and vigor of soul; a power as well of enduring as of inflicting pain; and the one with almost as much indifference as the other." With such brazen faces and iron sinews; with such living, moving engines of war, is it wonderful that Rome enslaved the world? It is a law of physiology that all the flexible portions of the face may be essentially modified by internal emotions. The indulgence of the malignant passions clothes the countenance with gloom, imprints upon it a scowl of defiance, and gives to the eye a wild and unnatural glare. On the other hand, the habitual exercise of the benevolent affections makes the countenance radiant with joy and hope, diffuses over it the sweet smile of con-

tentment, and causes the eye to beam upon all with benignity and love. To those who covet *good looks* here is presented a secondary motive for the cultivation of *good feelings*. The Rev. Leonard Withington, in his advice to married ladies, says: "I have no hesitation in saying it is your duty to be handsome. But what? Can we control a quality which is the gift of nature? Yes; you can; for the ugliest face that ever deformed the workmanship of God, comes from some bad passion corroding in the heart. I say again, it is your duty to be handsome; not by paint and artifice; but by benevolence and good nature—a face arrayed in smiles and an eye that sparkles with love—the beauty of expression which is the best of all beauties." When we recollect that the beauty which we most admire and which can alone make an impression on the heart, consists in those significant looks which reveal the emotions of the soul, rather than in the force of regular features and fine complexion, this advice of the antiquary seems to be the dictate of true wisdom. One of our own poets has drawn a pleasing portrait of a lady whose beauty consisted not in mere form, features and complexion, but in the sprightliness and animation which an active intellect and a kind heart give to the expression of the face, to the tones of the voice, and the movement of the limbs:

"She was not very beautiful, if it be beauty's test
To match a classic model when perfectly at rest;
And she did not look bewitchingly, if witchery it be
To have a forehead and a lip transparent as the sea.
The fashion of her gracefulness was not a followed rule,
And her effervescent sprightliness was never learnt at school,
And her words were all peculiar, like the fairy's who spoke pearls,
And her tone was ever sweetest, 'mid the cadences of girls.
Said I, she was not beautiful? Her eyes upon your sight
Broke with the lambent purity of planetary light,

And an intellectual beauty, like a light within a vase,
Touched every line with glory, of her animated face."

The plainest features become interesting when they are made the indices of indwelling virtues.

"Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Socrates is said to have resembled Silenus in the face. He was excessively ugly. Plato compares him to the gallipots of the Athenian apothecaries, which were painted on the exterior with grotesque figures of apes and owls, but contained within a precious balm. This repulsive countenance was the true index of his natural tendencies. When charged with sensuality by a physiognomist of his own times, he confessed that the charge was true, so far as propensities were indicated, but that he had subdued them by the study and practice of philosophy. This is the man who, by his persuasive eloquence and virtuous life, won the love of the most cultivated men of his own age, and the admiration of all succeeding ages. Homer, in one instance, has described a malignant buffoon, showing by it his conviction of the correspondence of the physical and mental constitution in men. This picture is nearly 3000 years old:

"Thersites only clamored in the throng,
Loquacious, loud and turbulent of tongue;
Awed by no shame, by no respect controlled,

In scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
With witty malice, studious to defame;
Scorn all his joy and laughter all his aim.
But chief he gloried, with licentious style,
To lash the great and monarchs to revile.
His figure such as might his soul proclaim,

One eye was blinking, one leg was lame,
His mountain shoulders half his breast o'erspread,
Thin hairs bestrewed his long, misshapen head.

Spleen to mankind his envious heart possessed,

And much he hated all, but *most* the best."

(To be continued.)

WHO ARE THE DEAD?

BY W. C. STUROC.

And do the dead all sleep below the sod,
 Or 'neath the wave, or on the battle-plain?
 Must all who *die*, have laid aside the load
 Of human frailty? Do there none remain
 On earth alive, and yet so dead in soul,
 That o'er their hearts Benevolence hath no control?

Not half so dreary or so desolate
 A human form in marble stillness laid,
 Where eyes have ceased to beam, with joy elate,
 And pale, dumb lips their parting prayer have said,—
 Where all that once was lovely, has become
 Food for the worms, a mold'ring tenant for the tomb.

Not half so dismal as when life still lingers
 Bright in its currents round a callous heart,
 Yet all untouched by soothing angel fingers
 Slumbers the mute soul; having no sweet part
 In that deep joy which goodness can bestow
 On virtue's votaries, while they wander here below.

Shines not from Heaven the glorious orb of day?
 Blooms not the earth with choicest, fairest flowers?
 Ring not the woodlands with a long array
 Of happy voices, mingling music's powers?
 While rolling rivers in sweet concert glide,
 Wave after wave, to join old Ocean's heaving tide.

Yet there are eyes, 'mid all this light from Heaven,
 See not the flowers that strew the lap of earth,
 And ears to which the forest-song is given
 In vain. They have not known the spirit-birth,
 That wakes the soul to all that 's good and true,
 And lends to life a charm which nothing can subdue.

Oh, 't is a humbling, sad and solemn sight
 To look upon a shriveled worshiper
 Of manimon, love-forgotten 'neath the might
 Of a darksome dream,—a waking nightmare,—
 A weight that crushes in its icy thrall
 The fondest hopes which brighten life terrestrial.

And when upon the darkness of the soul
 The light of Mercy hath not power to shine;
 And aspirations seek no higher goal
 Than narrow self—than moral death doth twine
 Its withered wreath, and spirit-life hath fled;
 And Faith is voiceless to the parched and lone and dead.

But where is found a heart attuned to love,
 To sympathize, to pity and to feel,
 And a kind hand, not slow but prompt to move
 From the crushed soul the poison of its weal,
 And pour sweet balm upon the wounded heart,
 There deathless life is found, and there of Heaven a part.

ACTS OF THE APOSTLES OF ANTI-SLAVERY.

BY HENRY P. ROLFE.

There is living with us one of whom the present generation—until recently—has heard little, and knows less. We frequently meet him in our daily walks, and his light, buoyant step, his keen, dark eye, his marked, observing countenance—at an age verging upon four score years—would point him out to a stranger as no ordinary man. His eye is hardly dimmed with age, and his natural force is but little abated. His friends can not fail to notice in this description, Parker Pillsbury, who from 1840 to 1863 was known, in New England, at least, as the Boanerges of the cause of Anti-Slavery,—of immediate and unconditional emancipation of all the slaves in this land. He dates his beginning “in that sublime enterprise” at the commencement of the year 1840. He was then a licensed preacher of the gospel in the Congregational denomination; and he at once enlisted, soul and body, in the cause of the down-trodden slave, and never abated one jot or tittle of his industry or his zeal till he saw the manacles fall from the limbs of four millions of his fellow-beings! During the few years past he has been engaged in writing a book, entitled, “Acts of the Apostles of Anti-Slavery;” and most ably and faithfully has he done his work. A book of five hundred pages, recently published, attests to his capacity and to his fidelity. There is no one living, except Parker Pillsbury, who can bring before the eyes of the present generation a correct, minute, comprehensive and entertaining record of the times when certain patient, courageous, self-sacrificing men and women laid aside all seeming present good, and every prospect of future advantage, and “went every where preaching the word,” and every where, in the name of the Prince of Peace, demanding “deliverance to the cap-

tive.” Like the ancient historian, he can say I have written a history, “part of which I saw and part of which I was.” His life mission is successfully completed, and “he has seen the travail of his soul and is satisfied.” “Heaven has bounteously lengthened out his life that he might behold the joyous day” of the emancipation of four millions of slaves, whose rights he had advocated and whose wrongs he had portrayed with a power and eloquence never surpassed by any one of his able contemporaries.

Nathaniel P. Rogers, in October, 1842, soon after he entered the lecture field, wrote as follows of him:

“The abolitionists of the country ought to know Parker Pillsbury better than they do. I know him in all that is noble in soul, and powerful in talent and eloquence. The remote district school-house in New Hampshire, and the old granite county of Essex, Massachusetts, where he was born, would bear me witness to all I could say. He is one of the strong men of our age. * * * * * We passed the solitary school-house a few days since, where he was allowed the few weeks’ schooling of his childhood; but thanks they were so few! He was educating all the better for humanity’s service on the rugged farm. He there taught himself to be a *man*. A great lesson he had effectually learned before he came in contact with seminaries and a priesthood. These proved unequal, on that account, to overmatch and cower down his homespun nobility of soul. They tied their fetters round his manly limbs, but he snapped them as Samson did the withes, and went out an abolitionist, carrying off the very theological gates with him upon his manly shoulders.”

There were Nathaniel P. Rogers and Stephen S. Foster of New Hampshire,

William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Henry C. Wright, James N. Buffum, Charles Remond, Frederick Douglass and Theodore Parker, of Massachusetts, all men of great power on the Anti-Slavery lecture platform; but for thrilling denunciation of the wickedness of American Slavery, and in the narrative of the wrongs and curses inflicted upon the African race through two hundred years, no one of them all could sound the depths of human woe or reach the sublime of freedom like Parker Pillsbury. The writer of this has heard all these distinguished men, most of them many times, and this is the impress which remains in his memory.

Such is the man who has written "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles." It is a marvelous book, and should be read by every well-informed, thoughtful American citizen. The Jews can never escape the history of the crucifixion of our Saviour; the Romish church the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition; the Church of England the fires of Smithfield; the Puritans of Massachusetts the persecutions of the Baptists and the Quakers, nor the judicial murders of those innocent women who were accused as witches; nor can the American Church or State escape the great crime and abominations of two centuries of American Slavery. The only thing left for them to do now is to atone for that which can not be recalled.

The Acts of the Apostles of our Lord and Saviour can all be read in one brief hour, but the Acts of the Apostles of Anti-Slavery can not be read in twice as many days. And it is necessary that they should be read and pondered now by every American citizen who feels an interest in the welfare of his country.

It was in 1842 that N. P. Rogers wrote of the merits and position of Parker Pillsbury among the abolition-

ists; but he very soon after became better known, and was fully appreciated by his abolition friends;—so much so that in 1846, after a five days Anti-Slavery convention at New Bedford, in Liberty Hall, he was reserved as *the great gun* to close the meeting on Sunday, and a closely packed audience remained till after ten o'clock at night, on the very tip-toe of expectation, to hear "the son of thunder" from New Hampshire make the closing speech of the evening; and no one went away disappointed or dissatisfied.

In the winter of 1860-61 he delivered an address in Eagle Hall in this city, in which he pictured the sins and iniquities of this nation, in enslaving the black man. He rolled up a mountain of crimes and laid it at the doors of the American Church and the American State,—and then the Salvation of the Union was the excuse for this "Sum of all villainies!" O, how he launched the thunderbolts of his denunciation against the Union Savers! The following is one of his illustrations, not easy to be forgotten:

"I tell you God is ripening this nation for his judgment. How much longer will he forbear? The cup of his anger is nearly full, and when he begins to reveal the terrors of his wrath, what do you suppose the cries of all these Union Savers will amount to? They will be of no more avail than the feeble wail of an infant, when all the fire department of New York goes thundering up Broadway."

Only too soon, alas! did he begin to reveal "the terrors of his wrath!" Only too soon did his judgments demand the frightful sacrifice! "And the blood of half a million young men, brave and beautiful," was claimed to wash away and wipe out the guilt and stain of Southern Slavery! Who so competent, who so deserving, to record the Acts of the Apostles of Anti-Slavery as Parker Pillsbury?

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY.

BY C. L. MORRISON.

How many of the young people of the present, as they quaff their fragrant tea, the beverage which is said to cheer but not inebriate, can tell about the famous tea party, unless, perchance, they have picked up some rare old history, or book, where, with its quaint engraving, in old time fashion, is depicted the scenes of the heroes, disguised as Indians, throwing overboard the ship load of tea that had been sent from England to the Colonies, thereby showing their detestation of the odious Stamp Act, which was being enforced upon them; or, may be, from the lips of some aged person have they heard the story, as they sipped together their favorite tea, and gossiped of Ye Olden Times. In childhood's day, with childish curiosity did we read and ponder over the pictures, and think of the patriots—for they were such. In these days it would be called a mob, men taking action like that; but even mobs are justifiable sometimes, and its members heroes. I have wondered how many, and who they were, but that will never be known; or who was the brave spirit that marshaled his forces that eventful eve of December 16, 1773, under whose orders the artificial redskins acted while making tea. However hastily the plot to seize and throw overboard the cargo may have been concocted, for which we have conjecture only, we can but admit that the act was heroism, and the motive true patriotism. In all demonstrations for the public weal, there is and has been a master mind, both to conceive and execute the move, which in after time the grateful people delight to honor in some way, to commemorate their appreciation of their service. That act showed Old England that the

Colonists were in earnest, and was one of the first acts in the drama of Independence which followed. For less than this have arisen over the graves of men

“Costly monuments and storied urn;” while the roster of the names of that fearless few may be unknown, that of the leader is; and the fact that, buried in a pauper's grave, and no stone marks the spot where, for over seventy years, brave McIntosh has slept, in a little grave-yard in New Hampshire, unhonored and unknown, save to a few. It was the writer's privilege, a short time since, to converse with an aged gentleman who distinctly remembers Captain McIntosh and the funereal day. That he was the leader of that party there is undoubted proof, and the fact that this proof and knowledge is confined to but a few aged people, should hasten the movement to erect, at an early date, a suitable monument in the quiet church-yard which contains his remains. Let it be of a national character. Let East, West, North and South, respond. Let all that love a brave act give their mite; and we call upon the press to head and set the ball rolling.

Captain McIntosh died an aged man, in Haverhill, Grafton county, New Hampshire, in the vicinity of 1810 or 1811, upon what is now known as the poor-farm, an inmate of the family of a Mrs. Hurlburt, to whose care he was bid off as a pauper, by auction, according to the usage of that day. In passing along the highway, a mile or so above the pretty little village of North Haverhill, the traveler will come to a little cemetery, or ancient burial-place, where rest the dead of ye settlers of the Horse Meadows settlement, as formerly called.

Here, in the pauper lots, McIntosh was buried. The exact spot of the grave may not be distinctly remembered by the aged people who witnessed the burial. Over seventy years have the flowers bloomed and the winds chanted a requiem through the pines of the adjacent forest over all that was mortal of brave McIntosh. And here, where in full sight of the passing traveler in riding along the route of the Passumpsic and B. C. & M. Railroad, let there be a monument erected worthy of the man and the deed. Of slight build, sandy complexion, nervous temperament, says our informant, we can easily imagine that a person like our hero would find irksome the restraints of city life, and like

the more active frontier life, in Grafton county, as known in those days, where declining years found him in poverty and a pauper. If an active move is made, much information can be gleaned that would throw light upon the history of the man by those who recollect him in their childhood days, when he was known as "the Captain," and always addressed as such by other members of the party, who, living in an adjoining town, occasionally visited him; and at times, when nerved up and enlivened by a hot punch of rum and molasses, the black strap of old, he would tell of the doings of, not of the Indians, but his chickens, as he facetiously called them.—*Mountaineer*.
Island Pond, Vt., Nov. 13, 1883.

PISCATAQUOG RIVER.

BY JAMES M. ADAMS.

Thy song has ne'er been sung, O River!
Silver streamlet seeking the sea;
The joy to praise thy wandering ways
Is a joy that is left to me.

Thy name abroad has ne'er been known,
Or famed in ancient story;
Thy tide may flow and never know
The golden light of glory.

But more to me than other streams,
Thy charms will ever bind me
With chains of gold, while I behold
The happy days behind me.

Behold in fancy, not in fact,
The days that are no more,
When I, beside thy rippling tide,
Dreamed dreams that now are o'er.

Fair dreams! sweet dreams! that even now
Come back again to cheer,
When at my feet in music sweet
Thy murmuring voice I hear.

Along thy mossy tanks I stray,
And watch thy wayward dances;
Each word, unheard by other ears,
Enwreathed among my fancies.

I see the golden sunbeams fall,
And kiss each wave in turn;
Each wavelet's crest upon thy breast
A jewel seems to burn.

I see thee 'neath the moonbeam's light,
A mass of silver shining;
Thy rocky banks, in stately ranks,
The oaks and maples lining.

Fare-thee-well, O rippling River!
That flows through my heart as well
As between the banks where in stately
ranks
The oaks and maples dwell.

O River! now thy song is sung!
Would that fitter hand than mine
Had chose thy name to give it fame;
But then—'t is no other's shrine.

IN NEW QUARTERS.

A leading wholesale house of this city and state, Messrs. Woodworth, Dodge & Co., begin the year 1884 most auspiciously by opening their new business home in the Dow building on Free Bridge street. What the change signifies, the general public may little realize; but to this popular and successful firm and their many patrons it means a great deal. It means a change from quarters which were much too small for the business the firm was doing, to as convenient and commodious ones as any wholesale grocery house in New England can boast of. For the city it means that there is now located in it, and identified with its business interests, probably the best appointed wholesale grocery store in New England, when all its facilities are taken into account. Of the building in general we spoke at length some time since. In a word, it is in every way adapted for the purpose to which it has been devoted.

To begin with, its location upon the railroad is such that no trucking whatever is required, thus effecting an important saving at the outset. From a side track on the east side of the building three cars can be unloaded at the same time, directly into the basement, through three large entrances, while from the south end are two more for the delivery of goods. At the lower end of the building grain is shoveled from the car into the hopper, whence it is carried to the upper story, which is fitted for its reception with bins holding 10,000 bushels, and a conveyer for its delivery at any point in the room. A second conveyer will carry it back as it may be wanted below. In the lower story are two portable corn mills, with a capacity of fifty bushels an hour. These will enable the firm to grind the meal to supply their wholesale trade, of which flour and grain are important features. Separated from the main building is an engine-house containing a 35-horse power engine and boiler, made by Nathan P. Stevens, of this city, and which furnishes ample power to run the mills, elevator, etc. The remainder of this floor is used for the storage of lime and cement, and also

contains a spacious pork, lard, and fish cellar.

The second floor, which is reached through two entrances on Free Bridge street, is devoted to the grocery department, and also contains a packing room, sample room, and a fine office. The latter is in the north-east corner, is handsomely finished in stained basswood, is light and pleasant, and is in keeping with the store in general. Out of it opens the sample room, which is conveniently fitted with tea table, etc. The grocery department is admirably arranged for the display of goods. The floor above, which is really the second story of the building, is devoted entirely to flour and sacked feed, the capacity for flour alone being 5,000 barrels. An elevator of improved pattern almost makes the four floors as one, furnishing safe and speedy communication from basement to attic.

Even from this hurried and incomplete description it can be seen that Woodworth, Dodge & Co. have, in their new establishment, every facility for carrying on their large and constantly increasing business. Eight years ago, when the firm began the wholesale business here, they encountered on all sides predictions of failure. The generally expressed opinion was that a wholesale grocery business could not be made to pay in Concord. To-day they carry a stock so large and complete that they can stock a grocery store entire, and they are doing this all through this state and Vermont, for their many customers include the leading grocers in both these states. The firm is composed of three wide-awake, square-dealing business men, A. B. and E. B. Woodworth, and R. E. Dodge, who have been successful in spite of the discouragements they encountered at first, because they have deserved success. While the firm is to be congratulated upon having such a fine business home, the man whose enterprise has furnished them with it, Samuel H. Dow, of Warner, should also be remembered, for to him the credit for the addition of such an establishment to our city is due, in part, at least.—*Concord Monitor*, Jan. 1, 1884.

WINDHAM, N. H.

BY LEONARD A. MORRISON.

Author of the "History of the Morrison Family," and "History of Windham, N. H."

CHAPTER I.

Like all places settled by Scotch people, this town has an instructive history, and the characteristics and sterling qualities of its early occupants still find manifestation in the worthy lives and high character of their descendants and successors. A halo of romance always clings to this strong, peculiar, rugged race, whose strength and tenderness are harmoniously blended. The recording pen loves to linger in delineating them, their works, their high purposes and lofty aims. All these will be briefly touched upon in this and succeeding articles.

SITUATION.

The location of this town is like that of the *hub* in a wheel, the Merrimack river being two thirds of the circumference. It is bounded on the north by Londonderry and Derry, on the east by Salem, on the south by Salem and Pelham, and on the west by Londonderry and Hudson. It lies thirty-five miles north-west from Boston, Mass., and thirty-three miles south-east from Concord, N. H.; Manchester and Nashua, N. H., and Lowell, Lawrence and Haverhill, Mass., being the close surrounding cities and markets, and all within the distance of a few miles.

The area is 15,744 acres; and seven ponds and lakes lie wholly or partially within its limits.

The most important are Cobbett's and Policy. The former is two miles in length and covers 1000 acres. Its situation is beautiful. The land on either side rises into swelling hills, whose sides, in places, are thickly covered with wood, and in others the pastures or well cultivated fields of the farms extend from the "Range" to the water's edge. It

takes its name from Rev. Thomas Cobbett, of Ipswich, Mass., who had, in 1662, a large tract of land laid out upon its borders.

Policy pond is two miles in length, covers 1017 acres, and is partially in Salem. Its beauty can hardly be surpassed, and the words of Quaker poet Whittier are very applicable:

"O'er no sweeter lake
Shall morning break, or noon-cloud sail;
No lighter wave than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil."

Gaentake or Beaver river is the principal stream, and flows from Tsienneto lake in Derry and empties into the Merrimack river at Lowell, Mass.

One of the curiosities of the town is Butterfield's Rock. It is situated on a lofty eminence, and is a large boulder of granite or gneiss, and rises twenty feet in height, its sides measuring sixteen or eighteen feet. It rests upon a small base and is almost a rolling stone. It came from a distant locality. On the ledge which supports it are fractures or distinct marks of the great ice sheet, which ages ago, in the glacial period, overspread the country, and of whose *carrying* force the rock is an exhibition, as it was brought to its present position by the glaciers, from its home miles away in the north-west.

SCENERY.

The scenery, like that of most New Hampshire towns, is varied and attractive. The diversity of the landscape is such that the eye never tires in beholding its beauties. The grand old hills, "rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun," the valleys, the lakes, the streams of water, or broken masses of granite promiscuously piled together, all have their fascination, and to native as well as to stranger eyes are charming. From some of our lofty hills the

eye can scan the surrounding country for many miles.

Jenny's hill, named for a daughter of Rev. James McGregor, is a great swell of land, and is as high as any in town. The view from its summit takes in many towns, and many churches appear in the distance, with their spires of faith pointing to the heavens. A few rods from the summit of this hill stood the house in which was born the elder Gov. Samuel Dinsmoor, and his brother, the "Rustic Bard," Robert Dinsmoor.

Dinsmoor's hill is next in importance, and in close proximity to Jenny's hill. Richard Waldron, an early resident of New Hampshire, was once owner of a portion of this hill.

The view from this place is hardly surpassed. A long range of mountains in the west stands out in bold relief against the sky. To the south the winding valleys, and Cobbett's pond, bright and sparkling in the sunlight. On the north the eye can sweep the country for many miles, and the church spire of Chester, the villages of Hampstead, Atkinson, and, looking eastward, churches and houses in Haverhill, Methuen, Andover and Lawrence, Mass., are all in view. No person with any poetry in his soul can see unmoved the grandeur of this scenery, but involuntarily exclaims, in the language of poetry :

"Tell me, where'er thy silver bark be steering,

By bright Italian or soft Persian lands,
Or o'er those island-studded seas careering,

Whose pearl-charged waves dissolve on coral strands;

Tell if thou visitest, thou heavenly rover,
A lovelier scene than this the wide world over."

CAUSES FOR SETTLEMENT.

Windham, from 1719 to 1742, was a parish of Londonderry, a part and parcel of that historic Scotch settlement. It will be impossible to speak of the first settlements here, and the character of the settlers, without speaking of the causes which induced the

immigration of our Scotch ancestors to these wild and inhospitable shores. They were of a politico-religious nature. During the reign of King James the First, of England, the larger portion of the six northern counties of Ireland fell to the king—being the sequestered estates of his rebellious Irish subjects. To hold in check the wild and turbulent spirits of his Irish subjects, he induced a large immigration of his Scotch countrymen to the province of Ulster, Ireland. This was in 1612. The Scotch were stern Presbyterians. The native Irish were ignorant Roman Catholics. So on Irish soil dwelt two distinct races—differing in blood, identity and religion. The Scotch dwelt on the land from which the Irish had been expelled. In consequence of this fact—the unlikeness of the two races, in manners, customs and religion—a bitter feud existed between them. Consequently there were no marriages between the races, and no commingling of blood. They remained as distinct as though impassable seas stretched between them. In 1641 the Catholics massacred more than 40,000 Protestants. But a change soon occurred in the government. Royalty fell, the Protectorate was established, a man in the person of Cromwell was placed at the helm who was both able and willing to protect the Protestants from their enemies. In 1649 the strong arm of Cromwell bore an avenging sword. He waged relentless war against the Catholic Irish. Whole provinces were laid waste and large cities left without an inhabitant. The void he thus created he also filled by large bodies of Scotch and English immigrants of the Calvinistic faith. These colonists redeemed the desolated and war-smitten provinces; and by their thrift filled the markets of England with the products of their industry.

But a day black with darkness came with unwonted swiftness, and reached the colonists at the death of Cromwell. Then the Stuarts returned, and from that date till the end of the siege and defence of Londonderry, in Ireland, in

1689, the Scotch ancestors of the first settlers of Windham, either in Scotland or in Ireland, suffered persecutions unparalleled. To James Second the Scotch Presbyterians were the legitimate objects of hate. The fires of persecution were rekindled; the sword was again unsheathed and bathed in the blood of thousands of slaughtered saints. In consequence of this persecution, thousands of Scotch fled from Scotland to the Scotch settlements of Ireland, and joined their countrymen there. Among those who thus fled to Ireland for refuge, were the parents of many of the settlers of Windham.

In 1688-89 occurred the memorable siege of Londonderry, Ireland. Many Scotchmen from Scotland rallied to aid the Scotchmen then residing in that city. That defence has become immortal in song and story. On the 30th of July, 1689, the city was relieved. Then the joy and gratitude of its starving inhabitants were unutterable. The watch-fires of a "hundred circling camps" made bright the night. The discharge of the enemy's artillery, flying shot and screaming bombs, combined with the answering peals of joyous defiance sent forth by the ringing bells of the city, made that night one of awful grandeur, of fear, and of supremest joy. On the 31st the enemy withdrew, and so closed the memorable defence of the city.

Many of those persons who were young at the time of the siege were the sturdy men who, in 1719 and later, helped to found this settlement of Londonderry and Windham. They made a new departure, and for religious liberty founded this settlement in the American wilderness. From those sturdy defenders are descended the McKeens, Morrisons and Cochrans, and many others. They came in manhood's strength, prepared the rude habitations, broke the ground, scattered the grain which the rich and virgin soil would bring forth into abundant harvests.

Then the *old* people came—men who were stalwart and strong during the

defence of the city—and shared with them the joys as well as the perils of the new life in the wilderness. Many settlers came direct from the bonnie blue hills of Scotland. Such was the nationality, and such the education derived in the school of war, trouble and adversity of the early settlers, and the characteristics thus developed enabled them to triumph over all obstacles in the hard life in the wilderness. Probably no people who ever landed in America have been so much misunderstood and misrepresented as the Scotch settlers of Windham, Londonderry, and other places colonized by this same Scotch race. The ignorance of other classes in relation to them and their history has been unbounded. They were called "Irish" when not a drop of "Irish" blood flowed in their veins. They were called "Roman Catholics," when they hated that sect almost to ferocity; when they had rolled back the papal forces, had endured the horrors of starvation, shed their blood in mountain fastnesses and on many battle-fields, to uphold the Protestant faith, and had "ventured their all for the British crown against the Irish Papists." They were of Scotch blood, pure and simple; the blood of Erin did *not* flow commingled in the veins of the hardy exiles who, one hundred and sixty and more years ago, struck for a settlement and a home in this wintry land.

Then let every descendant of the first settlers distinctly remember that his ancestors were Scotch, that he is of Scotch descent, and that the terms Scotch-English or Scotch-Irish, so far as they imply a different than Scotch origin and descent, are a perversion of truth and false to history.

CHAPTER II.

FIRST SETTLEMENTS.

Though Windham had been visited by white people as early as October, 1662, when a grant of land was laid out to Rev. Thomas Cobbett, of Ipswich, Mass.,—on Cobbett's pond—it

had undoubtedly been traversed again and again by exploring and hunting expeditions before and after that date ; still it is doubtful if any permanent settlements were made till the advent of the Scotch in 1719, in the Londonderry colony. The first house in Windham was established on Copp's hill, south-east of Cobbett's pond, about 1720. Its occupant was John Waddell. In 1721 David Gregg, son of John Gregg, of Londonderry, Ireland, and grandson of Captain David Gregg, a Scotchman, and captain in Cromwell's army, established himself in the west side of the town. He was the uncle of Andrew Gregg, member of the U. S. Senate from Pennsylvania, in 1806-7.

This David Gregg was joined by Alexander McCoy from the highlands of Scotland. In 1723 John Dinsmoor, son of John Dinsmoor of Scotland, located near the Junction. In 1728 or '29 John Archibald settled in the north part of the town.

About 1730 Lieut. Samuel Morrison, son of Charter James Morrison, of Londonderry, N. H., and grandson of John Morrison, of Scotland, settled in the east of the town, in the "Range." He was the ancestor of the Morrisons of Windham.

In 1733 Henry Campbell, of Londonderry, Ireland, and grandson of Daniel Campbell, of Scotland, settled in the west side of the town, on Beaver river, and where his descendants "live unto this day." About this same date Alexander Simpson and Adam Templeton struck for settlement here.

John Cochran, of Scotch blood, came in 1730, hewed his farm from the wilderness, and upon which his descendants have since lived. Alexander Park and John Armstrong appeared soon after.

These are some of the pioneer fathers : William and Robert Thompson, Joseph Waugh, Thomas Quigley, Alexander and James Dunlap, John Kyle, John Morrow, Hugh Graham, John and James Vance, Samuel and William McAdams, James Gilmore, Andrew

Armour, John Hopkins, Daniel Clyde, William Thom, John Stuart, Hugh Brown, Samuel Kinhead, Francis Smilie, Alexander Ritchie, William Jameson, Nathaniel Hemphill, James Caldwell, who were here in early times, and, with the exception of William Thom, not a single descendant of any of this list, bearing the family name, remains in town to-day.

THE FIRST SETTLERS.

Immediately after the first settlement had been made in Londonderry, near what is now the east village, individuals would go from home to the more distant glebes to work in summer, and would return in the winter. Many young men lived in this manner several years, laboring thus to prepare a home for their future companions. When the home was provided they went or sent to Scotland, or to the Scotch settlements in Ireland, for the brave lass who had consented to cross the wide ocean to meet her stern lord in the wilderness, and by her presence to cheer, to brighten, and to bless his home and life.

Land was cheap, and John Hopkins purchased a large tract for a web of linen cloth. Neighbors were far apart, oftentimes as far as three miles, and it was said, "we were obliged to go three miles to borrow a needle, not being able to buy one."

There were no grist-mills nearer than Haverhill or Andover, Mass. ; so the grain was carried on poles trailed from the horse's back. They often broke their corn into meal by placing it between two revolving stones, this being a hand-mill called a *cairn*. They lived mainly on what could be raised in the ground. They possessed but little wealth, for their lot was like their Fatherland, Scotland, cast in a cold and wintry land, with a hard and rocky soil.

Amid all their trials, their character stands out in bold relief. They were not illiterate people. They had received a fair education, many of them, in Scotland, or the Scotch settle-

ments in Ireland, before their arrival here.

They were stern, uncompromising Presbyterians, and held to their form of worship with great tenacity. They loved intelligence, liberty and their religion. No sacrifices were too great for liberty, no sufferings too severe for religion, no hardships too extreme to win a home for themselves and their posterity, where liberty and true religion, twin sisters, might dwell together, and where the domestic virtues might, undisturbed, shine forth with peculiar brightness.

INCORPORATION.

Up to 1742 the residents of the territory now known as Windham, and nearly one third of Salem, had been included in the town of Londonderry. They were placed at a great disadvantage. They were seven miles from either of the Londonderry churches. In order to remedy these difficulties, and to secure a more perfect union among themselves, forty-seven freeholders petitioned to Gov. Benning Wentworth and the General Court for the erection of a new parish. The act of incorporation was assented to by the governor, Feb. 12, 1742.

By the provisions of the charter Robert Dinsmoor, Joseph Waugh and Robert Thompson, were authorized to call a meeting of the inhabitants, March 8, 1742.

The sun which rose on the morning of February 12, 1742, ushered in a new and brighter day to the people. That day Windham became a town with a legal name, clothed with individuality, possessing the same rights, enjoying the same privileges, and subject to the same burdens and responsibilities of other towns in the province. Henceforth the people of this little republic, in their Congress (town-meeting), where every man was a member, and could be heard, were to manage their domestic affairs in their own time, in their own way, and for their own good.

FIRST TOWN-MEETING.

The first town-meeting was held at 10 o'clock, March 8, 1742. Robert Dinsmoor's name stands first on the list of committee. He probably called the meeting to order, and presided until the election of Lieut. Samuel Morrison as moderator. The latter presided in the meeting, and in twenty-nine subsequent gatherings of the freeholders. The first officers chosen were Robert Dinsmoor, Joseph Waugh, Robert Thompson, Samuel Morrison, William Gregg, selectmen; William Thom, clerk; Thomas Morrison (ancestor of the Morrisons of Peterborough) and John Dinsmoor were chosen inspectors of "dears."

It was "voted that the selectmen is to provide two staves, one for the constable, and one for the tything-man, and a town book."

In this simple, plain, direct way, Windham commenced her career as a municipality. Her officers worked without pay.

In March, 1744, the French and Indian War commenced, which lasted till October, 1748. This town escaped the ravages of the merciless foe, but she shared in the general alarm, and her sons aided in defending other towns in the state from the enemy, and William Smiley, William Gregg, Jr., and William Campbell, were scouting as soldiers in the Merrimack valley, in July, 1745, and other of our soldiers did good service in the war.

The year 1752 was one of trouble. There was contention in their annual meeting,—one portion seceded and held another meeting, and two boards of officers were elected. The proceedings of each meeting were declared illegal by the legislature. A new meeting was ordered, the vanquished became the victors, and so ended the dual government of the town. This year is noted as the one in which occurred the dismemberment of the town, whereby one third of its territory was annexed to Salem.

Windham was so much weakened by this dismemberment that it could

no longer support its minister, the Rev. William Johnston.

THE LAST FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR.

The treaty of peace signed between England and France, in October, 1748, was of short duration.

In 1754 hostilities commenced anew. It was the conflict of differing civilizations, and did not cease till the French-Catholic supremacy was overthrown in Canada—that province subjugated and placed under the domination of the British government. As an integral part of the British empire, this town was called upon for sacrifice to contribute her share for the prosecution of the war. So her sons left the delights of home and fireside for the sufferings of the march, the duties and privations of the camp, and the perils of the battle-field. Among her soldiers were Samuel Thompson, William Thompson, Hugh Dunlap, Daniel Clyde, Hugh Quinton, William Campbell, Richard Caswell, David Campbell, James Mann, Joseph Park, Matthew Templeton, James Gilmore, John Gregg, Robert Mann, John McConnell, John Kinkead, John Morrow, James Thompson, Samuel Thompson, Alexander McCoy, John Stuart, John Dinsmoor, Robert Speer, Lieut. Samuel Morrison, John Morrison, James Dunlap, Samuel Clyde, John McAdams, William McKeen, and James Cowan.

In August, 1757, the French and Indians captured Fort William Henry, on the north shore of Lake George, in New York, and three thousand troops surrendered, when an infamous massacre of troops took place. In a New Hampshire regiment of two hundred men, eighty were killed.

Windham's soldiers were there. Among them was Thomas Dunlap (whose home was on the shore of Simpson's pond), who was pursued by a savage, who caught him by his queue, and was on the point of braining him with his tomahawk, when Dunlap sprang away, tearing out a large part of the hair from his head, and escaped. He reached the fort, and was protected by the French.

Some fifty-five different men, or the same men at different times, served during the course of the seven years' war. This was a heavy burden on the young settlement, and we can look with pride upon this military page of our local history, which shines so brightly with self-sacrifice, heroism and patriotism.

The conflict drew to a close. Great Britain was triumphant, and French supremacy ceased upon this continent.

The world advances, is educated and brought to a higher plane through conflict, suffering, sacrifice and blood.

This war had aroused the martial spirit of our people, developed their manhood, strengthened their determination and resolution, and fitted them for the greater conflict—the grander struggle of the Revolution, which was so rapidly approaching.

In 1770 Windham helped colonize Belfast, Me. In that year, and a year or two previous, and several succeeding ones, citizens of this town moved to that place. Among the actual settlers were John Davidson, Dea. John Tuffts, Lieut. James and John Gilmore, sons of Col. James Gilmore. Among the proprietors were Alexander Stuart and Robert McIlvaine. At a later date, John Cochran, Joseph Ladd and Andrew Wear Park became residents.

(To be continued.)

LANCASTER, Dec. 30th, 1883.

MR. MCCLINTOCK :

Dear Sir:—In the November number, under head of Portraits for Posterity, you have omitted Jared W. Williams's portrait, presented to the state by his son, Jared I. Williams, in 1866. Painted by Franklin White. Jared W. Williams was governor in 1847-8; state representative, 1830-31; president of senate in 1834. In 1837, representative to Congress two terms; and in 1853 filled a vacancy in U. S. Senate occasioned by the death of Charles G. Atherton.

Respt. yours,

JARED I. WILLIAMS.

GENEALOGY OF THE LATE HENRY DEARBORN OF PITSTON, ME.

BY WM. H. SMITH.

"Like leaves on trees, the race of man is found;

Now green in youth, now withering on the ground;

Another race the following spring supplies;

They fall successive and successive rise."

When I read the death of this aged citizen of my native town my mind went back fifty years. This seems a long period my young reader; to me it is like a dream. How the forms of the dead pass me as I write. They can not be placed on canvass by my mental effort, but they are near me in my thoughts, for the dear old town is precious to me. Its soil covers my ancestry, who sleep quietly in the place named "God's Acre." He came from good Anglo Saxon stock on both sides; his mother had Dearborn blood in her veins, and no better can be found in any New England family. His ancestry is as follows:

FIRST GENERATION.

Godfrey Dearborn, born in Exeter, county of Devon, England. Immigrated to America and settled in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1639. There is no record of his first marriage, which took place in England, hence we have not the name of the mother of his children. He was the ancestor of the Dearborns in New England, if not in the whole country. He married for a second wife Dorothy, widow of Philomen Dalton. There was no issue by this marriage. He lived in Exeter ten years; then moved to Hampton, N. H. He was a prominent man, having served as selectman in both towns. He died February 4th, 1686, leaving three sons, Henry, Thomas, and John. The subject of this sketch was a descendant from Henry, the oldest son.

SECOND GENERATION.

Henry, born in England in 1633. He was six years old when his father came with Rev. John Wheelwright to Exeter. He lived in that part of Hampton that was years afterward set off to be the town of North Hampton. When he removed there it was a wilderness. He was a selectman in 1676 and 1692. His house was standing in 1848. He died January 18, 1725. His wife was Elizabeth Marrior. He married her January 10, 1666.

THIRD GENERATION.

Deacon John, son of Henry, born in Hampton October 10, 1666; died there November 22, 1750; married Abigail Bachelder November 4, 1689. She was born December 28, 1667. Died November 14, 1736. They were prominent in the church. The lengthy inscriptions on their tombstones record their virtues. They left four sons and six daughters. He was one of the petitioners for a division of the town, which was granted, and North Hampton, N. H., was incorporated in 1742.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Jonathan, second son of Deacon John, born in North Hampton in 1691; died in Stratham, N. H., December 29, 1779. He married Hannah Tucke, January 29, 1715. She was born April 10, 1697; died June, 1780. He removed early in life to Stratham, a distance of seven miles. It took four days to accomplish it. They went through Kensington and Exeter by marked trees. He was noted for his wild pranks and practical jokes. He fired off an alarm gun which was kept to notify the people of an Indian invasion; it was answered from station to station, and aroused the people from

Stratham, N. H., to Salem, Mass., breaking up a court. For this diversion he was sentenced to be stripped and run the gauntlet. But so great was his beauty that the women rose en masse and demanded his pardon, which was granted. He had a brother Simon, who was the father of Simon who settled in Monmouth, Maine, and a brother of Henry, twelfth and youngest child of Simon, who settled in that part of Pittston now Gardiner. He was one of the eminent military men of his time.

FIFTH GENERATION.

John, son of Jonathan, born in Stratham April 2, 1718; died March 22d, 1807. He married (1) Mary Chapman; (2) Mary Cawley. He lived and died on his father's farm in Stratham. He had three sons, Jonathan, James, and John. The latter lived on the homestead after his father's death.

SIXTH GENERATION.

Jonathan, oldest son of John and Mary Chapman, married Abigail Leavitt and settled in Chester, N. H. I have not the dates of their birth, marriage, or death. His farm was No. 17, O. H. In 1759 there was a road laid out upon his petition. He was a petitioner for the act which resulted in the incorporation of Raymond, N. H., May 8, 1764. At the first town-meeting he was chosen a highway surveyor. He was a soldier with many others of the Dearborn family in the war of the Revolution. He was in Capt. Runnels' company in the regiment commanded by Thomas Tasker. He had children. First, John, married Mehitable Cram; second, Abigail, married Simon Page; third, Jonathan, married Sarah Page; fourth, Nathaniel, married Mary Cram; fifth, Sarah, married (1) Nehemiah Cram; (2) Josiah Brown; (3) John Moody.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

Jonathan, third child and second son of Jonathan and Abigail, born in

Raymond June 4, 1768; died in East Pittston, Maine, March 6, 1847. He married Sarah Page, who was the daughter of Robert Page, of Raymond. Her mother was Sarah Dearborn, fifth child of Simon, and a sister of Gen. Henry, the patriot statesman. Robert Page was born April 21st, 1732; died December 31st, 1816. Sarah Dearborn, his wife, born November 25th, 1735; died January 12th, 1821. Sarah Page, Jonathan's wife, was born December 31st, 1758; died December 23d, 1829. They left two children, Sarah and Henry.

EIGHTH GENERATION.

HENRY, second child and only son of Jonathan and Sarah, was born in Raymond, N. H., February 9th, 1797; died August 21st, 1883. He married Pamela Bailey, of Pittston, March 3d, 1822. She was the daughter of Capt. David P. Bailey, who married Mary Smith, daughter of Major Henry Smith, one of the earliest settlers in Pittston. Mrs. Dearborn's parents lived and died in the house occupied now by Capt. James Bailey, their oldest son. Sarah, the oldest child of Jonathan, married Jonathan Swain, of Epping, N. H. She died July 12th, 1873, and left two children, Mary and Sarah. The eldest married Dudley L. Harvey, Esq., one of Epping's best citizens; the other is unmarried.

Henry, when a boy, went to Boston with his uncle Page, and visited Gen. Dearborn. He took quite a fancy to him and sent him to an academy in Milton, Mass. The General sent his carriage for him every Saturday, and he spent the Sabbaths under his roof in Roxbury. After he had completed his education he entered a wholesale grocery store, in Boston; was there but a short time. He had a typhoid fever. The General sent him to his farm in Pittston, when he had fully recovered his health. He was started in business by the General with Rufus Gay, well known to your older readers. He married Mary Marble, a daughter of Dorcas Osgood, who married Isaac Mar-

ble for her first husband. Her second was Gen. Dearborn. She was his second wife. The firm of Gay & Dearborn did business in the store at the head of Bradstreet wharf, in Pittston. It has been occupied since by several parties. John O. P. & Franklin Stevens traded there when I was a boy. Mr. Dearborn lived in the house on top of Togus hill. It is a ruin now.

When Gen. Dearborn died, in 1829, the property changed hands, and the firm of Gay & Dearborn was dissolved. Mr. Dearborn, not finding an opening at East Pittston that he wanted, moved to Windsor and went into trade there for about nine months. The place he had desired at East Pittston being for sale, he purchased it and immediately moved upon it, and lived there during the remainder of his life. The farm that Gen. Dearborn owned in Pittston is now partly occupied by Mr. Charles Bradstreet. There stood in my childhood a yellow house on the site where Mr. Bradstreet's now stands. His father, Joseph, died there April 23, 1835. It was moved to make way for the present house on a lot near Capt. James Smith's. It was occupied by the late Trueworthy Rollins, who married Amanda, daughter of Capt. James Smith, of Pittston. Mr. Rollins and wife both died in it. It has long since been demolished. My impression is that it was moved first to the hill near Law's cove, and that Mr. Rollins lived there before the second removal.

Rufus Gay, father of Rufus Marble Gay, lived in the old yellow house that Mr. Charles Bradstreet's father lived in. It used to be called the Gay house in those days. When Mr. Dearborn first went to Pittston, before his marriage, he no doubt boarded with this family. Gen. Henry Dearborn's son, Gen. Henry A. S. Dearborn, George R. and Julia C., who married Gen. Joshua Wingate, were children of his second wife, and Mrs. Rufus Gay, mother of Rufus Marble Gay, was a half sister to them.

From my earliest childhood Mr. Dearborn's name was connected with

every thing that makes a true man. More than sixty years did he walk among the people of the town of his adoption, and he has left a name worthy to be remembered. Such men as he is what has been the glory of our country. By the old arm chairs of New England mothers, have our youth in the past been fitted to maintain those principles that are the foundation upon which rests the hope of our nation. Mr. Dearborn had not long been a resident of Pittston before his neighbors and townsmen demanded his services in conducting their affairs. Our town-meetings are the nurseries of our best legislators, and the corner-stone of our democracy. Corruption in a town is soon unearthed at its meetings. It is in cities that it can secrete itself, or stalk with brazen front, backed by ring power. The honors conferred by a town are sure tests of the confidence of the people. A man is entrusted with the property of his immediate neighbors.

He was elected town-clerk and a member of the board of selectmen at the age of twenty-eight.

He served as a clerk in 1825-26-27-28, and selectman in 1825, 1835, 1848; treasurer in 1830-1 and 1834; moderator in 1838; town representative in 1831 and 1838.

The old residents of that town will understand me when I say that for nearly thirty years, commencing in 1825, no town was ever more divided by factional quarrels at their March meetings than Pittston. For years what was known as the Stevens and Williamson parties waged a hot war upon each other. It can be said with truth that Mr. Dearborn possessed the entire confidence of the people. He came from a family that was devoted to the principles of Thomas Jefferson. Like his great Uncle Henry he supported John Quincy Adams.

For this offense Jackson removed his mother's cousin from the collectorship of the port of Boston. It was an act of which no doubt Gen. Jackson lived to regret, for it was the

meanest act of his life, and he was not a man to commit a meanness often. Mr. Dearborn became an ardent Whig, and Pittston, under his influence, became one of the strongest towns politically, of that party in Kennebec, which was a Whig stronghold, noted all through the United States. When that party died he became a Republican, and found himself in a Democratic town. This transformation is one of those singular events in human affairs that are hard to be understood.

It was my fortune to meet this good man last winter and talk over the events of "Lang Syne." It had been forty-two years since we met. He could not recall me, for I had in that time from a boy become a man with gray hair. He had gone from bright and active manhood close to the setting sun. It had been a lifetime since I was resident of his town. We went over its history, and it was pleasant to see the interest he took in all of the movements of the day. I looked upon him with reverence, for his person would command the highest respect.

"The calm of that old reverend brow,
The glow of its thin, silver locks—
Was like a flash of sunlight in the pauses
of a storm."

He came of a race remarkable for its handsome men and women. He

was, in his prime, one of the best looking men in Pittston. His ancestry had been noted for its longevity. The reader will notice the great age of his people. "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" saith holy writ.

That Mr. Dearborn's spiritual tabernacle was well completed there can be no question. His path increased in brightness until the curtain was drawn aside and he entered the land of the departed and took up his abode with all lovers of their race—for such only love God.

"Such was our friend, formed on the good old plan,—

A true and brave and downright honest man.

He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace.

Loathing pretense he did with cheerful will,

What others talked of while their hands were still;

And while "Lord, Lord," the pious tyrants cried—

Who in the poor the master crucified—
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply doing good.

So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know its worth,

And feel how true a man has walked
with us on earth."

—Kennebec Reporter.

'T WAS BUT THE RAIN.

BY ANNA L. LEAR.

I was dropping into slumber—
Losing sense of care and pain—
When soft fingers without number
Tapping on the window-pane—
As if keeping time to music
Of a solemn, sweet refrain—
Soothed me like a sound elysian,
Tho' 't was but the autumn rain
Beating on the roof and pane!

Then I seemed to hear the voices
Of the loved and gone before;
And I dropped my "daily crosses,"
As in happy days of yore!

When but joy was in night's vision,
When life's troubles, quickly o'er,
Passed with night and came no more;
And for me no mournful strain
Sounded in the falling rain.

"Oh! the lost—the unforgotten—
In our hearts they perish not!"
And the joys on earth begotten
By their lives, are ne'er forgot!
Still in dreams that half are waking,
Oft to us they speak again,—
Tho' no sound breaks on the silence
Save the falling of the rain,
And its rhythm on the pane!

EARTHQUAKES FROM 1638 TO 1883, IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES AND IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS NORTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY JOSIAH EMERY.

[CONTINUED.]

I continue Mr. Plant's account: "January 3, 1728, about nine at night an easy clap. Saturday night and day five claps. From about six at night to four Sunday morning some people said it continued for half an hour without ceasing, burst upon burst. Upon Wednesday, January twenty-fourth, about half an hour after nine at night, one loud burst, followed in half a minute by another, much abated. Upon Lord's day, January 28th, another easy burst, about half after six in the morning, another about ten, same morning, easy. At the same night, about one o'clock, a loud burst. Monday, January 29th, it was heard twice. Tuesday, the thirtieth, about two in the afternoon, there was a very loud clap equal to any but the first for terror, shaking our houses so that many people were afraid of their falling down; pewter and so forth was shaken off dressers at considerable distance. Another shock, much abated, about half an hour afterward. February twenty-first, about half after twelve at midnight, a considerable loud burst. February twenty-ninth, about half after one p. m., another. Shocks occurred March seventeenth about three a. m.;—March nineteenth, about forty minutes past one p. m., and at nine the same night; April twenty-eighth, about five p. m.; May twelfth, Sunday morning, about forty minutes past nine, a loud and long clap; May seventeenth, Friday, about eight p. m., a long and loud clap; May twenty-second, several claps in the morning, and about ten the same morning, a very long and loud clap; another, May twenty-fourth, about eleven at night; June sixth about three in the morning; June eleventh at nine a. m.; July third in the forenoon, and

and July twenty-third about break of day, a very loud clap." "Besides these times I have mentioned," says Mr. Plant, "it has often been heard by me, but the noise was small so I forbore to set them down."

This last seems to have terminated the disturbance which began October twenty-ninth. The extent of this first shock is said to have been from the Kennebec to the Delaware, and to have been felt by vessels at sea, and in the most western settlements.

I continue the record of earthquakes, as kept by Mr. Plant, adopting the account sent by him to England, and published in the 42d volume of the Philosophical Transactions. For this I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Brigham, of Boston.

March 19, 1728-9, betwixt two and three p. m., an earthquake loud and long shook our houses, being repeated twice in an instant; and this was the loudest roaring and the greatest shock I ever heard, the first excepted, and that on the thirtieth of January. We had small shocks in the interim.

September 8, 1729, about 3.30 p. m., it was long and loud.

September 29, about 4.30 p. m., it was loud and long.

October 29 I heard it twice in the night. One of the times was about the same time of night the first shock (Oct. 29, 1727, at 10.40 p. m.) was.

November 14, about eight in the morning, loud and long, attended with two bursts like unto two sudden claps of thunder; shook our houses.

November 27, about eight in the evening, a very great roaring and a great shock. It was heard at Ipswich about fourteen miles distant.

(*To be continued.*)

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PROF. LUCIAN HUNT, A. M.

BY J. N. McCLINTOCK.

The names Hunt and hound both owe their origin to the same word—*hund*, which is a German word signifying dog, and is, without doubt, a name of great antiquity, existing among our Saxon ancestors in the woods of northern Germany or Jutland long before their invasion of England. This is proved not only from its being derived from one of the oldest words of one of the oldest nations in Europe, but, also, from the wide prevalence of the name. The Smiths may be more numerous,—though that is doubtful,—but not so extensively scattered. Wherever the English language is spoken, there are found Hunts. In every state of the Union they turn up,—whether among Southerners or Northerners, in Louisiana or Maine or Oregon. They are not wanting among the gentry of England, with armorial blazonry; or among the squatters of Australia; and those acquainted with German literature know that it is nothing unusual to meet the kindred name Hund in almost any branch of their various readings.

Another proof that the name is very ancient is the fact that the original race of Hunts branched off into various tribes and families so long ago that all trace of relationship between these separate branches is lost.

But notwithstanding this, however separated, whether titled or poverty-stricken, it is evident they have all sprung from the same original Teutonic Hund or hound, long centuries ago, in the northern wilds of Europe, or possibly thousands of years since, before their emigration from the highlands of Armenia.

Among the various branches of modern days was the "Amesbury Line," so called from Amesbury, Mass., whence came three brothers and settled in New Hampshire. Two of these, Humphrey and William, went to Guilford, while the third, Philip, senior, removed to Sanbornton, into what was afterward called the "Hunt Neighborhood," about midway between the Square and Union Bridge. He had twelve children. Of these, the oldest, Philip, junior, remained on the homestead till his death. Eleven children were born to him, of whom Anthony Colby, the father of the subject of this sketch, was the seventh. When only eighteen years of age, he married Mary Chase, of Deerfield, N. H., about two months younger than himself; a woman of strong character, industrious, careful and conscientious. This union lasted above half a century, he surviving to the 75th year of his age, and she to the 87th.

One peculiarity may be noted here

as common to the Hunts and Chases alike; namely, an irresistible inclination to rove. Hardly one in a hundred in the branches we speak of has remained permanently settled in the place where he was born. And this accounts in part, perhaps, for the fact, that generally, though hard workers, they have been able to accumulate so small a quantity of this world's goods. Whether these names originated in the far off ages on account of this tendency to a nomadic life, we will not attempt to decide. At any rate, the members of the two races, as represented in the family of Anthony C. Hunt, began to migrate very soon after their copartnership was formed. After residing in Gilmanton, Sanbornton, and the Weirs, —a year or two in each,—the family with others took up its march in quest of a home in the wilds of a neighboring state.

Between two ranges of the Green Mountains, in the northern part of Vermont, lies the romantic town of Woodbury, sparsely settled, hilly, yet with an excellent soil wherever the rocks allow it to be reached. Near the southern border, some 400 feet in height, rises a perpendicular cliff called Nichols' Ledge. At its foot, much like the Man of the Mountain's Wash Basin, in Franconia Notch, only much larger, is spread out in circular form, with scalloped shaped shores, one of the prettiest lakelets in New England. Between this and West Hill in Cabot, is a plain about a mile in width, on which somewhat over fifty years ago occurred an episode in the town's history now almost forgotten, but of considerable consequence to our narrative.

To this spot, then covered with primeval forest, there emigrated from Sanbornton, N. H., and vicinity, about the year 1815, a colony of from twenty-five to thirty persons. There was Parker Chase, senior, the patriarch of the company, the third in direct descent from Aquila Chase, one of the three brothers who came from England to Newbury, Mass., and whose descendants for the last fifty years have claimed

that a prodigious sum of money,—called the "Chase Property,"—amounting to many millions, awaits them in England; but the golden glitter of which they are probably never destined to see. There were with him his sons,—Parker, junior, Aaron, Hazen, James, Seth,—mostly adults, married, and blessed with large families,—and several grown-up daughters, among whom were Mary, the wife of Anthony Hunt, who formed one of the colony, and her sister Lydia, who had married Jacob Nute, also a member of the company. There were Moses Rollins with his family, and others. They were joined also by several native families from other parts of that and the adjoining towns, some of whom were strange specimens of humanity. There was tough old Collins, of great but unknown age, still active as a cat, always wearing an exceedingly tall, cone-shaped woolen cap, in-doors and out; which, with his harsh voice, savage aspect, and the fact that he was commonly freighted with a heavy cargo of liquor, rendered him a fearful object to the children, who always passed his door on the run. There were the barefooted Farris—barefooted all, old and young; Kenistons—and among them one named Ben, a thin, weakened, dried-up dwarf, with a tremendous nose; and several others, each with some striking peculiarity.

Mr. Hunt at first built a log house, in which Lucian was born, a few rods south of the big ledge; and a few years later, a framed house, still nearer the mountain—the birthplace of his daughter Almira. His eldest daughter, Sarah, and his eldest son, Lucian, who died in his fifth year, before the birth of his second son, were both natives of Sanbornton.

Their life here was such as was experienced by first settlers generally in New England. Trees were felled and burned on the ground, and from their ashes a kind of potash, or salts, as it was called, was manufactured. This and maple sugar were the principal exports, and their backs the only means of transportation. Tough old woolen-

capped Collins kept a whiskey distillery, of which, however, it was said he was himself the most generous patronizer. Hedgehogs were plenty, and during a thunder storm rabbits would occasionally rush into the house for protection, and bears were sometimes unpleasantly familiar. Lucian once had the privilege of a distinct view of one of large size which was standing on the top of the ledge, and which, after quietly surveying for some time the house and grounds below, passed down the nearer side of the hill into the woods. He also remembers how the family cow broke through the floor of the log house (then used as a barn) into the cellar, requiring the united force of the colony to raise her again to upper air. A wide scar on his head still forcibly reminds him of a scythe which fell from the attic, point downward, plump into his skull, hardly missing, so the doctor said, splitting the head in two. Nor does he forget the big whipping he received for obstinately refusing to read the alphabet during his first week in school.

Anthony Hunt was noted in those days for great physical strength, and through life for almost perfect health, he never having been confined a day by ill health till his last sickness. His stock of books was scanty, of course, yet, as the best read man of that region, he was selected to deliver the oration of a Fourth of July celebration, then and for years after famous in the traditions of the town.

The settlement seemed to flourish for a time, but what with hard labor, few and distant markets, the want of the necessities—to say nothing of the luxuries—of life, discouragement crept in, and one by one the settlers sought other homes, Parker Chase, senior, leading off, until Mr. Hunt and family were left alone. He struggled manfully a few years longer, but finally yielded like the rest and removed to Cabot; whence, after having passed seventeen years in Vermont, he returned to Sanbornton. Thus ended the Sanbornton hegira. Not a house,

no memento, except the old cellars scattered over what is now a broad pasture, remains to tell of the once bustling little New Hampshire colony of Woodbury, Vt.

Lucian Hunt, the subject of this sketch, eagerly availed himself of the superior advantages for acquiring an education afforded by his residence at Sanbornton Bridge. Since his earliest years he had been an insatiable reader. Nothing in the shape of book or newspaper came amiss. And his teachers, fortunately, were persons who could appreciate and give a proper direction to this trait of his. He commenced the study of Latin under the instruction of Rev. Enoch Corser, formerly one of the Boanerges of the New Hampshire pulpit, who, had he been bred a lawyer, instead of confining his efforts within the bounds of a small country parish, would have made his mark in the nation, and as a possible Member of Congress, have ranked as the peer of Benton, whom he somewhat resembled; Dix, who was also his pupil in Latin; Cass, and others of that class.

Boscawen may well be proud of its great men. Indeed, there is a district eight or ten miles square, embracing the old town of Boscawen and Salisbury, that, we believe, has a right to boast of having produced more talent than any other equal extent of territory and population in the United States. There were the Rev. Caleb Burbank; C. C. Coffin, the author; Rev. N. C. Coffin; several of the Corser family, either native or of the Boscawen stock; Hon. Moody Currier; Governor Dix; Senator Pitt Fessenden; Nathaniel and Charles Greene, journalists; Henry, Jacob and Arthur Little, all D. D.'s; Prof. Shepherd; Master S. C. Stone, of the Sherwin School, Boston, an offshoot from the Corser stock; Prof. Justin H. Smith, one of the five who have obtained perfect marks in Dartmouth College, and a fine mathematician; Judge Atkinson; Missionaries French and Pinkerton; President Bartlett, of Dartmouth, and his brother, Rev. Joseph,

not less distinguished for his scholarly acquirements ; Hon. Ichabod Bartlett ; Judge Wm. H. Bartlett ; Joel Eastman ; Commissioner Eaton, and Rev. Horace Eaton, D. D., (if we may include the neighboring town of Sutton) ; and Daniel and Ezekiel Webster. The list might be greatly extended, had we room.

Mr. Corser for several years had charge of the Congregational Church at Sanbornton Bridge and Northfield, then feeble ; preaching in the Old Meeting House at Northfield Centre, probably the oldest building in town, a spacious structure, whose windowless, doorless, floorless shell yet stands, with galleries and pulpit sounding board still intact, and timbers as sound as they were nearly a hundred years ago.

Under Mr. Corser's ministrations the church grew and prospered, and in time the Old Meeting House was exchanged for an elegant edifice at the Bridge ; and then, for the first time in its existence, what is now Tilton heard the sound of the church-going bell.

During the struggling days of the church, Mr. Corser used occasionally to take private students in the classics, and taught several terms in the Academy.

Under his tuition Lucian commenced the Latin Grammar late in the spring and finished Virgil's *Æneid* during the fall of the same year. This he reviewed the following winter while teaching his first school.

To the Rev. Mr. Corser more than to any other individual does Mr. Hunt consider himself indebted for encouragement and direction in the classics—studies for which he has ever since cherished an especial fondness. Mr. Corser died a few years since, and his monument stands in the ancient cemetery of Boscawen, on a rising ground overlooking the intervals and placid waters of the beautiful Merrimack.

His son, Prof. S. B. G. Corser, blessed with an ample supply of railroad shares and a valuable interval farm on the Merrimack, still resides at the old homestead in Boscawen, intermingling

farming with literary pursuits. After graduating at Dartmouth he engaged in teaching for several years, until his father's advancing age and the wants of the farm requiring his presence, he resigned the professor's chair, engaged in agriculture, combined the farmer and student, and while not neglecting his broad acres, pushed forward his studies in the modern tongues, and to-day stands in the front rank, if not himself the first in linguistic scholarship in New Hampshire ; and his literary influence, though unobtrusive, has operated powerfully upon many a student and teacher in the Granite State. A similarity of tastes between him and Mr. Hunt has produced a similarity of studies, and an epistolary correspondence, which has continued uninterruptedly for over thirty years ; and the result has been the production of several bulky volumes of letters, a few of which have been published under the pseudonyms of Long and Short. This acquaintance has been to Mr. Hunt especially valuable as regards his linguistic pursuits. Their studies in French and German have been nearly identical, and their book-shelves perhaps contain a larger collection of choice French and German works in the original than any other private library in the state.

Another instructor was Prof. Dyer H. Sanborn, rather a famous teacher in his time, of no deep scholarship, but endowed with a wonderful faculty for gathering pupils. During his long experience, he had acquired many practical and curious ideas in regard to teaching, which he dispensed to his pupils with a liberal tongue, and by which many hundreds of teachers have profited. As he advanced in years he wearied of the work and retired to a small estate in Hopkinton, N. H., where in process of time he died at a good old age.

But we must leave this part of our subject and hasten to speak of what afterward proved to be Mr. Hunt's life work.

He commenced teaching in the Bay Hill District, Northfield, at the age of

sixteen. In after years he often mentioned the peculiar sensations of shame he experienced, when on approaching the school-house the first morning, he, a mere boy of slight stature, heard the startling exclamation from the scholars, some of them young men and women, "*The Master is coming.*" The honor seemed too great. He felt unworthy of so grand a title. And never before or since has such a sense of profound meekness possessed him, as when he entered that door and encountered the little sea of faces, upturned to his and silent as the grave. Doubtless other young pedagogues have had a similar experience on first assuming the duties of their office.

He taught the school a second winter, when he had an application to take charge of the centre district of the same town, then and for many years previous considered especially difficult. Though warned against the attempt, he nevertheless accepted the invitation, and taught that school three winters in succession with an urgent invitation to continue the fourth. The influence of those three winters on that humble school was by no means small in moulding its sixty members into the teachers, matrons, professional men and substantial farmers they afterward became, and whose reputation in many cases was not confined to their own town or state.

Mr. Hunt next taught at Natick, Mass., three winters, and at Kingston, one.

During all this time he was ardently prosecuting his studies. He had read Latin—his favorite study—far beyond the college course; a suitable amount of Greek; many volumes of French and German; besides most of the English branches required by the college curriculum.

He attained to this mostly by his own private efforts, without pecuniary assistance from any quarter, paying his way as he went along, for he always had a great horror of debt, unless he could readily and surely see the means to cancel it, and to the strict observ-

ance of this rule he attributes much of his success financially. His sympathy has ever been small for those students with energies so feeble that, instead of walking firmly and independently through their educational course on their own personal responsibility, without recourse to crutches, feel obliged to solicit the charity of some benevolent society or individual, or to discount the future by debt which may weigh upon them the remainder of their lives. When the funds from his winter's teaching gave out, he went to Boston in the summer and earned enough to float him over the rest of the year, so that when he was ready for business, he was at par with the world, with his learning for capital and no debts to harass or interest to eat up his earnings. This road to an education is longer, indeed, as it proved to be in his case, but it was sure and safe. He received his degree from the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1863.

And now had come the time when that all-important question to young men of even a slight degree of energy or ambition must be decided, viz., the choice of a life profession. He inclined to the law, but feared it might estrange him too much from literary pursuits. While in this state of doubt he was invited to take charge of the Marlow, N. H., Academy. This school had become much reduced; in fact, it was now almost without life. The prospect was discouraging, and Mr. Hunt, with no expectation of any particular success beyond placing a very few hard earned dollars in his exhausted purse, entered upon his first academical work. At the start his pupils hardly amounted to twenty. The school, however, increased rapidly and steadily, till, at the close of the second year, it numbered above 140 members, mostly adults, as a large class of smaller scholars was necessarily refused admittance from the want of accommodations. These, if admitted, would have raised the total to nearly 200. The third year was also one of continued prosperity. Such and so rapid a revival of a run-

down academy, we believe to be unexampled in the record of New Hampshire schools.

This was partly due to favorable circumstances, and still more to Mr. Hunt's good fortune in securing excellent assistants. His preceptress, Miss Mary Clough, a native of Canterbury, has for many years held a high reputation as teacher and artist, both in New Hampshire and Massachusetts; while the Hon. George C. Hubbard, mathematical teacher, has since been honored with the highest offices of his native town, Sullivan, besides serving for several years with credit as a member of the Legislature. Above forty teachers were sent forth at one time for the public schools; many were members whose names have since become prominent at home and abroad, of whom we will only mention Judge Hardy, Hon. Mr. Hammond, of the Executive Department of Government, and Sanborn Tenney, afterward professor of Natural History in Williams College, who was mostly fitted for college at that school. His text books are well known.

This unexpected success and liberal addition to his exhausted finances determined Mr. Hunt's vocation; and the following spring he accepted an invitation to the High School of Castine, one of the oldest and most romantic little seaports on the coast of Maine, of which, when the British held possession, an officer wrote home, "That it was the prettiest place out of Heaven." Here he remained two years, receiving a generous increase of salary the second.

Having concluded an engagement of two years in the Standish, Me., Academy, he was called to Boston, where, after having taught for several years, and his health becoming somewhat impaired, he abandoned the profession for a while, with the design of engaging in other pursuits.

During this interval, Mr. Hunt had the good fortune to secure for himself a wife, a Miss Caroline Higgins, of Standish, one of the estimable ladies of

that part of Maine famed for noble women, whose social nature, executive ability, kindness, and the happy faculty of making the best of everything, have procured hosts of friends wherever their lot has been cast, and lightened the toils and perplexities incident to a most laborious profession.

Recuperated by a two years' rest, Mr. Hunt gave up the design of attempting other employment, and began to cast a longing eye again upon the familiar work of the school room; and was shortly found to be seated in the principal's chair of Powers Institute, Bernardston, Mass., where Prof. Dixon, the veteran teacher of mathematics in the Tilton Seminary, was associated with him during the first year. Mr. Burroughs, Miss Bullard and Miss Merrill also rendered efficient support. His predecessor had sunk the school to less than a dozen pupils. Amid this enfeebled state of affairs, the vivifying effect of Mr. Hunt's administration was soon manifest. Its reputation spread, the school grew and became one of the prominent educational institutions of the Connecticut valley, till, at the close of his five years' engagement, he could point to nearly 120 members of the Institute. Though strongly urged by the trustees to continue his engagement for another five years, he preferred to heed a louder call from Falmouth, Mass.

Educationally speaking, there existed a bad state of affairs at this time in Falmouth. The State Superintendent's Report on the Public Schools of Massachusetts assigned Falmouth a very low grade; her rank being near the bottom of the list. Lawrence Academy was in a still more deplorable condition. But one contracted, ill-shaped room was used for school purposes; the others being filled with lumber, broken desks, debris and dirt. This room was heated by an insignificant sheet-iron stove, which stood awry, with more dints and holes in it than an old toper's dilapidated hat could boast of. Cheap teachers were employed, few repairs made, and the surplus under the name

of rent was divided among the owners of the building. At one time \$1200 were thus divided,—a sum probably greater than the whole worth of the building at that time.

Mr. Hunt's policy in opposition to this state of affairs was warmly approved by a majority of the citizens and trustees, and especially by the president of the board. A change was soon perceptible in the old Academy; in fact, a revolution. Improvements were made in the building, both as regards convenience and beauty. A course of study was established, assistants employed, and other means taken to place Lawrence Academy on a level with similar institutions in other parts of the state; and with what success is evidenced, by its growing reputation, its graduates, and the increased interest in educational matters evoked throughout the town. Prof. Hunt was the means of introducing some excellent teachers there, and on giving up his charge after a twelve years' administration, had the satisfaction of leaving it in the hands of a former pupil of his, who, he believes, will render it efficient service and carry the school to a still higher plane of excellence.

Of his residence here Prof. Hunt retains some of his pleasantest memories. He has been heard repeatedly to say, "that nowhere in his wanderings has he met with warmer friends among people and pupils, more reliable supporters, pleasanter school classes, nor resided in a lovelier spot than in the good old town of Falmouth down by the sea."

Yielding to the urgent request of the trustees of McCollom Institute, Mont Vernon, N. H., Prof. Hunt took charge of their Institution, which, after pursuing his vocation two years longer, he recently resigned, in order to carry out a purpose of his formed many years ago, to devote what might be left of his life to literary pursuits.

He is a Trustee of McCollom Institute, and of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, at Tilton. In 1880 he delivered an Historical Address at

the Northfield Centennial, which was published in the October number of this MONTHLY; since which he has been invited by the Authorities of the town to prepare a History of Northfield.

Prof. Hunt furnishes a good example of the successful teacher, student and financier combined. As a teacher he has devoted himself to his chosen calling with zeal from boyhood, during a period of thirty-two years,—till past middle age,—while his love of books and his wish to stand well before his classes have made him emphatically a student as well as teacher. His favorite studies have been the ancient and modern languages, especially the Latin, French and German; ancient and modern history; and English Literature.

Another branch of teaching of first importance in which Prof. Hunt is proficient, ought not to be passed by in silence, namely, the Art of Reading, or Elocution. In teaching this he probably has no superior in the state. He has also been frequently called upon to give public readings, in which he has uniformly won a favorable verdict.

And now, after having wielded the pedagogue's sceptre for about a third of a century, still blessed with good health, with a sufficiency of this world's goods, and possessing one of the most valuable private libraries in New Hampshire, containing nearly 3000 volumes of well selected works, and among them several hundred in the French and German languages, he proposes to realize his long cherished design, to retire and pass the remainder of his days in rural employments and the companionship of his books, whither he and his estimable wife will be accompanied by the good will of their friends, and the thousands in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts who have profited by his instructions, and the wish that blessed with the smiles of a kind Providence long years may yet be granted them in their pleasant retirement.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EXPRESSION.

BY PROF. E. D. SANBORN, LL. D.

[CONCLUDED.]

Guilt will give a new expression to the countenance. Says Ovid:

"*Hæc quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu,*"

"How in the look does conscious guilt appear."

The stealthy tread, the furtive glance, the downcast look, all speak the language of the first transgressor, "I heard thy voice, and I was afraid." They reveal at once the supremacy of conscience and the identity of human nature, throughout the race. "It is peculiar to man," says Tacitus, "to hate one whom he has injured;" hence it is that conscious guilt always seeks concealment.

Fanaticism, also, is accompanied by peculiar external signs. It is the same in the Hindu Fakir, the Mohammedan dervish, and the modern come-outer. An English author of high repute thus describes a young fanatic:

"Look at that grave and abstracted countenance, pallid and somewhat fallen from the salient outline that should bespeak his actual years. What intensity in the glare of that sunken eye! what fixedness of purpose in the lips! and the movements of the youth seem inspired with some intention beyond simple locomotion or mechanical agency; as he walks, one would think that he was hastening onward by the side of an invisible competitor for a prize at the goal. Hear him speak: he is terse and precise; his tones, too, have a certain mystic monotony in place of the natural modulations of a voice so young. But listen to his opinions; how vehement are they; how darkly colored his representations of simple facts; exaggeration swells every sentence, and how far from youthful are his surmises; and his verdicts how inexorable! not

a look, not a word, not an action of his belongs to the level of ordinary sympathies. All is profound as the abyss or lofty as the clouds."

Such characters are not peculiar to any age. They abound in our own day. Their aim is to come out from everything old and go into everything new. Had they lived in the days of the Inquisition, they would have been the fiercest of conservatives, kindling the fires of persecution and torturing heretics. Under different influences, they become destructives. Their creed is embodied in a single stanza of Coleridge:

"Of old things, all are over old,
Of new things, none are new enough;
We'll show them we can help to frame
A world of other stuff."

It is recorded of the celebrated painter Lionardo da Vinci, that, having incurred the displeasure of the Duke of Milan, by destroying a portrait of the monarch which he had just executed, he was required, on penalty of death, to complete a picture for the refectory of the Dominican cloister, in one year. The compliance with this requisition was the condition of his pardon by the Duke. There was one Dominican friar, a constant attendant of the monarch, who hated the painter and rejoiced in his misfortunes. His malice was too deep and bitter for concealment. "Though his words dropped honey, the honey was mingled with gall. His dark, malicious eyes looked slyly out from overhanging brows; his forehead was knit into a thousand wrinkles, and his scornful mouth covered with a bristly red beard; his nose hooked over his frightful mouth like the beak of some obscene bird; in short, his whole appearance inspired disgust and detesta-

tion." He had in him the spirit of a Shylock and his whole exterior would correspond to our ideal of that monster of villainy. The subject chosen by Lionardo was the Last Supper of our Lord with his Disciples. On the last night of the year the head of Judas remained unfinished. The painter's imagination had failed to create a satisfactory ideal of the traitor. The Dominican saw his perplexity and rejoiced at it. With affected good humor, he said, "Come, lend me the brush: to-morrow is the day: I will furnish thee with a head, and perhaps it may save thy own." Fastening upon him a searching glance, with a flashing expression of conscious power and triumph, he exclaimed: "Ha! I thank thee for this last offer; thou hast inspired me." He hastened to the refectory and completed the head of Judas at a sitting. On the next day, when the painting was exhibited, all eyes turned upon the Dominican, then to the picture of Judas. Suddenly they cried, with one voice, "It is he! It is he!" The brother monks of the cloister, who detested the prior, repeated,—“Yes, it is he,—the Judas Iscariot, that betrayed his Master.” “The Dominican hastily withdrew from the crowd, pale with rage, with the emotions of a demon, quelled by the radiant power of an angel's divinity.”

Civilization and refinement, by banishing the fiercer passions from society,

(—“grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere,”)

are great improvers of personal charms. Moral and physical beauty springs from one origin—a pure heart and an enlightened head, if occupied with manual and mental labor. As the savage advances in intelligence his countenance becomes more animated and his features lose their repulsive cast. In the late slave population of our own country, and among the negroes of the West Indies, after a few generations succeeded the native Africans, the countenance and features

lost their original form and expression, and approached the European type. As they became more intelligent, they became more manly. Exercise develops both the mind and body and produces a harmony between them. The old Greeks obtained their symmetrical forms and unrivalled beauty of person by their athletic training in the gymnasia. Their minds were strengthened by early discipline in the national schools and by the daily discussion of all political and legal measures, by the citizens in their public assemblies. Beauty of form is everywhere dependent on culture. The reverse is also true. Ignorance and want will degrade the civilized man to a level with the brute. “In Europe, at this day, there are whole classes of men and women whose organization is changing, whose whole form, features, countenance, and expression are so debased and brutified by want and fear, ignorance and superstition, that the naturalist would almost doubt where, among living races of animals, to class them.” “The descendants of the Irish rebels who were driven into the mountains in 1641 and 1689,” says Dr. Pritchard, “where they have been exposed to the worst effects of hunger and ignorance, the two great brutalizers of the human race, are now remarkably distinguished from their kindred in Meath and other districts, where they are not in a state of physical degradation. They are remarkable for projecting mouths, with prominent teeth and exposed gums; their advancing cheek bones and depressed noses bear barbarism in their very front. In Sligo and the Northern Mayo, the consequences of two centuries of degradation and hardship exhibit themselves in the whole physical condition of the people, affecting not only the features but the frame, and giving such an example of human deterioration, from known causes, as almost compensates, by its value to future ages, for the suffering and debasement which past generations have endured, in perfect-

ing its appalling lesson. Five feet two inches, upon an average, in height, with large abdominal development, bow-legged, abortively featured, these spectres of a people that were once well-grown, able-bodied and comely, stalk abroad into the daylight of civilization, the animal apparitions of (Irish) ugliness and (Irish) want." These misshapen specimens of humanity come of kindred stock with O'Connell, Moore, Goldsmith, Burke, and Wellington; and could they receive that care which Christian charity imparts, and that culture which Christian education gives, their children might, in a few generations, exhibit the true type of the Irish orator. O'Connell is thus described by an English critic: "He had a presence, which from its breadth, height, and command, might be called majestic. He had a head of ample compass and an eye of subtlest meaning, with caution, acuteness, cajolery, and craft mingling in its ray. The subtlety of his eye was that of a Northern despot, and his high stature, dignified carriage, and massive brow all seemed to bear this inscription,—'This man was made to reign.'" The old Irish stock sends forth such scions when its roots are properly nurtured. Other men of like stamina would be found upon the same soil, if the natives were taken from their mud cabins, their innutritious diet, and companionship with brutes, and subjected to a thorough Christian education. The national type of the Irish face is round. The classic models are oval. Shakespeare makes Cleopatra inquire of the Roman legate whether the face of Octavia, her rival, were round or long. The legate replies: "Round even to faultiness." The queen retorts: "For the most part, they are *foolish* that are so." This may have been an English prejudice imbibed by the poet. A traveller, speaking of the inhabitants of the penal colonies in Australia, says: "There are faces constantly occurring which it made one shudder to look at, they seemed so marked with hered-

itary and irreclaimable qualities. The moral taint seemed to be in the blood and the expression, the wearing to the surface of whole generations of criminal education and habits. The hard cheek bones, the gray, retreating, unsteady eyes, low foreheads, and indescribably cold and livid skin,—the ensemble was, in many instances, the most repulsive I ever saw. It spoke not so much of ungoverned passions and deficient sentiment, as of entire moral perversion,—of minds possessed by devils incarnate."

But we have dwelt long enough, perhaps, upon the gloomy shades of the human countenance; let us look at some of its softer tints. The poetry of love has made every feature of the face eloquent of various emotions. Though *love* may be blind, *experience* is not; and, when affection and philosophy harmonize, we may rest with comparative safety upon the verdict which is made up from their united testimony. We now introduce a picture from real life:

"One was a noble being, with a brow
Ample and pure, and on it her black hair
Was parted, like a raven's wing on snow.
Her tone was low and sweet, and in her
smile
You read intense, affection. Her moist
eye
Had a most rare benignity; her mouth
Bland and unshadowed sweetness, and
her face
Was full of that mild dignity that gives
A holiness to woman. She was one
Whose virtues blossom daily, and pour
out
A fragrance upon all who in her path
Have a blest fellowship."

This is no fancy sketch. The graces of youth, that so fascinated the poet, still sit enthroned upon the same noble brow, and render the dignified matron "The cynosure of all eyes." The qualities here eulogized are the same which Milton assigns to his ideal of the mother of all living: "Where Adam is introduced describing Eve, in Paradise, he does not represent her shape or features, but by the lustre of her *mind* which shone

in them, and gave them power of charming."

"Grace was in her steps, heaven in her eye,
In all her gestures, dignity and love."

Without this irradiating power the most perfect symmetry of form, the most faultless regularity of features, and the most delicate tints of complexion are like the beautiful shadings of a picture, uninformed and dead. I will illustrate this remark by a brief quotation from Campbell:

"For with affections warm, intense, refined,

She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,

That, like Heaven's image in a smiling brook,

Celestial peace was pictur'd in her look.

Her's was the brow, in trials unperplexed,

That cheered the sad and tranquilized the vexed:

She studied not the meanest to eclipse;

And yet the wisest listened to her lips;

She sung not, knew not music's magic skill,

But yet her voice had tones that swayed the will."

In the language of science as well as of love, the eye has ever been regarded as the index of the soul; though, it must be admitted, that a *handsome eye*, like charity, often covers a multitude of sins. There is no passion which is not expressed by it. Now it is radiant with joy; now shaded with sorrow. Now it assumes the fierce stare of defiance, now the steady gaze of intense affection. In one person:

"Like the Jewish oracle of gems, it sparkles information;"

In another, it wears the lack-lustre hue of idiocy. Each emotion has its appropriate sign; each passion its intelligible language, in the eye. A single glance will, sometimes, administer more touching reproof, and excite more distressing terror, than the strongest spoken language. When the apostle Peter, in a paroxysm of rage, was denying his Master, with oaths and imprecations, it is recorded that

"the Lord turned and *looked* upon Peter;" and by that look he was humbled and subdued, so that "he went out and wept bitterly."

Josephine said of Bonaparte, that, in times of high excitement, there was something terrible in his eye. Caesar could awe a Roman senate by a look or the tap of his finger. Tacitus says of Domitian, that the expression of his eye was so terrible that paleness overspread every countenance upon which he fixed his scrutiny, and that the stoutest heart would quail before his steady gaze. The eye also has its melting as well as chilling moods. It can warm with love as well as freeze with horror. Amorous poets, from Anacreon to Tom. Moore, have regarded the eye as the very armory of Cupid. "*Oculi sunt in amore duces*," says Propertius. The Teian bard, more than two thousand years ago, addressing the artist whom he had invoked to paint his fair innamorata, says:

"But hast thou any sparkles warm
The lightening of her eyes to form?

Let them effuse the azure ray

With which Minerva's glances play,

And give them all that liquid fire

That Venus's languid eyes inspire."

Even Homer, in the stately march of the lofty Epic, was not indifferent to the form, color, and expression of the eyes, in those celestial beings whom he introduces. He seldom mentions a goddess without an epithet descriptive of her eyes. In Juno, he seems to think only of the majesty of the queen of heaven. He applies to her an epithet descriptive of size. He ascribes to Venus

"Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,

Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

The calm wisdom of Minerva beamed from azure eyes. Poets, I believe, have been fond of associating sweetness of temper with blue eyes. At least, so did Tom Moore:

"The brilliant black eye
 May, in triumph, let fly
 All its darts, without caring who feels
 'em ;

But the soft eye of blue,
 Though it scatters wounds, too,
 Is much better pleas'd when it heals
 'em."

Such a distinction, if it exist, can apply only to Northern nations, where the eye has various hues. Southern nations, generally, have black eyes. The whole German race, according to Tacitus, once were characterized by blue eyes and red hair. The classic and poetic color of the hair, for the highest style of beauty, is *auburn or golden*. Dark tresses are also celebrated by ancient bards. Sir John Mennis, in his rules for the choice of a wife, says :

"The hair of her head, it must not be
 red,

But fair and brown as a berry ;
 Her forehead high, with a crystal eye,
 Her lips as red as a cherry."

But the color of the eyes and hair are intimately associated with temperament. We hear much of the *humor* of men ; of their temper or ruling passion. "All mental propensities or dispositions," says Dr. Good, "may be arranged under five general heads, each of which constitutes a temperament, and is distinguished by a corresponding effect produced on the corporeal organs and the external features and figure. So that the mind and body maintain, for the most part, a mutual harmony, and the powers of the one, in a general view, become a tolerably fair index of the other."

To these temperaments, physiologists assign the following descriptive names : The sanguineous, bilious, melancholic, phlegmatic, and nervous. Each of these is marked by peculiar external characteristics and internal qualities. The sanguineous temperament is characterized by a free and energetic circulation of the blood,—tense pulse, a well-developed and firm muscular system, blonde complexion, blue eyes, and light hair. The moral

and intellectual traits correspond with the vigorous and healthy constitution described. The perception is quick ; the memory tenacious ; and the feelings impulsive. This temperament is also supposed to be marked by great sprightliness and vivacity, a glowing imagination, and a passionate disposition. It is frequently accompanied with great muscular power and strong athletic tendencies. Such men are good for the onset but become impatient of delays. They act rather from ardent feeling than mature judgment. In the bilious temperament, the liver and biliary organs are supposed to be excessively active. "The bodily conformation is represented as rigid and spare rather than full and largely developed." Excess of bile gives to the skin a brown or yellowish tinge. Its texture is harsh and dry. Such persons usually have black or brown hair, firm and rigid muscles, and great impetuosity of temper. "Among its most admitted traits," says Dr. Mayo, "I should enumerate a gloomy but active imagination, a jealous, distrustful and unsatisfied disposition, and an anxiously reflective cast of thought." To this class are referred the world's heroes, who have striven for universal dominion and waded through blood to a throne. The iron frame and the inflexible will are concomitants. "*Cependant sans cette maudite bile, on ne gagne pas des grandes batailles,*" said Bonaparte. I doubt if a hero or orator of great renown can be named who possessed a plump, round, jolly face, a plethoric habit, with blue eyes and flaxen or auburn hair. Men of unquestioned celebrity no doubt may be found with mixed temperaments, but the bilious frequently, perhaps generally, predominates in men of great executive energy and perseverance. It was this trait which obliterated the word "impossible" from the vocabulary of Napoleon. From the days of Nimrod to General Jackson and the Iron Duke, earth's mightiest heroes have possessed tense and rigid muscles, dark, coarse hair, the dingy complexion and strongly

marked features which belong to the genuine bilious temperament. In such persons, however, there has generally been found a union of the sanguineous with the bilious. If that vital energy and impulsive force which the activity of the system of blood vessels produces, be wholly wanting, the bilious temperament is apt to degenerate into the melancholic. "The skin then assumes a deeper tinge, the countenance appears sallow and sad, and the disposition becomes habitually gloomy and suspicious." Such a diathesis of body is rather morbid than healthy. Tiberius Cæsar, that lump of clay kneaded up with blood, as he is portrayed by the matchless pen of Tacitus, seems referable to this class of subjects. He was dark, designing, suspicious, and constantly malevolent. No ray of kindness or cheerfulness ever beamed from his clouded brow. A more ill-natured, unamiable human being never walked the earth. Melancholy is near allied to madness, and the "blues" sometimes prove to be real demons. In the phlegmatic temperament, the proportion of fluids is too great for the solids in the system. It is thus described by an eminent physiologist: "The fleshy parts are soft, the skin fair, the hair flaxen or sandy, the pulse weak and slow; the figure plump but without expression, all the vital actions more or less languid; the memory little tenacious, the attention wavering; accompanied by an insupportable desire of indolence and aversion to both mental and corporeal exertion." Such men are remarkable for their masterly inactivity. Sancho Panza was a true type of this fraternity, who exclaimed: "Blessed be the man who first invented sleep. It covers a man all over like a cloak." Of the same character was the Englishman, who was called by mistake at day-break to take the early train. When the servant dinned his drowsy ears with the message, "*Day is breaking, sir,*" he exclaimed, "let it break, it owes me nothing." Solomon often alludes to such persons under the denomination

of "the sluggard," who cries: "A little more sleep, a little more slumber, and a little more folding of the hands to sleep; who will not plow by reason of the cold, and therefore begs in harvest and has nothing; whose field is all grown over with thorns, and the stone wall thereof is broken down." It seems almost like a contagious disease among the young of our day. Boys just ripening into manhood are peculiarly subject to it. "Neighbor Jones," said a nervous old gentleman, who observed too many rests in the music of the flails in his barn, "is not your son John afraid of work?" "Afraid of work!" replied Mr. Jones; "no indeed, he will lie down and sleep by it all day, without any sign of fear." The nervous temperament is almost precisely the reverse of the phlegmatic. Its external signs are fine, thin hair, delicate health, smallness, of muscles and vivacity of feelings, manifested by the rapid and sudden motion of the limbs. It is almost always accompanied with a morbid condition of the subject, and perhaps is in part the result of chronic disease. It often produces great irritability of body and mind because their harmony is interrupted by continued ill health. "The mind banquets and the body pines." Such men, like Cassius, "have a lean and hungry look. They think too much." It is not improbable that this diathesis of the physical constitution is often induced by severe mental labor or by excessive anxiety about worldly affairs. Some of the greatest minds ever known have been tenants of the most crazy, shattered and frail mortal tenements that were ever animated with the breath of life.*

* NOTE.—It is a curious fact, that a large majority of distinguished men, whether in the field, the cabinet, the forum, or in the illimitable arena of arts and sciences, have been undersized; few there have been of lofty stature. Who can account for this, but on the hypothesis that they were perfect copies, even to the physique of the mother nature. A Teuton was asked how he came to have so feminine

Such were Pope and Cowper among the poets ; Richard Baxter, Dr. Channing, and our own Professor Stuart, among divines ; Aristotle, Kant, and Lord Jeffrey, among metaphysicians. When Jeffrey was appointed judge, S. Smith said : " His robes will cost him little. One buck rabbit will clothe him to the heels." A distinguished traveller, speaking of Kant, says : " Leaner, nay, drier, than his small body, none probably ever existed, and no sage ever passed his life in a more tranquil and absorbed manner. A high, serene forehead, a fine nose, a clear, bright eye, distinguished his face advantageously." Tradition has given a similar organization to the apostle Paul. But from his abundant labors, perils, and sufferings, we should infer that he must have possessed a more vigorous constitution. " Dr. Channing possessed a diminutive figure, with a pale, attenuated face, eyes of spiritual brightness, an expansive and calm brow, and movements of nervous alacrity."

This temperament, with a mixture of the bilious, shows itself in the cynic, the satirist, and the railer. Dean Swift and Voltaire were eminent instances of the most caustic and malignant tempers. In the countenance of Voltaire, it is said, there was a mixture of the eagle and the monkey, and in his character he united the boldness of the one with the malice of the other. The muddy counte-

nance of Swift seldom relaxed. Beneath the face of a Sphinx he wore the spirit of a Mephistopheles. Dr. Young wrote the following pithy epigram on Voltaire :

"Thou art so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, death,
and sin."

Sterne was of a similar habit of mind and body. He was tall, thin, and pale. His countenance was eminently indicative of mirth and wit, with a very manifest and painful expression of mischief mingled with his fun. He was undoubtedly an unprincipled humorist. Now it is evident that the soul and body are so intimately associated that the condition of one materially affects the other. The health and growth of both are modified by the same causes. Sometimes a noble physical organization stimulates the mind to greater activity. Hazlett, the critic, supposed that the celebrated preacher, Edward Irving, was first inspired to enact the orator by his consciousness of superior muscular power, and by the admiration which his handsome and majestic person called forth in strangers. Such feelings have often excited a love of military parades and called forth the highest bravery upon the battle-field. That great warrior, the Duke of Marlborough, possessed unrivalled beauty of person and majesty of form. He is represented, in his old age, as standing before a full-length portrait of himself, and exclaiming, with conscious pride : "*That was a man.*"

a face ? "Because mine moder was a woman," responded honest Hans. If we examine the early histories of eminent men, we find that they nearly all received their early training from woman ; we shall find that the subtle essence that thrilled into life their dormant powers, emanated from the soul of woman—mother or instructor. St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, Louis IX of France, and the Wesleys, are brilliant specimens of the mother's training. In the eyes of woman depreciators, it must appear an odd freak to constitute women the brain-moulders of monarchs and statesmen ; such, nevertheless was frequently the case.—*The Knickerbocker.*

We all instinctively estimate character by external signs. Every feature of the body, and every motion of its limbs, has its appropriate language. If I were to describe to you only the color and texture of the hair of two persons of different temperaments, you would at once form some notion of their respective traits of character. Suppose I were to represent the one as having dark, grizzly hair, course and wiry in its texture ;

the other as having light and thin hair, soft and silky to the touch, would you for one moment suppose that the two persons would think and act alike? Or if I were to describe to you the leaden, downcast eye, the gross, inexpressive face and stupid look of the phlegmatic temperament, in contrast with the penetrating, fiery eye, the rigid, contracted muscles and determined look of the choleric man, could you possibly confound the moral and intellectual traits of the two persons portrayed? If the historian should represent the traitor, Catiline, with a fair complexion, a placid countenance, azure eyes and golden locks, you would at once cry out, "How strange!" I always imagined that he had a dark and scowling face, overshadowed with beetling brows and raven locks. Salust remarks that the face of the traitor, when dead, still retained the ferocity which characterized his mind while living. If a painter were to represent Lady Macbeth as a little, plump, red-faced, bustling body, with blue eyes and light complexion, all the world would chide him for his folly; and why? Simply because such features and looks are never associated with the bloody drama which Lady Macbeth caused to be enacted. Such a woman might be as wicked, but her wickedness would hardly be displayed in the same way. The whole soul of Lady Macbeth is revealed in her address to her husband:

"Your face, my thane, is as a book,
where men
May read strange matters:—To beguile
the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in
your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like innocent flower
But be the serpent under it."

We see, therefore, that looks are often counterfeited; hence, they are not a true test of inward purposes and dispositions. There are remarkable exceptions, too, to the natural language of the face and features. An ugly face is no sure evidence of villainy,

unless the habitual indulgence of evil passions has given a corresponding sinister expression to the countenance, thereby manifesting, by the fixed posture of the muscles, the favorite inclinations of the mind. The sage Valesius, in his "Sacred Philosophy," proposed to introduce the science of physiognomy into courts of law. "When two persons, accused of crime," he says, "are brought before a judge, let him unhesitatingly select the most ill-favored of them and put him to the torture." This is the language of an enthusiast. It is like what we frequently hear from phrenologists, who profess to determine accurately a person's character from the head. A man will often pay an itinerant lecturer a dollar for a graduated chart of his intellectual and moral powers, and retire very much elated with the discovery of virtues and capacities before hidden even to his inmost consciousness; when his wife or child or nearest neighbor, could (if consulted) have given a far more accurate map of the same "unknown interior." Such sciences, if they may be dignified with that high-sounding title, are to be treated like Egyptian hieroglyphics—dark, obscure, and enigmatical; and yet highly significant and instructive, if rightly interpreted. The laws of expression are not like those of gravitation, immutable; they are modified by climate and habit, by health and disease, and by all those nameless social influences which make men to differ from each other. To know the language of expression we must first learn its alphabet by minute and careful study; and we shall become convinced that every style of face and form may, like the Chinese signs (or letters), have a different meaning according as it is differently accented, intoned or *expressed*. An active mind sometimes becomes unaccountably associated with a sluggish body. David Hume looked more like a turtle-eating alderman than a philosopher. His face was broad and flat; his mouth wide and inexpressive;

his eyes vacant and spiritless ; and his person clumsy and corpulent. Dr. Johnson was so awkward and ungainly in his manners, so ugly and repulsive in his looks, that he was sometimes mistaken for an idiot or madman. His immense bony structure and slovenly dress made him a fit prototype of Dominie Sampson. They were both school-masters and both excellent men. Johnson, however, was less courteous than the Dominie. The Doctor and a clergyman by the name of Shebbeare were both pensioned at one time. The report became current at once that the king had pensioned two bears—a he-bear and a she-bear. Wilkes, who was excessively ill-favored, used to say that, in the estimation of society, a handsome man had only half an hour's start of him, as, within that time, he would recover, by his conversation, what he had lost by his looks. On the other hand, a majestic form and courtly manners are sometimes strangely divorced from mind and heart. In a field of grain, the empty heads are usually the most erect and showy, while those that are heavy laden with precious fruit, seem, like true science, to withdraw their rich treasures from the public gaze. It is very easy to be deceived by appearances. There is a wide difference between an egg and an egg-shell, though at a distance they look very much alike.

—“Ne crede colon.”

If the language of expression were always intelligible, men might dispense with their grammars from Priscian to Lily and Murray, and talk with the features instead of the tongue, when they travel in foreign lands ; and it is very evident that this dumb eloquence might be carried to a high degree of perfection, from the proficiency made by deaf mutes, in the language of signs. “I have always had a firm belief,” says Horace Smith, “that the celestials have no other medium of conversation ; but, that, carrying on a colloquy of glances, they avoid all

wear and tear of lungs and all the vulgarity of human vociferation. Nay, we frequently do this ourselves. By a silent interchange of looks, when listening to a third party, how completely may two people keep up a by-play of conversation and express their mutual incredulity, anger, disgust, contempt, amazement, grief, or languor. Speech is a laggard and a sloth, but the eyes shoot out an electric fluid that condenses all the elements of sentiment and passion in one single emanation.” This silent interchange of thoughts and feelings, by those who are listening to a public speaker, accounts for the fact that the same sentiments, uttered in the same language, will affect a large audience more powerfully than they would any one or two individuals of the same assembly listening to the same speaker in private.

It was said of the Athenians that they resembled sheep, of which a flock is more easily driven than a single one. The comparison would be still more striking with *swine* than *sheep*, as is admirably illustrated by Leigh Hunt, in his essay entitled, “The Graces and Anxieties of Pig-Driving.” The owner had succeeded in working his ward, through the streets of London, almost to the shambles. “The animal was irritable, retrospective, picking objections, and prone to boggle, with a tendency to take every path but the proper one. He evidently possessed a peculiar turn of mind.” When the driver's delicate and trying task was almost ended, the animal, as if suddenly struck with a presentiment of his fate, or as if he had forgotten some one lane which he had wished to enter, incontinently bolted—he was off. “Oh !” exclaimed the driver, smiting his head with his hand, in an agony of desperation ; “now he'll go up all manner of streets.” A skillful swine-herd once remarked, that in order to form a taste for his business, “A man must chain his mind right down to it.” This was sage counsel. It applies to the leading, training, and driving of bipids as well

quadrupeds. We hear of pig-headed and mutton-headed men. They are hard to drive or coax *alone*; but in herds they become tractable. It is not certain, however, that these terms are derived from the expression or external form of the face; though such a supposition is not improbable. The terms are as old as written language. The greatest of the Homeric heroes did not hesitate to call each other "*dog-faced*," when one would charge an antagonist with immodesty; and, ever since the Trojan war, men have delighted to describe certain forms of expression in "the human face divine" by epithets derived from the animal kingdom. Our language has a well-stored armory of such missiles. Such are the words wolfish, foxy, swinish, pig-headed, bull-headed, dogged, sheepish, owlsh, eagle-eyed, hawk-nosed, &c.

From this somewhat desultory enumeration or particulars, I have endeavored to show that the body takes its conformation from the soul; that the external very significantly represents the internal man; that there is a harmony between the physical and spiritual in our constitution. Can these signs be reduced to a science? Is it possible to determine from the features and expression of the face, from the size and form of the brain, the true character of the man? The multiplied failures of such attempts show that no *certainty* can be reached by such philosophers. Much useful knowledge may be acquired, undoubtedly, by a careful comparison of different faces and heads, and many general conclusions may be deduced, but there is such an infinite diversity of form in the human head and face, that it is idle to talk of estimating character and intellect *with accuracy*, by a brief inspection of the skull and countenance. Consider for a moment how strangely the expression of the face is altered by a very slight derangement of a single feature which may be induced by accident or disease. Let one eye be elevated or depressed a trifle at its external or in-

ternal angle, or the corners of the mouth be turned up or down but a grain, or let the chin project or retreat a little, or the nose be slightly shortened or lengthened or turned up, and what a sinister or quizzical expression is imparted to the whole countenance! Indeed, painters tell us that the only difference between laughing and weeping consists in the depression or elevation of the muscles about the corners of the mouth and eyes.

It was a favorite notion of Plato that physical beauty always accompanies and indicates moral and intellectual beauty; but the pug nose and ugly face of his own teacher, Socrates, were sufficient to refute such a theory; even if the handsome person of his fellow-student, the reckless, profligate, and unprincipled Alcibiades, had not hung in the other scale, a living refutation of it. The laws of expression cannot, therefore, be inferred by induction, like the laws of gravitation, so as to serve as an unerring guide to the student of nature. Even if such certainty in judging of character were possible, passion, habit, and prejudice would prevent its application to real life. Besides, the experience necessary to an accurate estimate of men from external signs, comes too late in our history to be available. Phrenologists, in vain, direct young persons to select their partners for life by their cranial developments or temperaments. To the young, *beauty* and *goodness* are generally synonymous. The philosophy which distinguishes them is the fruit sometimes of bitter experience. In judging of female accomplishments, most men, I think, would agree with the witty Sidney Smith. He says: "I am no great physiognomist, nor have I much confidence in a science which pretends to discover the inside from the out; but where I have seen fine eyes, a beautiful complexion, grace and symmetry in women, I have generally thought them amazingly well-informed and extremely philosophical. In contrary instances, seldom or never."

A WORKING MAN—A BRIEF SKETCH OF JOHN FARMER.

BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

What constitutes the genuine *Working Man*? is yet to many an unsolved problem. Perhaps none have more positively settled it in their own minds, than the vast multitude of those whose only labor is with their hands. And they doubtless are a large majority of the working community—may bear about the same numerical proportion to the whole, as the brain bears to the *avoirduois* of the whole body of a man. But small as the brain of a man may be, the muscles and bones cannot say to it, we have no need of thee. It takes very little brain to show any man that without that little, his bones and muscles would be of little use. And did all bone and sinew workers, in whatever department, know and consider what time and strength, what health and life, have often been consumed in inventing or perfecting the tools or instruments with which they work, they would be glad and proud to elect all such as honorary members of their Guild, or League, or Protective Union, though, with hands, they made nothing.

I have just been reading an Essay, by an excellent friend of mine, now no more, but friend of everybody while he lived, on "*Labor Parties and Labor Reform*." After a true statement of the aims and purposes, the principles and platforms of some of these organizations, both in Europe and America, he questions and criticises them after this sort:

"Will they consent to narrow their *Laboring Class* so that the term shall not include the Professions whose toil ministers, however imperfectly, to constant demands of soul, body, and estate; so that educators of the young, and counsellors and consolers of the old, shall be set off as drones in the industrial hive? Are we to throw out of the list of "*Working Men*" the philosopher who explores moral and spiritual prob-

lems, and states the laws of intelligence, the economies which cannot be foregone nor overlooked? Or the poet who cheers the day with insight that brings health and sweetness to all thought and work?" * * * Does labor exclude the scholar's function, to present man under different phases of religion and culture, and enforce universality by tracing the movement of ideas and laws through the ages of his development? Are we to reckon out the cares of maternity, the mutual offices of domestic life, the friend, the lover, even the "fanatic" whose lonely dream prospects the track and points the way for coming generations? Are we to count as outside of labor-contribution all work that reforms the vicious, relieves the helpless, or sets the poor in the way to help themselves?

Thus distinctly stated, the Essayist says, the questions may seem to answer themselves. But knowing how easy it is for parties, or men embarrassed, to break away from principles that perhaps few, individually, would attempt to deny, he asks this also: "If labor is definable as that kind of service for which wages are paid, in distinction from that kind of service which consists in providing the fund out of which they are paid? from that kind of service which plans and directs the operation and bears the risk and responsibility? Or, in other words: is labor, as labor, so clearly distinguishable from capital in this sense, that the toils of mind as well as body involved in the application of the latter do not deserve to enter into our estimate of the 'rights of labor?'" And then he adds, and who will not say justly adds: "We must be very far from the track of science and freedom, if our definitions threaten to fall into such arbitrariness as this."

Two facts as respects Mr. Farmer, are beyond all question; he exhausted all his vital energies and working powers, and died before he was fifty

years old; and secondly, that no labor of his, of whatever kind it was, could ever be pronounced harmful on the one hand, nor unprofitable and unnecessary on the other.

Who can estimate the amount of work done with hands that is absolutely injurious as well as unnecessary to human well-being? If the time and muscular labor employed in producing, transporting, and vending intoxicating drinks and tobacco, including all the furniture and other appointments absolutely necessary to the business; and if every working man, woman, and child abstained wholly from the use of those articles as conscientiously as did Mr. Farmer, that one change alone would so revolutionize our whole industrial system as that six hours' labor a day would give every class a better living, in this country even, than it ever yet has had, or can expect to have while the present order and arrangement shall last.

That John Farmer was born in the year 1789, on the twelfth of June, and died August thirteenth, 1838, proves the first fact already stated concerning him. And the nature and amount of work he accomplished in those brief working years, will substantiate the other. Indeed, a mention of only a part of it, and that wholly of the brain and pen, will more than suffice.

For the following catalogue of Mr. Farmer's works I am indebted to the Memorial, just published of him by Rev. John LeBosquet, who was once his pupil, and remembers him in his works and ways with enthusiastic delight, now, after his body has slept in the grave almost half a century:

"Historical Sketch of Billerica, Mass.; Historical Sketch of Amherst, N. H.; A Topographical and Historical Description of the County of Hillsborough, N. H.; An Ecclesiastical Register of New Hampshire, containing a Succinct Account of the Different Religious Denominations—their Origin, Progress, and Numbers in 1821,

with a Catalogue of the Ministers of the Several Churches, from 1638 to 1821; The New Military Guide, a Compilation of Rules and Regulations for the Use of the Militia; A Gazetteer of New Hampshire, in conjunction with Hon. Jacob B. Moore; Memoir of the Penacook Indians; Catechism of the History of New Hampshire, for Schools and Families; The Concord Directory for 1830 [first ever published]; Pastors, Deacons, and Members of the first Congregational Church in Concord, N. H., from November, 1730, to November, 1830; An Edition of Mason on Self-Knowledge, with Questions; An Edition of the Constitution of New Hampshire, with Questions, for Academies and Schools; A New Edition of Belknap's History of New-Hampshire, with various corrections and illustrations of the first and second volumes of Belknap, with additional facts and notices of persons and events; Seventeen volumes of the New Hampshire Annual Register and United States Calendar; Three volumes of Collections, Historical and Miscellaneous, in connection with J. B. Moore; Papers in the second and third series of the Massachusetts Historical Collections; Papers in five volumes of Collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society; and the following papers in the American Quarterly Register: Sketches of the first Graduates of Dartmouth College, from 1771 to 1783; List of the Congregational and Presbyterian Ministers of New Hampshire, from its first settlement to 1814; List of the Graduates of all the Colleges of New England, containing about nineteen thousand names; List of eight hundred and forty deceased Ministers, who graduated at Harvard College, from 1642 to 1826, together with their ages, dates of graduation, and decease; Memoirs of Ministers who graduated at Harvard College to 1657; Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England, a work of immense labor, and intended to be carried out

on a scale of the grandest dimensions."

Besides all this, Mr. LeBosquet adds: "He left a large mass of material for a second volume of the History of New Hampshire; Sketches more or less complete of deceased Lawyers, Physicians, Councillors, and Senators of New Hampshire; extended tables of longevity and mortality; ten bound volumes, duodecimo, of Memoirs of more than two thousand graduates of Harvard College; and two bound volumes of Memoirs of Graduates of Dartmouth College; besides corrections and additions to almost all his published works."

And even these are by no means all. It should be remembered, too, that when Mr. Farmer wrote and published his works, the labor of such writing and compilation was vastly different from what it is to-day. We travel now by graded roads, turnpikes, and railways, where the first settlers cut their paths through almost impenetrable forests with axes and hatchets; fording rivers, turning widely aside from lakes and impassable marshes, often more than doubling distances, with no companionship but savage beasts, savage men, and other denizens of the wild and unknown woods. So Mr. Farmer wrote History. And to gather and prepare his materials out of scanty or chaotic masses, often dateless, almost always without indexes of any value, statistics confused and contradictory, the whole requiring study and thought like learning a new or a dead language; with correspondence sometimes to, if not through, both the hemispheres, cheap postage as yet, and to some parts any established postage, unknown—such were some of the labors of his wondrous, but too short, life. Where he did not make he mended, and so superseded old methods as to almost deserve to be called the creator of Biography, Genealogy, and History. His Notes and Illustrations of Belknap's History of New Hampshire, says the excellent Dr. Bouton, are

scarcely less valuable than the text itself. And certainly his Genealogical Register of the First Settlers of New England is a monument of marvellous research and patient labor. His contributions to the collections of the Massachusetts and New Hampshire Historical Societies were very valuable as well as numerous. Of the latter society, he was one of the founders; and member of the Publishing Committee, and Corresponding Secretary from the year 1825 to the day of his death. He was also an honorary member of various literary and other important societies in the old world, as well as a correspondent of the most eminent living historians, scholars, and antiquaries of the age.

If there be associations or organizations of "Working-Men," so called, who would exclude the like of John Farmer from membership, surely it is to be hoped their number is small and their membership not greater. For such do not yet know who are their truest and most valuable friends.

But writing was not all the work of Mr. Farmer. From sixteen to twenty-one, he was clerk in a country store. For some years he was an active partner in an extensive drug store. As a teacher of youth he excelled. For ten or eleven years it was his chief occupation. If it be true that "the poor we have always with us," so, no less, the ignorant are ever an omnipresence. And of Mr. Farmer it might be said, he taught without ceasing. And he gave lessons as well by example as precept. He was a model of Temperance in all things. Intoxicating drinks were his aversion. Tobacco was his abomination. Not for such as he did Temperance Societies have to supplement the Church away down in the nineteenth Christian century.

Anti-Slavery, too, found in him an early, able, faithful, and fearless advocate and champion. "He was member and Corresponding Secretary of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, and a man greatly beloved by

his fellow members." In a letter written soon after the 1834 anniversary of the New Hampshire Congregational Association of Ministers and Churches, he wrote :

The meetings at Meredith are reported as highly interesting. I hope the remarks of Dr. Matheson on the subject of Slavery will not be lost on the numerous clergymen who were present. It is a subject which must more engage the attention of the messengers of glad tidings than it has ever yet done. Ministers must not be afraid to speak and to preach on the subject. Slavery is one of the greatest national sins, and cannot much longer remain unpunished. Even Jefferson, a slaveholder, said he trembled for his country, when he reflected that God was just. I have sometimes queried if our Saviour were again to appear on earth, and should make our country the scene of his mission, what portion he would first visit; and who the first people to whom he would proclaim peace and good will toward men. Would he not first visit the captive? Would he not command that every yoke should be broken? that the poor, ignorant slave should be set free and enlightened? Would he not reprove some of his heralds for their apathy—nay, for their wickedness, in saying, "Touch not the subject of Slavery—they have slaves at the South: let the South take care of their slaves." Now this has been actually said by professed christians and ministers of the gospel. Let this course be adopted, and how long would it be before the sin of Slavery should cease?

Sure enough, dear, glorious Mr. Farmer! how long? To terrible extent "that course was adopted," and Slavery did not "*cease*" for more than a quarter of a century. And then went down in cataclysms of blood and fire, by the voice of that God before whom Jefferson "trembled, remembering that His righteous judgments could not forever sleep."

No wonder Mr. Farmer never joined the American Church, though openly acknowledging his full belief in all the fundamental doctrines of the most evangelical denominations. In one of his letters to a friend he wrote: "Such is my indwelling depravity,

that strange as it may appear, my days pass along with a constant accumulation of sin and guilt which can only be pardoned through the merits of an Almighty Saviour." After his death, his business partner, Dr. and Deacon Samuel Morrill, after years of intimate business as well as personal acquaintance, testified: "He was a good man, and he trusted in the merits of the atonement of Christ."

When he died, all classes of persons, without distinction of political party or religious sect, made haste to bring their tokens and tributes of respect and regard for his great moral and religious worth, as well as his exalted merits as a scholar, an antiquarian and historian. Though an abolitionist, and friend and admirer of Garrison, Nathaniel Peabody Rogers, Whittier, and Wendell Phillips, Democratic as well as Whig party editors and leaders were loud in his praise as a philanthropist, a man, and a citizen. Though member of no sect in religion, all sects seemed delighted to do honor to his memory and sublime christian worth. Though worshipper of the Family relation in all its purity and sacredness, he never married, for reasons to him all-sufficient, though perhaps hardly yet appreciable by the common world of man.

Just about one year before Mr. Farmer died, Mr. Rogers, of the *Herald of Freedom*, was lying very dangerously ill. In a letter written 3d of July, 1837, Mr. Farmer wrote: "I lament to inform you that the talented editor of the *Herald* (Mr. Rogers), is now languishing on a bed of sickness, and it is not at all probable that he will be at present, if ever, able to resume his useful labors. He is one of a thousand, if not ten thousand. I know not any one who can fill his place."

Mr. Rogers was at that time a member of the Plymouth Congregational Church. Mr. Farmer could respect and even admire him as such, because he was endeavoring to wash his hands and cleanse his garments clean from

the blood and guilt of slavery, as the great body of the church and clergy were not. Subsequently Mr. Rogers left the church for its persistence in fellowshiping slavery and slave-holders—clergymen as well as other men. As has been already told, Mr. Farmer never joined the church. Some of us can see plainly enough his good reasons why.

And when he died, Mr. Rogers had recovered from his fearful illness and wrote thus of him in the *Herald* of September 1, 1838:

DR. FARMER DEAD! We were amazed as well as deeply afflicted at the death of this distinguished and most excellent man. His departure surprised us, invalid as he long has been, and feeble as was his hold on life. So insensible are we to the frailty and uncertainty of mortal existence! We have lost a highly valued personal friend, as well as our cause a faithful, devoted and invaluable advocate. We could weep for ourselves as well as for the poor slave who does not know his loss. But it is not a time to weep. Survivors on the field do not pause in thick of the fight to lament comrades or chieftains falling around them.

The departed FARMER lived and died a devoted abolitionist. We proclaim this amid the notes of his requiem and the tolling of his knell, in the ears of the scorner of the supplicating slave and of bleeding liberty. Admirers of his distinguished worth, his admirable industry, his capacity, his usefulness, his blameless life, who felt awed at his virtues, while he lived almost invisible among men, mingling with the busy throng of life scarcely more than now his study-worn frame reposes in the grave—know all and be reminded all, that FARMER was in zeal, in devotion, in principles and in measures not a whit behind the very chiefest abolitionist. No heart beat more ardently than his in the great cause of human rights; or more keenly felt the insults, the inhumanity and the ruffian persecutions heaped upon its friends. How deep was his mortification at the brutal and ignoble treatment of the generous and gifted George Thompson! And with what agonizing solicitude did his heart throb, as the life of that innocent, most interesting and wonderful stranger was hunted in our streets! How

freely would he have yielded up his own sickness-wasted form to save his friend! Scorners of the slave, sneerers at the negro's plea, ruthless invaders (whoever you are) of the hearth of hospitality and the sanctities of HOME, we point you to the fresh grave of FARMER. To the grave of JOSEPH HORACE KIMBALL, too, his beloved brother—that young, martyred heart, who still pleaded among you, unheeded but faithfully, the cause of the suffering and the dumb, when his voice was hollow with consumption—whose mild eye still beamed with remembrance of those in bonds, when lustrous with the hectic touch of death!

And the following was by his friend and fellow worker in Anti-Slavery, Temperance and all good enterprises, George Kent, Esq., then of Concord:

The silver cord of life is loosed, and dust returns to dust;
Heaven has reclaimed of selfish earth a high and holy trust;
A brother and a friend has gone to join the glad employ
Of ransomed souls secure in bliss, refined from earth's alloy.

The memory of the just is blest—so shall thy memory be
Green in our hearts, thou friend belov'd, till earthly shadows flee;
When merged in substance things of time eternal shall become,
Our hope shall be to meet again in Heaven, our happy home.

But while sojourning here below, we cannot cease to weep,
It is the privilege of woe, its vigils thus to keep;
To grieve that one of gifts so rare is summoned from our sight,
But mourn in hope, and trust with him who doeth all things right.

Fair Science mourns a votary gone, of power and will to aid
Her struggling sons in quest of light in Academic shade;
And History's muse, her harp unstrung, pours forth the sad bewail.
Of ancient lore that none remain so well to tell her tale.

A sorrow like no other grief, is felt that one so good,
Of zeal so strong and heart so warm for human brotherhood,

So firm in faith that RIGHT must *soon*
o'er ancient wrong prevail,
Should from his Master's work on earth
depart while foes assail.

Would that the summons might have
come when slavery has ceased—
The good Samaritan displaced the Levite
and the Priest—
When broken has been every yoke, and
sundered every chain

That binds to earth immortal souls made
with their God to reign.

Thy generous spirit then had joyed at
sight of earthly bliss;
In full fruition had been found thy
bosom's happiness;
But not our will, Parent Supreme! thine,
thine alone be done:
We bow in silence and adore: O Thou
Eternal One! G. K.

*EARTHQUAKES FROM 1638 TO 1883, IN THE NEW ENGLAND
STATES AND IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS NORTH OF
THE UNITED STATES AND EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUN-
TAINS.*

BY JOSIAH EMERY.

[CONTINUED.]

February 3, 1729-30, about eight in the evening, a small shock; about midnight, loud and long and gave our houses a great shock.

February 26th, about 1.45 A. M., the noise was repeated twice in one minute; the first was loud and long and shook our houses equal to any but the first shock; the second noise was low and seemingly at a distance.

April 12th, 1730, about eight in the evening, a very loud and long noise, and a great shock.

July 28th, about 9 A. M., a sudden and loud roaring and shock.

August 15, about eight A. M., a shock of the earthquake twice repeated in a moment of time.

November 6th, it was loud and long and gave my house a jar.

November 14, about nine A. M., a small noise and rumbling; no shock.

November 25, about 8.20 P. M., a loud and long roaring, and gave my house a considerable shock.

December 6th, about 10.45 P. M., it was loud and roared long, and made our houses jar.

December 11th, about 6.45 P. M., there was a small burst, but shook my house.

December 12th, about 10.30 P. M., the earthquake did very much shake our houses, without any noise or roaring, more than ever before, the first time excepted. It was felt at Boston, forty miles, at Piscataqua, twenty-two miles, almost equal to what it was with us.

December 19th, about half past ten P. M., a very heavy shock. It was perceived at Boston and Portsmouth about equal to ours here.

January 7th, 1730, about seven at night, it was loud and long; shook our houses.

January 11, about midnight, loud and long; shook our houses.

March 7, about five in the evening, we heard the noise but no shock.

May 28, 1731, about nine in the morning, I heard the noise of the earthquake very distinctly, but could not perceive that it shook.

July 5th, about sunrise, it was loud and long; shook our houses.

August 21, nine o'clock in the evening, the noise was small and short.

October 1, about eleven at night, loud and long; shook our houses.

February 7, 1731, about seven at night, a great shock; shook our houses.

(To be continued.)

AUGUSTINE R. AYERS.

Now that spring has come after a long and hard winter, the careful house-keeper must prepare to cleanse and beautify the house. New wall-paper, ornamental and attractive to the eye, new curtains for the windows, new carpets for the floor, new china, crockery and glass ware for the table, are in great demand; and we can assure our readers that nowhere in the state can all these goods be found in greater variety or at more reasonable prices than at the store of Augustine R. Ayers, 91 North Main Street, Concord, New Hampshire.

It has been the motto of his successful business career to keep up with the times and allow no one to undersell him. In his store you can have the advantage of his excellent judgment and fine taste, and have as great a variety to choose from as in the establishments of Boston, New York, or Philadelphia.

One line of trade he has made special preparations to meet this season, and that is the furnishing of the great hotels and summer resorts among the mountains and about the lakes of New Hampshire. His experience would be of the greatest advantage to any purchaser.

The basement of his store is used

for crockery, samples of which are displayed on the main floor, in all lines of staple and hotel ware, both in white and decorated goods. The display in the large front windows of the store is attractive and pleasing. The front of the store is devoted to silver plated ware, table cutlery, china, glass and crockery. In the rear are wall-papers, curtains, and oilcloths, where will be found all the latest styles and novelties in wall paper, and oilcloths from 1 yard to 5 yards wide. The floor above is devoted to the display of carpets, where will be found the largest stock north of Boston of body Brussels, velvet tapestries, tapestry Brussels, Lowell extra-super ingrain, medium ingrain, hems, straw mattings and druggets.

He has in stock new imported Japanese ware, majolica, French china and glass, plated ware, lamps, burners, lanterns, teapots, bisc, opaque felt shading, Holland and oil opaque shades, toilet sets, crockery ware, hanging lamps, vases, urns, cuspidores, straw matting, hems, oilcloths in many widths, linoleum, door-mats, hassocks, rugs, feather dusters, flower-pots, crockery and china, dinner, breakfast and tea sets, velvet and flock papers, embossed paper, and borders.

THE JAFFREY MANSION.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

Down in Cheshire county, under the shadow of the mighty Monadnock, and watered by the Contoocook, whose main source rises about one hundred rods from the mountain's crest, lies the small, uneven town cycled "Middle Monadnock," or "Number Two," in the old province reports. In the long ago year 1773 the inhabitants of this borough petitioned Governor John Wentworth and his honorable Council for an act of incorporation and a new name. His urbane excellency was pleased to listen to the petition, and granted the petitioners a charter, naming the new township in honor of one of his councillors—Jaffrey.

He must have been a great and prominent man, bearing a lofty and significant name, to have thus been honored by a Wentworth, for the name of no plebeian had ever been given as an appellation to any township. Great nobles, crown officers, patrician relatives, had thus been honored, none other. Indeed, this man could sit with right noble company and not be ashamed. He was the third generation of a family that was conspicuous in our colonial history. He inherited vast wealth, a great name, and the prestige that rank and influence always lends its possessors. The proudest of colonial patricians, with the real "blue blood" of the aristocrat, George Jaffrey was as conspicuous in New Hampshire history as any man of his day and generation.

The third George Jaffrey, him of whom we are now talking, was the son of George Jaffrey, Esq., by his first wife, Sarah, daughter of David and Elizabeth (Usher) Jaffries, of Boston. He was born in 1716, at Newcastle. He graduated at Harvard in 1736, and at once entered upon his career as a gentleman and ambitious citizen. He had inherited

a grand name and was heir to a large property. His father had gradually held all the honors in the province, from a justice to a seat in the royal council. The son was no less successful. He was justice and representative; in 1744 he was appointed clerk of the supreme court, which office he retained until he was admitted as one of his majesty's council in 1766. He was also treasurer of the province from 1750 until the Revolution. In 1746, Mr. Jaffrey became one of the purchasers of Mason's patent, thus becoming one of the most extensive landholders in the colony. When his father died, in 1749, the son became one of the few rich men of New-Hampshire. His stately residence, his numerous household, his slaves, his ancestral silver plate, his coach, his whole style of living, bespoke the wealthy aristocrat.

Hon. George Jaffrey never married. It was not owing to any disappointment in youth, or to any pronounced antipathy to the gentler sex. He simply had no inclination to take upon himself the responsibilities of wedded life. His father's second wife, that Sarah Wentworth who had queened it as mistress of the Macphader's mansion, remained the undisputed director of her second home. His stepmother was his housekeeper till her death, in 1778. Subsequently a favorite niece did the honors of his house, and presided with grace and dignity at his table, where more than once the élite of the province assembled.

When the Revolution broke out Col. Jaffrey was in the full possession of all his faculties, both of mind and body. He was about five feet and eight inches in height, and somewhat corpulent, weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. His features were regular, with gray eyes, a florid complexion, and dark hair. His manners were very dignified, as became one of

his majesty's councillors. He was a man of naturally genial and social temperament, yet he would sometimes under perplexities and annoyances become irascible. His anger, however, was usually brief. "He was opposed to oral prayer," says Mr. Brewster, in his "Rambles," "deeming those who thus pray hypocrites. But in church, on one Sunday, his voice was heard in response above all others. He had been much annoyed by encroachments on the boundaries of some of his extensive estates in the interior, and went to church with a vexed mind from that cause. In the course of the service, when 'Cursed be he who removeth his neighbor's landmark,' was read, 'Amen,' responded Jaffrey, with a loud voice and hearty good will. At one time the Rev. Arthur Brown chanced to come abruptly upon him when he was uttering a volley of oaths. 'I am surprised sir,' said the worthy doctor, 'that you should, so soon after denouncing praying men as hypocrites, be found offering to God a petition.'"

Councillor Jaffrey was strongly opposed to the change in the government. He not only refused to sign the association test, but he was pronounced in his torism. In this he had the company of a great many good men. Perhaps the time has not come even yet when the part taken by the loyalists or tories, in our war for independence, can be fairly estimated. Strange as it may seem at first sight, it is actually easier to obtain an attentive and sympathetic hearing for an exposition of the aims and motives which actuated the seceding States during our civil war. But the truth is that secession is recognized as only an extravagant application of the doctrine of State rights, which is still ardently upheld by a large and influential part of the Northern people, while even those who take an extreme Federalist view of the powers vested in our national government feel constrained to conciliate the inhabitants of the Southern States. Accordingly,

although secession may be a lost cause, its champions are treated with a consideration almost unparalleled in the history of civil contests.

But the tories have no friends. They are not only discredited, but extinct. For a century the tide of public opinion has set so strongly against them that even their descendants are at pains to disguise what they have learned to think a blunder or a crime on the part of their ancestors, and historians have abandoned the well-nigh hopeless effort to modify the popular judgment. Few commendable endeavors have been made to supply the requisite material for a more accurate and equitable estimate of the motives and actions of the loyal colonists during the Revolutionary struggle. We do not propose to enter upon their defence here. There are always two sides to a question, and when there are honorable and noble men found embracing a cause it is proof positive that there must be some good in it, however we may lean to the opposite. George Jaffrey, holding office under the crown, would naturally side with that power from which he received his honors, both from a sense of gratitude and from the fear of being punished if found unfaithful and the royal cause triumphed. But he was actuated by other and nobler principles as well. By sentiment and conviction he was a tory. Unlike his friend and neighbor, Jonathan Warner, he never willingly accepted the results of the war for independence. Several years after the declaration of peace, calling one day at a goldsmith's shop to have his silver buckles mended, the workman observed: "I suppose you prize this highly not only for its intrinsic value, but also for its tower-mark and crown stamp?" "Yes, yes," answered the colonel, bringing down his cane with violence, "and we ought never to have come off—never."

The grand old house that he lived in all his life still stands conspicuous among the noble mansions on Daniel street. It is a unique structure, and

formerly the fine front yard and elevated position of the mansion gave it a very inviting appearance from the street. This yard, and the extensive garden plat in the rear are now covered by many houses; but the handsome porch and magnificent linden trees on the premises still attract many admirers.

The visitor passes through a white gate, under the graceful, over-arching boughs of these solemn trees. They rather impress one. There they had stood for generations, noting many a change that had come to the old house—noting the pageantry and the pomp of the old colonial times—noting the gaiety and the festivity that had reigned within many and many a time, when king's councillors and princely merchants and courtly aristocratic dames had feasted and danced and held gay revelry within the ancient walls—noting how the two angels, one of life, and one of death, had often winged their way hither on their respective errands. No wonder I felt solemn as their shadow fell upon me. No wonder I walked slowly towards the door, stopping as I crossed the threshold to look back at the venerable arms that hung protectingly over the house.

"That old House stands alone,

A queer and crumbling pile;

And though its shattered gables tell—

Like the vibrations of a distant bell—

Of days and years mayhap of centuries
flown,

I am too sad to smile."

Yet it is a cheerful old home, and its historic memories are mostly pleasant ones. I loved to bring back the past, shutting my eyes, and dreaming as I sat in the house door. How many feet have crossed this threshold! feet that will never more tread the earth; memorable feet, some of them, whose prints were made so deep in the sands of time, that they cannot be effaced.

Fancy the great Dr. Franklin passing through this broad hall-way and taking his place by the west window

of the parlor to watch the distant hills and the setting sun; I can almost see him now, with his benevolent face and his quaint costume of a hundred and twenty years ago. In the grand parlor is his medalion portrait, placed there by his own hand,—the hand that once drew lightning from the clouds, the hand now so nerveless in the tomb.

Before Franklin, there came to the old house under the linden trees the hero of Louisburg, Sir William Pepperell, the great colonial magistrate of America, knight, baronet, owner of two hundred thousand acres of land, and ships that sailed on every sea. The old knight and the first councillor Jaffrey were good friends, and in this ancient parlor drank many a glass of port together while bending over the chess-board or whist-table.

In the dim, wainscotted parlor, with other portraits, is that of George Jaffrey, second, who was councillor in 1716, and treasurer of the province after the death of Samuel Penhallow in 1726. He was also chief justice of the superior court to the time of his death in 1749. Sharp featured, keen, with an expression in which vehemence and intensity are blended with eagerness, the old councillor looks out upon us. It is a striking, brilliant face, but it lacks that massiveness of feature, and that composure of expression, which are the guarantee of solid and consummate power. With his wig, small clothes, and broad skirted coat, he bears a little resemblance to the first Governor John Wentworth, but is a lighter man withal.

The second George Jaffrey was born at Newcastle, in 1683, and was the son of George Jaffrey, first, and Elizabeth Walker, his wife. He graduated at Harvard College in 1702. As early as 1719 he took up his residence in Portsmouth, for we find him holding various town offices from and after that year. From his father, who was a man of wealth, and who was speaker of the New Hampshire assembly in 1691, he inherited a large prop-

erty, which he materially increased. He was one of the heavy tax-payers of Portsmouth in 1727, and was the owner of two slaves at that time—proof positive of his patrician wealth. He owned a large part of the present city, and, in 1737, sold to the town a road three rods wide, which leads from the country road “from Portsmouth up to Islington,” which was the opening of the present Middle street.

In 1730 George Jaffrey built this mansion, after the style of architecture of that day—tall chimneys, gambrel roof, and wainscotted walls. The grounds were elegant in their day—spacious and handsomely laid out. The slaves’ quarters stood back in the rear—two little brown cabins, long since taken down.

His first wife, Sarah, died here a few years after its erection, and the honorable speaker brought home for his second wife the widow of his former neighbor, Lady Sarah Macphedris, a haughty dame, but who made an excellent wife and a careful mistress. The Jaffrey mansion was said to have been kept in the most perfect order, not only externally but internally. Mr. Brewster tells a story, how, on one occasion, no small offence was given to a neighbor who was applied to for some of their cobwebs to put on a cut finger, as none could be found on the premises.

The most intimate friend of Hon. George Jaffrey was Col. Josiah Wentworth, who was the heir expectant to his large estate. Col. Wentworth was a prominent merchant and a patriot of the Revolution. In his business for the government as commissary, navy agent, etc., Mr. Jaffrey was his bondsman. As the colonel was unable to meet the claims government had upon him, Jaffrey met his liabilities, but was so embittered by the circumstances that he cut off Col. Wentworth from his expectations. His will was drawn up by the Hon. Jeremiah Mason, who endeavored to have some of its controlling features changed; his kind efforts were ineffectual, however. The will as made

out bequeathed all the real and personal estate of Mr. Jaffrey to his grand-nephew and namesake, George Jaffrey Jeffries, of Boston, a boy of thirteen years. The conditions of the inheritance were that he should drop the name of Jeffries, become a permanent resident of Portsmouth, and follow no other profession than that of a *gentleman*. These conditions were, of course, accepted.

Hon. George Jaffrey, 3d, lived twenty years after the close of the Revolution, dying in 1802, at the age of eighty-six years. People of the last generation remembered well the red cloak, small clothes, silk stockings, and heavy gold shoe buckles of the old time councillor. Habits and dress in those days plainly denoted rank in life. One who was a gentleman usually went abroad in a wig, white stock, white satin embroidered vest, black satin small clothes, with white silk stockings, and a fine broadcloth or velvet coat. At home, he wore a velvet cap, sometimes over a fine linen one, instead of a wig; a gown of colored damask lined with silk, in place of a coat, and leather slippers.

In most genteel families of the time, a tankard of punch was prepared every morning, and visitors during the day were invited to partake of it; the master frequently taking the vessel from the cooler, drinking first from it himself, and handing it to his guests.

Dinners and suppers were frequently interchanged; the fashionable hour was never later than three o’clock, and the table groaned with the dainties provided. The evening amusements were dancing and cards. Dramatic entertainments were prohibited by law. The dancing was conducted with a severe regard to propriety. The modern waltz was unknown; the stately minuet, with its high-bred, formal courtesy, was varied by the contra-dance; and cotillions did not come into favor till after the Revolution.

At the Jaffrey mansion there was high living and luxurious style. The councillor had a fine dinner set of pewter, ordered from England. He also had a valuable India China set, and a large quantity of silver. A tankard, holding a gallon or more, he devoted exclusively to hot punch. Much of the silver not only bore the "tower stamp," but had also his own coat of arms engraved on it. The councillor wore diamonds on great occasions. His furniture was heavy and costly. One piece was an old clock, seven feet in height, made in London in 1677, and owned by the first George Jaffrey. The case is of English oak, handsomely veneered; the key to wind it up is of fanciful workmanship, and is probably an imitation of that of the holy house of Loretto. The old clock stood in the Jaffrey house from the time of its erection until the death of the third George, when it was sold, Timothy Ham being the purchaser. It is now the property of his grandson, Francis W. Ham, on Elm street, and is still in order, noting the passing hours with the same regularity that the earth rolls upon its axis.

The two councillors Jaffrey, father and son, were buried in St. John's churchyard, where sleep many others of the colonial magnates prior to the Revolution — staunch, royalty-loving governors, councillors, and secretaries of the province of New Hampshire, all snugly gathered under the motherly wing of the Church of England. One can move in the best of society in this place. Here lies the eponymous hero of many a New Hampshire town. Two Governor Wentworths and their families occupy one tomb, and around them, under faded escutcheons and crumbling armorial devices, are the ashes of Atkinsons, Warners, Sheafs, Sherburns, and Jaffreys. You cannot walk anywhere without treading on one of his majesty's colonels or a secretary under the crown. They led their lives of splendor and renown, and now a few feet of ground is all they can call their own.

"Shall we build Ambition! Ah no;
Affrighted it shrinketh away,
And nothing is left but the dust below,
And the tinsel that shines on the dark
coffin lid."

George Jaffrey, the fourth, he who relinquished the name of Jeffries to inherit the noble cognomen and immense property of the old councillor, occupied the mansion from the time of his maturity to his death, in 1856. He followed the condition of the will to the letter, living the life of a *gentleman*, an easy, luxurious, cultivated man, who made no stir in the world beyond his own immediate circle. As he left no son nor estate to continue the name, the line of George Jaffreys closed with him. Col. John Goodrich purchased the mansion, and his heirs at present occupy it.

We stood gazing at the old house, long after we went out from it. How fair it must have looked to its lords in the old time, with the sunlight of the budding summer on its white walls and green gardens, before it was crowded in by smaller and inferior buildings. It was a noble ancestral home indeed, and no wonder the former masters, blasé from visits to Boston and Salem, hastened to their stately residence glad of the repose and luxury it offered them.

Slowly we turned from the house and walked across the street, leaving the grand old pile behind us, standing on its knoll of velvet turf, with its famous lindens closing around it and waving their green tree-tops up to the blue, clear heavens above—a home worthy of a noble line, now left to strangers' hands, in all its stately beauty—with its legends of antiquity, and its memories of glory and greatness. Cowper's well known lines came to us with a force we had never felt before:

"Meditations here
May think down hours to moments.
Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning, wiser grow, without his
books!"

HUMPHREY, DODGE & SMITH.

The firm of Humphrey, Dodge & Smith, of Concord, New Hampshire, dealers in hardware, occupy the most centrally located establishment in the city, and fill a most important place in the business community. Individually the firm consists of Stillman Humphrey, the senior member, who in 1858 was one of the firm of Warde & Humphrey (successors of Porter & Rolfe, established in 1833), and who has been frequently called to serve the city and state in offices of trust and emolument; Howard A. Dodge, of a family specially honored in their native city, whose name is a synonym for uprightness and commercial integrity; and Converse J. Smith, whom the chief magistrate of the state, Governor Samuel W. Hale, has commissioned colonel and aide-de-camp.

The business of the firm, which is the growth of over half a century, is very extensive, and extends to remote towns in northern New Hampshire and Vermont.

Their stock embraces a very large variety and requires over an acre of floor-room for its display. Besides their double store and basements they occupy a great storehouse, immediately in the rear, with their goods. These goods are classified as heavy and orna-

mental hardware, carriage goods and shelf goods. The firm are prepared to meet the requirements of the great carriage manufactories of Concord in every line. The farmer in their storehouse will find every variety of labor-saving machinery from the sickle and hand-rake to the most improved mowing machine and reaper. Tools for the blacksmith, and iron and steel, in rod and bar, for his handiwork; tools for the carpenter; tools for the mason; tools for the boy!

Besides the three members of the firm, who are each actively interested in the details of the business, there are twelve employees required to handle the goods or attend to the accounts.

They have in stock agricultural implements, house-building hardware, carriage-building woodwork and hardware, sewer and drain pipe, all kinds of pumps, lead and tin pipe, blacksmith stock and tools, iron and steel, stone quarrymen's tools and stock, factory and mill supplies, saws, belts, files, grindstones, locks, and wooden ware.

Besides their heavy local trade they receive a large business through the mail, and they do their best to satisfy absent customers.

NOTICE. The friends of the GRANITE MONTHLY will kindly note the fact that the March number of the Magazine followed the December number. There has been one more skip, as the May number follows the March number. This is done to end the volume in December.

All those in arrears for the GRANITE MONTHLY will please remit promptly the amount due to the publisher.

JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK,
Concord, N. H.

NOTICE. The New Massachusetts Magazine, THE BAY STATE MONTHLY, is clubbed with the GRANITE MONTHLY. \$4.00 will pay for a year's subscription for both.

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Feb. '84.

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A high mandarin of China, in his letter of thanks to Dr. Ayer for having introduced Ayer's Pills into the Celestial Empire, called them "Sweet Curing Seeds"—a very appropriate name! They are sweet, they cure, and are therefore the most profitable "seeds" a sick man can invest in.

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“ New York “ (about)	\$1,311,600

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THE
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DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND STATE AFFAIRS.

VOL. VII

NO. 6

HON. JAMES H. HATHORN



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Joshua Hathorn

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VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1884.

No. 6.

HON. JAMES E. LOTHROP—MAYOR OF DOVER.

BY REV. ALONZO H. QUINT, D. D.

It is true that New Hampshire has been prolific in sons who, without special advantages of fortune, have so developed and applied their own force of character as to make themselves felt in business and public life. Perhaps our native stock, perhaps the character of our soil which requires energy, have caused this abundance of the true wealth and prosperity of a State. But while such men are not few, it is well to put them upon record, as illustrations of success arising from energy, integrity, and industry.

JAMES ELBRIDGE LOTHPROP, now on his second term as Mayor of Dover, was born 30 November, 1826, in Rochester, N. H., on the farm of his maternal grandfather, Samuel Horne, three miles south of Rochester village. He was the son of Daniel and Sophia (Horne) Lothrop. He is descended from a sound stock on both sides. His first American ancestor, on his father's side, Mark Lothrop, was younger brother of Rev. John Lothrop, the first minister of Scituate, Mass., and grandson of John Lowthorpe, of Lowthorpe, Yorkshire, England. Mark was in Salem, Mass., in 1643, but removed to Duxbury, and thence to Bridgewater in 1656, where he died in 1686. His grandson Mark married Hannah Alden, a great-grand

daughter of John Alden, of the Mayflower, by his wife Priscilla Mullins, commemorated in history and in Longfellow's charming poem. The one who said, "Why not speak for yourself, John?" was the direct ancestress of James E. Lothrop. On the maternal side, Mr. Lothrop is descended from William Horne, of Horne's Hill in Dover, who held his exposed position in the Indian wars, and whose estate has been in the family name from 1662 until the present generation; but he was killed in the massacre of 28 June, 1689. Through the Horne line, also, came descent from Rev. Joseph Hull, minister at Durham in 1662, a graduate at the university at Cambridge, England; from John Ham, of Dover; from the emigrant John Heard, and others of like vigorous stock. It was his ancestress, Elizabeth (Hull) Heard, whom the old historians call a "brave gentlewoman," held her garrison-house, the frontier fort in Dover in the Indian wars, and successfully defended it in the massacre of June 28, 1689.

The year after the son's birth, the father bought a farm on Haven's Hill, in Rochester, and removed thither. In this commanding highland, the son's home continued to be for the next fifteen years. Two other sons

were born, John C. and Daniel. It was a true home in which the boys lived. The father was a man of sterling qualities, strong in mind and will, but commanding love as well as respect. He was trusted with legislation and with places which required fidelity and strength. The mother was a woman of outward beauty and beauty of soul alike; with high ideals and reverent conscientiousness. Her influence over her boys was life-long. The home was a centre of intelligent intercourse, a sample of the simplicity but earnestness of many of our best New Hampshire homesteads. The mother lived until just after the eldest, James, had come of age; the father survived for many years.

Daniel Lothrop, senior, the father, while owning a farm, was a mason by occupation, and hence, in an extensive business, necessarily came to be much away from home. As James grew, he had a position of responsibility as the eldest of the three boys. But his early life was the usual life of a boy at that time on a New Hampshire farm. He was sturdy and self-reliant. He attended school in the district school-house winters, and worked on the farm summers. For several summers, in his father's necessary absence, the boy did a man's full work upon the farm. When he was nine years of age, he walked from Rochester to Dover, purchased a large Latin lexicon for his own use, and walked home the same day with his prize. When he was ten years of age, he used to take a load of wood to Dover, and sell it before seven o'clock in the morning, and it is noticeable that the open market-place was Franklin Square, where his extensive property interests were to be largely situated, and where he looks out daily from his principal place of business upon the spot where, a boy of ten years, he used to sell his wood.

His attendance on district schools was not sufficient, and he obtained instruction of a higher grade, partly at an academy in Rochester village, and

partly at Strafford Academy, of which Rev. Orin B. Cheney was then principal, now President of Bates College. In the winter of 1842-3, when he was sixteen years of age, he taught the winter school in upper Rochester district, following with a private school in the same place.

At that time he had so far progressed in study, that he was ready to enter college, that summer, a year in advance. But in the spring before he would have entered college, in 1843, he followed the advice of his maternal uncle, Jeremiah Horne, M. D., a successful practitioner of medicine then in Fall River; went to Fall River, commenced the study of that profession in the office and under the instruction of his uncle, and learned also the drug business in his uncle's drug store.

He remained with Dr. Horne two years, and then, in 1845, returned home. He had fifteen dollars, made by a little traffic allowed him in the drug store of his uncle.

In the fall of that year, Mr. Lothrop, with three hundred dollars loaned him by his father, with the knowledge and experience acquired in the drug store of his uncle at Fall River, opened such a store in Dover. He was but nineteen years of age. But years are not necessary to pluck and ability. From that simple beginning by a boy, and with that little borrowed capital, has grown a business rapidly approaching, and soon to surpass, a million of dollars annually.

It was the same year in which Morrill's brick block was finished. Mr. Lothrop did not then know that this then elegant building would by-and-by come under his care. He opened his drug store in a little wooden building, a little north. The store in which is the Lothrop clothing house occupies almost exactly the same spot. It was one of a group of wooden buildings, which were afterwards to be pulled down to make place for the lofty and elegant Morrill's new block, which completes the whole distance on

Franklin Square from Second to Third streets.

For a year or more, he conducted the business entirely alone, doing all its work; and then by night himself carrying circulars and other advertising papers around to the houses of the citizens. Of course, he commanded success, and he came to need help.

Besides, he had begun the study of medicine, and he wished to complete it. He desired to attend lectures at Brunswick, Me., and afterwards to graduate at Philadelphia; and he called to his assistance his younger brother, Daniel Lothrop, then fitted for college.

He urged the young boy to take charge of the store, promising as an extra inducement an equal division as to profits, and that the firm should read "D. Lothrop & Co." This last was too much for an ambitious lad. When five years of age, he had scratched on a piece of tin these magic words, opening to fame and honor, "D. Lothrop & Co.," nailing the embryo sign against the door of his play-house. How then could he resist, now, at fourteen? And why not spend the vacation in this manner? And so the sign was made and put up, and thus began the house of "D. Lothrop & Co.," the name of which is spoken as a household word wherever the English language is used, and whose publications are loved in more than one of the royal families of Europe.

James E. Lothrop took the degree of M. D., at Jefferson Medical College, in 1848, and returned to Dover. But the increasing opportunities of a rapidly growing business had become so important that his whole attention was demanded in that direction, and he relinquished the idea of practicing medicine. His medical knowledge, however, was of good service in the drug business, to whose success he gave his earnest labor. It is perhaps needless to say that the little borrowed capital of \$300 was repaid to his

father two years after the loan was made.

The business became lucrative. About three years after its origin, it was decided that Daniel open a similar store at Newmarket, still for D. Lothrop & Co. James remained, and has ever since, in Dover, the financial manager of the firm. In a short time, the second brother, John C. Lothrop, was received into the firm. After the elder brother's departure from home, John C. had necessarily taken his place in farm work. But he demanded a business life. He was received on equal terms with the others. He was placed with Daniel, at Newmarket, and learned the drug business.

These three brothers have presented a most remarkable spirit of family union. Remarkable in that there was none of the drifting away from each other into perilous friendships and moneyed ventures. They held firmly to each other with a trust beyond words. The simple word of each was as good as a bond. And as early as possible they entered into an agreement that all three should combine fortunes, and, though keeping distinct kinds of business, should share equal profits under the firm name of "D. Lothrop & Co." For thirty-six years, through all the stress and strain of business life in this rushing age, their loyalty has been preserved strong and pure. Without a question or a doubt, there has been an absolute unity of interests, although James E., President of the Cocheco Bank and Mayor of the city of Dover, is in one city, John C., in another, and Daniel in still another, and each having the particular direction of businesses which their enterprise and sagacity have made extensive and profitable.

After John C. Lothrop had learned the business, they proceeded to establish a store at Meredith Village, and still another was opened at Amesbury Mills, Mass. All of these prospered, and the extent of business made purchases easy. But, as profitable opportunities offered, these were all sold.

On the disposal of the Newmarket store, John C. Lothrop was placed in a drug store at Great Falls. This was continued until the added business of clothing became specially profitable, and the drug store was disposed of, and John C. Lothrop still remains there in that branch.

In Dover, where the drug business had become concentrated, it had also become expanded. There was a favorable opportunity to purchase the former business of Dr. Joseph H. Smith, and it was purchased, and carried on, under the oversight of Dr. James E. Lothrop, by salesmen. This he removed to the corner of Washington and Central Streets, and built up a business, but sold it in 1866. The old buildings on Franklin Square were torn down, and they moved into the brick block. It was absolutely necessary, from increase of business, to enlarge their working force, and they conveyed to Mr. Alonzo T. Pinkham a half interest. The drug store was then carried on under the style of Lothrops & Pinkham, and is still successful in the highest degree.

When, about twenty-nine years ago, Oliver Wyatt left the store next above Morrill's brick block, and transferred his clothing business to the south side of the river, Mr. Lothrop conceived that there was still a great opportunity for such a business on the north side. The firm of D. Lothrop & Co. accordingly seized upon the vacant store and opened a clothing house. Doubtless they were also influenced by the fact that their father, Daniel Lothrop, senior, desired to enter some such business, and the style of this house was Daniel Lothrop & Sons. They early established branches at Rochester and Great Falls. That at Rochester was sold out profitably in due time. The firm purchased, also, about sixteen years ago, the clothing business of Joshua Varney, but about five years after they brought it to the home store on Franklin Square.

While the new block was building, their whole clothing business was ne-

cessarily in the Varney store. Since its return it has remained in the elegant room in the new block. Two changes, however, occurred. The father, Daniel Lothrop, senior, did not enter the new building. Just before its completion, his lamented decease returned the firm to its former three members. An addition became necessary. A brother, M. Henry Lothrop (late president of the Common Council of Dover), after eight years' service as salesman, in 1877 took one half interest in the clothing business here, D. Lothrop & Co. retaining the other half, and M. Henry Lothrop being in charge of this business. Since 1870 they have been in the new, lofty, spacious store which forms the centre of Morrill's new block. But in 1880, M. Henry Lothrop was transferred to the Boston department, and the firm entered into partnership with Charles H. Farnham & Co., who took a half interest in the clothing business in Dover, and that business is conducted by Lothrops, Farnham & Co.

To the Dover business was also added, in 1873, another department, consisting of musical instruments, music, and machines, which has since grown to immense proportions, being now the largest of its kind in the state and probably in New England.

The subordinate management of all these various departments of business must necessarily be in the immediate care of responsible interested parties, yet the general finance and leadership of the whole rests with James E. Lothrop.

It should be noted also, that in a critical time of business, 1857-9, owing to the absence and temporary illness of Daniel Lothrop, the whole extended business, in every direction, was thrown into the hands of James E. Lothrop, who conducted it with steady success.

The name of D. Lothrop & Co. has even more than a national reputation. In 1850, in Dover, they purchased the stock of books held by Elijah Wadleigh, and began business as book-sellers. In 1852 they purchased the entire building. In addition to their retail busi-

ness they built up a good jobbing trade, and did a little in publishing. In a few years, however, the ambition of the house wanted a broader field; they sold the Dover book business, and Daniel Lothrop went to Boston and opened a store—D. Lothrop & Co.—at Nos. 38 and 40 Cornhill. These were fine quarters, and the business was a success.

In February, 1876, they took the superb apartments of the whole four-story double store on Franklin Street, corner of Hawley, and fitted up a store running the whole depth with an elegance unsurpassed. A very large business has been built up, and the great success of their publishing work has required them, the present year, to lease additional a five-story building on Purchase Street, for manufacturing purposes. Besides their books, a class which for beauty of design and exquisiteness of illustration are nowhere surpassed, four periodicals have a world-wide fame,—*Baby-Land*, *Pansy*, *Little Men and Women*, and *Wide-Awake*.

The immediate direction of the Boston business is of course in that city. But there the sagacity of the elder brother in Dover is often of great help. The general financial care also rests with him. The Boston manager can draw on James E. Lothrop at sight. The entire supervision of the Dover business is of course in his care. Never disturbed by fluctuations in business, apparently never busy, never ruffled in temper, keen in judgment, fertile in resources, the senior partner seems never to have a care resting upon him.

At the same time, Dr. Lothrop has the entire care of real estate, comprising fifteen stores and fifty-seven tenements, including the Morrill estate. He has been a director in the Cochecho National Bank from 1858, was chosen Vice-President in 1873, and has been its President since 1876. That his administration in that capacity has been particularly successful, is evidenced by the former and present standing of that institution. In 1871 he became a director in the Cochecho Aqueduct Asso-

ciation, its clerk in 1872, and from 1875 its president. He is also a director in the Portsmouth & Dover R. R., in the Eliot Bridge Company, and in the Dover Horse Railroad; and has been president of the Dover Board of Trade. To carry all these interests so successfully and satisfactorily requires skill, energy and public confidence.

In the year 1872, Mr. Lothrop was representative in the legislature. But his main public office has been and is, that of mayor of the city of Dover. Upon this office he entered in January, 1883, and he gave himself heartily and carefully to the work of its duties. He began by establishing daily office hours, when he could always be found in the mayor's office. This ensured a close attention to business in all directions. The care of a great business of his own, and with uniform success due to good organization, prudent forethought, known integrity and energetic action, fitted him for the work of the city,—which is simply a business to be conducted on business principles. As that he recognized it, and he attended to its concerns precisely as he would attend to his own private business.

The prominent points in his administration for the first year, were more than usually important.

1. What was called the Knibb's valve case, a suit for damages for alleged infringement of patent upon some device in the fire steamers of the Amoskeag company. Suits were to be brought all over the country. Troy, N. Y., it was said, had acknowledged the claim. The complainant had begun with New Hampshire, as precedent to attacking Boston; and in our state it began with *Dover*. An agreement was made between the New Hampshire cities. The complainant demanded of Dover, \$65,000; he gradually lowered his demand until, the trial coming on, Dover could settle for (say) \$900, if she would acknowledge the claim and thus give the plaintiff the benefit of a verdict. It is not too much to say that Mr. Lothrop's inflexible determination to fight what he believed to be an out-

rageous demand, prevented all serious talk of a compromise. Dover won the suit,—for the city of Boston!

2. The departure of the shoe business had seriously hurt trade in Dover. The mayor entered upon the work of recalling it by inducing the citizens to offer special facilities. This work is already successful, and the tide is turned.

3. But the one which he will doubtless pride himself upon, is the establishment of a free public library. A private library had existed. The mayor brought forward the subject in his inaugural address. He framed and presented a plan by which the city could obtain the books of the old library; secured the passage of an ordinance by the city council, and when the necessary legislation was had from the state, found the people ready to make liberal appropriations. The library is established and has been largely increased. Dr. Lothrop is chairman of the board of trustees, not ex-officio, but by spontaneous election. His administration will always be remembered as the one in which Dover had its public library, and his name will be forever linked with this great public benefit.

When his term of office was to expire, however, the question of re-election came up. Some local disturbances as to the location of a public building had irritated some persons. Rarely has a mayor, it is believed, in Dover received as much majority on his second candidacy as on his first. But the result was a gratifying endorsement. He had the rare endorsement of being re-elected by an increased majority.

The following extract from Foster's *Democrat*, just previous to his election, expresses the sentiment of those who have best known him during his business career of nearly forty years in Dover:

"This being the case, a good, practical, energetic and successful business man is necessary, a man of public spirit and enterprise, a man who knows the principles of true economy and how to practice them without being

penurious, a man of honor and integrity, who can safely be entrusted with the control of all city improvements and enterprises without being continually suspected of having a "job" to feather his own nest, a man who can be trusted in private affairs and is known to be good for his word of honor every time, not a perfect man, for there are none such, they have not yet been created, but a good, fair and square representative of the intelligence and business of our honorable business people is wanted.

"Now look all around and see if a better one, all things considered, can be found than the President of our Dover Board of Trade, James E. Lothrop, to the manor born. On a political issue, being Democratic ourselves, we might feel it a political duty to vote against him, but on a simple citizen's issue, which we hold to be the only one that should ever enter into a municipal election, there is no man we would more gladly and eagerly vote for than Dr. Lothrop. We know him in a business way like a book, and a squarer and more honorable man does not live. He would make a good mayor."

The day following the second election, the same paper said:—

"Now a word in regard to Mr. Lothrop. We are not sorry he is re-elected, not at all. He does not agree with us in politics, but he is one of the best men we know of for all o' that, and Dover never had a better mayor, in our judgment. If any Democrat wants to vote for a Republican, we commend his good sense when he selects Dr. Lothrop as that Republican. He is as good as any of them, and ten times better than a great many of either Republicans or Democrats. He has been a good officer the past year and will, we predict, be a better one the year to come."

The *Republican*, on the day following the election, said as follows:—

"Apart, for the present, from all partisan consideration, the re-election of Mayor Lothrop, Tuesday, by a decisive and increased majority, is an event

worthy of notice. It would have been a calamity if he had been defeated, as it would have shown a lack of appreciation of earnest, zealous, faithful and successful devotion to the city's service, and thus have discouraged future public servants. If the little disagreements which always attend an administration are to be so magnified and fostered as to become formidable, only evil can result.

"The result shows that the people appreciate Mayor Lothrop's services. During his first year, grave questions, like the 'valve' suit, were settled by a victory for the city, vexatious suits for damages by accidents have seen their downfall, the fire department has been put on a capital footing, and the streets have been steadily improved. No one will pretend that the mayor does all these. But to the firmness of the mayor, his active energy, and his deep interest in all city affairs, these successes have owed much of their work. The mayor has been at his duties daily. He has watched every department. He has added to his official work the experience and capacity of a business man with large personal interests and successful career, and the people appreciate it. Not the least has been his untiring efforts to add new business and recall old to Dover, which now promise a gratifying success. Nor will the future ever forget that the Dover Public Library owes its origin

emphatically to Mayor Lothrop's plan and persistent endeavors.

"Mayor Lothrop may well be proud of the fact that, in the face of some local divisions, he is elected by an increased majority—the only instance save one or two, we believe, in the history of our city. And not the less gratifying and complimentary is his appreciation by his own ward. That ward, which gave him ninety-two majority, this year quietly doubles it, making it one hundred and eighty-four. He may well be proud of the opinion of his neighbors."

In his happy domestic relations,—Dr. Lothrop married Mary E., daughter of the late Joseph Morrill. Mr. Morrill came to Dover when a young man, from Amesbury, Mass., and engaged in the making of nails. He subsequently and for many years was connected with the Coheco Manufacturing Company, but eventually left that position to manage his large real estate investments, in which his foresight had led him early to engage. Mr. Morrill's thrift and care met with large success, and he stood high, also, in the esteem of community. Of the high estimation in which his daughter Mrs. Lothrop is held, it is needless to write.

In politics Dr. Lothrop is Republican. In church relation he is a Methodist, and has been a teacher in the Sunday school for more than forty years.

CORRECTION.

REV. BENJAMIN RAY HOYT. (GRANITE MONTHLY, Vol. 6, May Number, 1883, page 235.) In his valuable article, the late Hon. Thomas L. Tullock states that Rev. Benjamin Ray Hoyt

was born in "Braintree," Mass. He was born in *New Braintree*, County Worcester, Mass.

A. H. H.

Boston, Jan., 1884.

THE WARNER HOME AT PORTSMOUTH.

BY FRED MYRON COLBY.

No one can walk the tree-arched streets of Portsmouth—streets which have witnessed more sights, and grander ones, than almost any other in America—and gaze upon its grand old houses, filled with the treasures and traditions of colonial times, and not have rise within him a feeling of appreciative reverence and respectful homage for the men and women who gave character and fame to this “city by the sea.” Magical names are those that once made Portsmouth famous, and still make her dear to all who love brave deeds and a glorious past. Wentworth, Langdon, Warner, Sherburne, Sheafe, Penhallow, Haven, Whipple, Jaffrey,—are they not historic names which need neither crest nor motto nor escutcheon to show that blood as blue as the waters of Piscataqua still flows through Portsmouth families? Emblematic of the storied past that enwreaths these names and the houses they lived in, pointing significantly to peace, prosperity, and a certain pride that is self-respecting and respected, are those urn-topped posts, that stand like stately sentinels guarding the gateways of these ancient mansions. They tell a story well-defined and serious of greatness and patrician wealth and courtly ease almost equal to the loftier structure itself which sheltered the generations of the past.

The sculptured posts and gateways are typical, we say: the houses themselves not only represent ideas, but they tell of a history and a social life remarkable alike for its picturesque charm and romantic interest. To the mind of the reflective visitor there is something in the manorial chimneys and the dadoed walls of the homes of our forefathers, that produces involuntary impressions of grandeur and respect, and conjures to fancy an image

of antiquity, at once attractive and touching. Nor is this sentiment the offspring of modern refinement simply. The large, roomy apartments, wainscotted, with deep fire-places, costly moulding, embrasured windows, and paintings from the hands of dead masters, are cosy, comfortable, and luxurious themselves. We know by experience how pleasant it is of a summer morning or a winter evening to be ushered into one of these shaded parlors. The rich coloring that was gorgeous and brilliant has been softened and mellowed by age; the furniture, antique in shape and style, has been polished by many hands—carved and claw-footed tables that grimly frown at us, convex mirrors that reflect to their depths a diminished picture of what passes before them and seem emblematic of the past, chairs of heavy and ornamental pattern that may have come over in the Mayflower—all these appeal to the heart and tell stirring tales rich with an Arabesque splendor, so that

“The tide of time flow’d back with me.
The forward flowing tide of time.”

While looking down upon it all were portraits of kings’ councillors, colonial governors, and patrician dames, whose descendants live in these houses, and who bear in manner and in breeding those unmistakable marks which only ancient lineage can give.

The Warner house is one of the grandest as it is one of the most interesting of these old mansions of our State which are the delight of antiquarians. Constructed about the time that saw Westover rise on James river and Phillipse Manor House on the Hudson, it resembles them somewhat. Like them it is built of brick, three stories in height, with gambrelled roof and luthern windows. The walls

are a foot and a half in thickness, composed entirely of brick, every one of which was imported from Holland. As quarried stone was not in general use then for underpinning the bricks extend beneath the earth and are laid "headers and stretchers." The rich had a stately way of living then as now, and the Warner house is a fine and substantial sample of the architecture of that period. The mansion cost in building £6,000.

Singularly enough the house does not bear the name of the builder. He was Capt. Archibald Macpheadris, a yellow-haired Scotchman, as crotchety as his late countryman, Carlyle, an indefatigable worker, a prosperous merchant and speculator, whose thrift brought him wealth. He was extensively engaged in the fur and lumber trade, and was the leading projector of the first iron works established in America. The land of the company was in what is now Barrington. There was one foundry on Lamprey river. How long the work was continued is not known.*

The social distinctions of Captain Macpheadris were many and important. He had a large household of servants and slaves, four African Candeles sewing in parlor and kitchen. He owned at one time nearly twelve thousand acres of land, and kept some thousand sheep, from whose fleece his extensive household was almost wholly clothed. On his estate twenty cows were milked, and a

*It was in 1719 that the General Court of Massachusetts granted to the company, of which Capt. Macpheadris was the head, a slip of land two miles wide, at the head of Dover line, by way of encouragement in the manufacture of iron. This land was to furnish fuel for the iron works, and a location for settling the foreign operatives. The work must have gone on for several years, and doubtless fell through by the death of its prime originator, Macpheadris. Some of the iron fixtures in use in the Warner mansion were manufactured at the Lamprey river iron works.

AUTHOR.

cheese was made for every day in the year. This was the agricultural and domestic side; the social life consisted of gay entertainments, visiting from house to house, fox-hunting and horse-riding over his lands—up the Piscataqua and the Saco, with his agents, after furs and timber, and over to Barrington and Durham to oversee his iron works. He also had civil duties to perform; he was a magistrate and justice, and from 1720 till his death he was a member of the king's council. He erected this mansion in the years 1718 and '23, and died in 1728, aged about sixty years.

The honorable councillor married, late in life, Sarah Wentworth, one of the sixteen children of the first Governor John Wentworth, and sister to Benning Wentworth. By her he had an only child, Mary Macpheadris, born 1726. Miss Macpheadris grew up a beautiful girl, and was, for a long time the belle of Portsmouth. One of her suitors was Benjamin Plummer, Esq., who died in 1744, aged twenty-four years. He bequeathed in his will numerous and valuable presents to the young lady that he loved. Mary Macpheadris afterwards married John Osborne, who died young, a few years after his marriage. For her second husband she married Hon. Jonathan Warner, Oct. 1, 1760, who gave his name to the mansion.

Mr. Warner was a widower at the time of his marriage with the mistress of the Macpheadris house. He was the son of Hon. or Col. Daniel Warner and Sarah (Hill) Warner, and was born in 1726, at what is now known as the Buckminster House on Islington street, which was built by his father in 1720. Daniel Warner was a prominent man in the middle of the last century. He was one of the patricians of New Hampshire. His goodly house, with "its antique fixtures," was one of the public ornaments of Portsmouth. He himself was a leader in civil and social life. His name, with the prefix of "Colonel," is attached to many of the pro-

vincial papers. In 1756 he was made one of his majesty's councillors under Benning Wentworth. Of his two sons, Nathaniel, the youngest, died early, of a disappointment in love, according to the gossiping author of "Rambles about Portsmouth." Jonathan lived to inherit the prestige of his great name and to win a rank and fame that exceeded even his father's. He married for his first wife Miss Mary Nelson, who died ten years afterwards, in 1758, leaving a daughter, Mary, who married in due time Col. Samuel Sherburne, and died childless one year after.

His second marriage was a fortunate thing to Jonathan Warner. It lifted him at once into the front rank of colonial nabobs. His wife's wealth with his own made him second to only a few in the province in point of property. Lady Warner's connection with the Wentworths, being a niece to Governor Benning, and a cousin to the second Governor John, was still a greater feather in his cap. Warner was undoubtedly a man not of inferior abilities, his own birth was high, but he could never have risen to the prominence that he did but for his brilliant marital alliance. It did as much for him as Washington's marriage to "Widow Custis," or Benjamin Thompson's marriage to the Widow Rolfe. In a list of the principal taxpayers of Portsmouth for the year 1770, there are only two others who are assessed for larger sums than Warner. His tax for town and province expenses is £27, a large sum in those days.

Hon. Jonathan Warner was one of the large slaveholders of the province. He owned at least eight or ten. Among them was one named Peter, of whom the following story is told by Mr. Brewster in his "Rambles:" One day, feeling the need of a better covering for his head, Peter asked his master for a new hat. "Well," said Mr Warner, "I will get one if you will make a rhyme." Verse-making, though a passion with some negroes,

was not one of Peter's accomplishments, but he was not discouraged. In his dilemma he sought the assistance of Wyseman Claggett, the attorney-general. He found that gentleman in his office, and at once stated his errand. "What is your name?" asked the counsellor.

"Peter Warner, massa," answered the darkey.

"Peter Warner—threw his hat in the chimney corner. There is your rhyme," said Claggett, laughing. "Now go get your new hat."

The delighted negro did not allow the grass to grow under his feet. He burst into the Warner parlor, his black face radiant with success and the prospect of a new hat. "Massa Warner, Massa Warner, I've got the rhyme," he cried.

"Well, let me hear it," said his master.

Peter scratched his head and rolled his eyes triumphantly: "Peter Warner—took off his hat and threw it—in the fire-place."

Mr. Warner was greatly amused, but he gave Peter his hat, remarking that he really did better than he had expected.

In 1767, upon the accession of John Wentworth as Governor of New Hampshire, Jonathan Warner was appointed one of the royal councillors of the province—a position to which he was every way entitled—still it was a great honor. Most of the members of the council were much older men than Mr. Warner. There was Theodore Atkinson, the Appias Claudius of the colony, reputed to be one of its wealthiest citizens, and who had held a larger number of offices of trust than any other man in New Hampshire, who was now upwards of seventy years of age. There was Col. Peter Gilman, of Exeter, one of the proudest of the blue bloods, also a septagenarian, and there was his own father who was seventy that very year. George Jaffrey, whose step-mother was Mrs. Warner's mother, the former Lady Macphedris, was ten years his

senior. But though the youngest member of that honorable body, in wealth, in social position, in his individual qualities, Jonathan Warner was not inferior to any.

Jonathan Warner remained in the council until the breaking out of the Revolutionary contest, when the royal authority was overthrown. It is customary to call him a tory, and his name is indeed among those who refused to sign the Association Test of 1776. Nearly all those who held office under the crown refused to sign the test. Councillor Peter Gilman was one, and yet he would not have been regarded as a dangerous foe to liberty, for his fellow citizens chose him moderator that very year at their annual town-meeting. While some of those who refused to sign were English in sentiment and too strongly attached to the mother country to rebel, there were others who were willing that a revolution should take place, but would not risk the chance of their offices or business by taking a part in the rebellion, fearing the consequences should it prove a failure. The case of Jonathan Warner may be that of some others. Warner was a commissary under the crown, and in his keeping were some of the munitions of war, which were needed by the patriots. He was waited on by the Sons of Liberty, who demanded the keys of the storehouse of him. With all the sternness of an official Warner answered: "What right have you to make such a demand? The keys are my private property, I will not give them up to anybody; but if you *break in my door*, what can I do?"

The patriots took the hint and acted upon it. The door was broken open that night, and the munitions of war removed. The commissary could not have regretted the proceeding, by opposing which his reputation as an officer did not suffer with his sovereign. Meeting one of the patriots the following day, the honorable councillor observed: "What do you think! Those fellows broke open my store last night,

and *I should not be surprised if they do it again to-night.*"

If Hon. Jonathan Warner was a Tory, he was at least an inoffensive one. But we believe that his sympathies were with the colonists. He accepted gracefully the result of the war, and we find him in several important positions during subsequent years. With John Langdon, Joshua Wentworth, James Sheafe, and other leading citizens, he was one of the committee appointed to receive President Washington, at the time of his visit to Portsmouth in 1789. He filled municipal offices of trust, and went down honored to his grave.

Lady Warner died in 1780. She left no children. Colonel Warner married again in 1783, his third wife being Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Jonas Pitts, of Boston, whose mother was sister to Governor James Bowdoin of Massachusetts. She died in October, 1810. The councillor lived until May 14, 1814, when he too passed the river, at the good old age of eighty-eight years. He dressed in the continental style to the day of his death, and with him disappeared the queues, the knee buckles, and the scarlet colored broad-cloth cloaks worn by the noblesse of colonial times. "We well recollect Mr. Warner," says Mr. Brewster, "as one of the last of the cocked hats. As in a vision of early childhood he is still before us, in all the dignity of the aristocratic crown officers. That broad-backed, long-skirted brown coat, those small clothes and silk stockings, those silver buckles, and that cane—we see them still, although the life that filled and moved them ceased half a century ago."

How many times he had passed between those pillared posts going and coming from his stately mansion house; how had that doorway been thronged with servants escorting him to his coach in which he rode in state to the levees of the governor or to meet him in his council chamber! And through this gateway he was borne the last time to sleep his long sleep under the sculp-

tured monument in St. John's church-yard, only a few rods from his home.

The Warner house is situated at the corner of Daniel and Chapel Streets. Though probably the oldest brick building in Portsmouth, it is apparently as sound and fresh and in as good repair as though it had been erected within twenty years. Proportioned after the commodious style of the period, its lofty roof and towering chimneys must have made no unimportant features in the landscape during the last century before it was crowded up so close by inferior buildings. The stories are very high for the time in which it was built, the whole height of the building being about fifty feet.

The ponderous door swings open at the summons of the heavy brazen knocker, brought by Captain Macpheadris from England. We enter a deep, wide hall, built after a goneby fashion, sixteen feet wide and forty-four feet long, extending the whole length of the house. It looks baronial in its grandeur and magnificence. The floor is of oak blocked to represent squares. The walls are rich with paneling and wood-carving. The staircase is a grand affair, set at an easy angle and about seven feet wide. In the hall-way stands a large mahogany table used by the Warners, and several of the old family chairs.

Passing under the enormous antlers of an elk, presented to Captain Macpheadris by his Indian friends, and which have hung there since, we enter the door at the right hand and step into the parlor. The room is nearly square, twenty by twenty-two feet, with dadoed walls, brown and dingy with age, and deep seats in the windows. It is rich in portraits and stately antique furniture. In this one room hang three generations, — grandmother, mother and daughter, — painted by Copley. It is told of a descendant of the famous painter, that once when visiting Portsmouth she called to see the portraits (each of which would be a precious heirloom and guarantee to its possessor

a patent of aristocracy). She admired them greatly and expressed a wish to add them to her collection of Copley's. When her desire was made known to the owner, he answered: "Tell Madame ——— I regret to be unable to oblige her, for as she values the pictures as work of her ancestor, no less do we value them as excellent portraits of ours."

The room in which these portraits hang is wainscotted throughout, and in walking into it one seems to have stepped back a hundred years. The large open chimney-place is decorated with Dutch tiles, unique in character, representing monsters of the deep, galleons and ships, and fat, ludicrous mermaids. Everything is ancient and antique in the room except the modern lambrequins and lace curtains. It even smells of antiquity, and you almost expect to see starting up to welcome you one of those courtly councillors or patrician dames who in the long ago filled the room with the splendor of their presence. They fill it still, for there is nothing in the room like the portraits—Copley's choicest productions—they have as fresh and lifelike an appearance as though painted but yesterday. They seem to smile right out of their frames, and you can all but hear their satin gowns rustle.

Just where the light strikes in a broad band, there hangs the portrait of the first mistress of the mansion, Lady Macpheadris. She is a stately, haughty-looking dame, dressed in the graceful costume of the time—looped petticoat, high-peaked stays, yard long waists, figured satins, flowing sleeves, and the hair plastered back *a la Pompadour*. Her features are a little hard and stern, and the blackness of her hair seems to shadow and darken her face. But there is an earnestness and force in the keen dark eyes, looking straight out of the canvas, which impresses one. Doubtless in her youth Sarah Wentworth was beautiful, beauty was the natural dower of the Wentworth race, but in the woman of fifty-five there is more dignity than beauty, more pride

than loveliness. She was a grand and gallant dame, but not a gracious one, I wot.

Lady Macphedris, in the tenth year of her widowhood, became the second wife of George Jaffrey, Esq., and went to be the mistress of his mansion, now known as the Jaffrey house on Daniel Street, only a few steps from her former residence. Judge Jaffrey was one of the large men of his day, and kept an open house and coach and servants. He died in May, 1749. His wife survived him nearly thirty years, living in widowhood in the old house with her stepson, Hon. George Jaffrey, 3d, his majesty's councillor.

Her daughter, Lady Warner, was a beauty. She is not so haughty looking as her mother, but a superb and stately dame withal. Her type of loveliness is rare, and the fascinating beauty of her face haunts one like a dream. Like Spartan Helen, she seems

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

Her eyes are brown, full, large and soft; her rich red lips are sweetly smiling; her nose is slightly aquiline, just enough to give character to the face, and is very handsome. Her silky brown hair, lustrous and abundant, is arranged like a coronet upon her head and adorned with a string of pearls. She is dressed in a robe of light silk, low breasted, with waves of lace about the neck and sweeping over the arms, whose fairness and shapely outline rival those of the Vandyke and Lely beauties at Hampton Court.

A fair young girl with blue eyes and flossy golden hair, smiles out from a gilded frame between these two stately dames. This too is by Copley, and is the picture of Mary, Colonel Warner's daughter by his first wife. So here are three generations side by side. There are six Copley's in this room. No house in Portsmouth has more or better examples of that artist's art. We can only speak of one more.

On the opposite side of the wall gazes down a portly, John-Bull-looking

gentleman, with the peruke, small clothes, voluminous waistcoat and laced cuffs of George the Second's time. We suspect at once that this stout, well-conditioned gentleman is one of the ancient masters of the house. But we are mistaken. It is the elder Warner, the councillor, Daniel, who died in 1779. There is nothing peculiar in his external appearance, save perhaps a general well-to-do fullness of person, an air of pleasurable self-satisfaction and contentment. Everything about him is full and round, neck and cheeks, chin and hands. He looks like a comfortable Hamburg ship owner or captain, but there is an air of polished ease about him which bespeaks the gentleman of the old school.

Of him who was so long the master of the house there is no portrait in his own residence. There is, however, a portrait of him by Copley in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which I have seen. If that is to be depended upon, and there is no doubt of it not being a true likeness, Hon. Jonathan Warner was a strikingly handsome man. Tall, slender, erect, dressed richly in a garb of gray broadcloth, with a frank, fearless, courteous face, he is the beau ideal of the patrician gentleman. His face has a ruddy color as if flushed by generous quaffs of Madeira. His eyes are dark and piercing, his nose aquiline, his forehead high and full; his lips curl slightly and are very handsome, his hair is powdered and he wears a queue. Such was the gentleman in honor of whom the town in Merrimack county, the former Amesbury, took its name.

We leave the ancient parlor with regret, and ascend the noble stairway over which in the olden time have passed the light feet of many a graceful dame of the old régime. Three of them could walk abreast up its low inclination with the hooped petticoats of the period and not be crowded. There are some interesting pictures on the walls—not by Copley this time. At the head of the stairs on the broad space each side of the hall windows

are the pictures of two Indians, life size. There they tower in their furs and plumed coronets, as if guarding the stairway. They are said to be the portraits of two forest sagamores with whom Captain Macpheadris had dealings in the fur trade, and who, very likely, feasted with him more than once in his grand mansion.

There are other pictures to be seen in this hall-way: the walls fairly glow with life. Here rides Gov. Phipps on his war charger, large as life, and painted in the full costume of a British officer. Four or five hundred square feet are covered with sketches in color, landscapes, views of distant cities, figure pieces, and Biblical scenes. Some of these sketches are unique. On one side is seen Abraham offering up Isaac, with all the accessories—the angel, the ram, &c.—the patriarch clad like a buccaneer of the seventeenth century. Near by sits a lady at a spinning wheel, who is interrupted in her labors by a hawk lighting among her chickens.

There are ten great chambers in the house, all of them wainscotted to the ceiling, and several of them containing the original furniture. Here are two bridal chambers, dim and fragrant, with azure hangings and curtains of pale gold. And there are death chambers, too, where the cold, white faces have laid, staring out from their funeral shroud. Ah, what a mystery is this death, coming upon us in the midst of our activity, and laying us prostrate and helpless beneath the sod! How it faces us in life, like the mummy at the Egyptian feast, ever reminding us of the night that cometh to all men! Happy he who has learned not to fear this darkness.

Across the hall-way from the parlor is the old dining-room of Macpheadris and Warner, now the family sitting-room. In it the visitor finds a choice store of family relics—china, silver-plate, costumes, old clocks, and

the like. In one corner stands an ancient bookcase made of mahogany. It was purchased by Jonathan Warner in 1750, and is an artistically constructed affair. Doors almost as heavy as those of a bank vault, secret drawers and sliding panels, and locks of fine, curious workmanship, make up a wonderful memento of the craftsman's skill. Inside is a collection of antique volumes, several of which have the autographs of the colonial councillors. One of the books is the *Hexalpha*, or Commentary upon Daniel, printed in London in 1610. There is also a book of prayer, printed in 1739, which was presented by Gov. Benning Wentworth to his sister, Mrs. Macpheadris, and contains his signature.

The old house is full of odds and ends. A *bric-a-brac* hunter could here find his paradise. In the treasured family relics there are a hundred curiosities which our limits will not allow us even to mention, and which would be more pleasing to the antiquarian than a feast. Nor are the attractions all on the inside. The first lightning-rod ever put up in New Hampshire protects the Warner house to-day from the electric bolt. It was put up under the personal supervision of Benjamin Franklin himself, nearly a century and a quarter ago.

The present owner of the mansion is Mrs. John N. Sherburne, whose husband was the great nephew of Jonathan Warner. Sarah Warner, his sister, married Henry Sherburne and was mother to Sarah Sherburne who married Woodbury Langdon, and of Samuel, the father of John N. Sherburne. Col. J. N. Sherburne died in 1866. The mother of Henry Sherburne, who married Sarah Warner, was Dorothy Wentworth, a sister of the first Governor John, so that in the veins of the present proprietors the mingled blood of Sherburne, Warner, and Wentworth flow in one rich stream.

JOHN HARRIS.

BY C. C. LORD.

JOHN HARRIS was born in Harvard, Mass., October 13, 1769; he came to Hopkinton, N. H., in 1794; he resided in Hopkinton till his death, on the 23d of April, 1845.

Generally speaking, a biographical sketch is supposed to record the leading features of a life that is or was in some sense a special factor of society. Hence the individual commemorated represents in some way the public life of his time. Therefore to comprehend John Harris intelligently, one must have a definitely correct conception of the general state of that society in which he lived. We refer now to past society in Hopkinton, for we propose to speak of John Harris more particularly as a Hopkinton man.

When John Harris came to Hopkinton, the township was comparatively a new one, just redeemed from the wilderness. Consequently, Hopkinton may be said to have been at that time pre-eminently a rural town. Yet Hopkinton was then a thriving town, as it was growing in enterprise and population every day. Hopkinton kept on growing till about 1830. On that year the enumeration of the United States census showed a population of 2,474 persons—the highest census ever taken in the town. Since then the population of Hopkinton has been almost steadily declining. John Harris came to Hopkinton at the age of 25, or, we may say, when he was a full-fledged young man; in 1830, he was 61 years old. So we may add that Hopkinton's general declension and John Harris' individual declension, began about the same time. In this accidental fact, we see apparent support of the theory of a co-relation between the life of a community and that of one who prominently figures in it.

In its earliest days, Hopkinton was a rural township by virtue of the brief

life of its community. Hopkinton is to-day a rural township in consequence of her comparative distance from the great centres of traffic and trade. But there was a time when Hopkinton was something more than a rural township. When Hopkinton was a commercial centre; when here was one of the most noted public taverns between Boston and Montreal; when Hopkinton was a half-shire town of old Hillsborough county; when, in a period of nine years, the General Court of New Hampshire met here four times:—this was when Hopkinton counted among its residents a fair portion of the *elite* of New England society. In Hopkinton were then great gentlemen and fine ladies, who cultivated a style of living that made them as distinct from the strictly rural inhabitants of the town as a blossom is distinct from a leaf.

Nor must we too lightly consider the elements of social distinction obtaining in the olden time in a town like Hopkinton, if we are to maintain a true relation of facts. In many respects, New England society has changed within less than a century. Within this limit, there was a time when the position of a high-toned gentleman or lady did not imply so much social condescension and indiscrimination as it now does in the same relative circles. Consequently there was once a kind of social caste where we now see almost nothing like it. Hence higher and lower in society then meant vastly more than they now do. As a result of this condition of things, there was less intercommunication between classes of society, and more antipathy and suspicion, than now prevail. The people of wealth, culture, refinement and personal influence had a natural dread of social contamination in the prospect of

great familiarity with their simpler neighbors; the children of humbler means, indifferent culture, moderate refinement, and lesser personal force feared a usurpation of privileges and dignities in the same consummation. The great, so to speak, were few; the small, as we may say, were many: the one class were largely occupied with the problem of moral, social, æsthetic, and political ways and means; the other, mainly with the "struggle for existence." The two classes could not intimately sympathize. The same condition of things essentially exists in society to-day, only we have learned how to control our feelings better than we used to do: we are also learning that society is necessarily a composite structure, and not simply an aggregation of individuals all of the same kind.

John Harris was one of the social *elite* of Hopkinton. In person, he was dignified; in mind, cultivated; in morals, strict; in his home, a master of men-servants and women-servants; in industry, diligent and exact; by profession, a lawyer; by initiation, a Freemason; in politics, a Whig; in religion an Episcopalian. In his day and generation some of these things might be said of many men, but all of them could hardly be affirmed of any one outside of the smaller social circle including that class sometimes called aristocratic.

It were illogical to suppose or affirm otherwise than that John Harris individually bore himself as any one might have been expected to do in the same socially dynamic case. John Harris, of course, kept mainly within his select social circle, and said things not appreciable without that social circle. We offer this reflection because there are those in Hopkinton to-day who have unpleasant recollections of him. These people, of course, do not represent the social circle to which John Harris belonged, and the lights of memory still vividly reflect upon their minds the pictures of a once living past. These people doubtless have

forgiven him, but they have not forgotten him.

We will, in this instance, illustrate the meaning of the foregoing allusion. Three religious societies have built churches in Hopkinton village, the home of John Harris. These societies are the Episcopal, the Congregationalist, and the Baptist. Other societies have from time to time held services here. It is hardly necessary to say that the Episcopal church is the most æsthetic structure of the three. The Episcopalians, compared with other protestants, are memorably more inclined to illustrate the æsthetic element in religious matters. As a natural consequence, they have a certain zeal peculiar to their tastes. Looking back to the time of John Harris' meridian manhood, one need not be surprised to discover that he said something that wounded the sensibilities of somebody not of his own religious faith. At any rate, a Baptist authority does affirm that he said something offensive to Baptists in particular. The affirmed statement was in substance this: "The time is coming when all the first-class people in Hopkinton will attend the Episcopal church; the middle class will serve the Congregational; the tag-rags will go to the Baptist." We cannot logically condemn John Harris for this statement. Was he not an Episcopalian? Was not puritan Congregationalism a protest against the Church of England and her twin sister, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America? Was not the Baptist church a protest against puritan Congregationalism? Was not then a time when ecclesiastical distinctions were very distinct? Is it not natural for every sect to think its own spiritual household the nearest to perfection? Had an enthusiastic Baptist of those days ventured to compare the social status of the different Hopkinton churches, he quite as likely as not would have made a statement something like this: "The humble servants of the Lord are Baptists; those having a qualified

respect for the Almighty are Congregationalists; the people who serve Satan under the cloak of religion are Episcopalians." In every age, we find that a phenomenon is in a certain sense absolute; its interpretation is almost always related to the preconceived ideals of the interpreter. However, it is fortunate that in later times society, in action and speech, is less zealous for the extinction of legitimate distinctive privileges. Were John Harris alive to-day, he would not repeat his former comparison of the church-goers of Hopkinton, and a Baptist now has no occasion to retaliate in a way we have imagined. What is true of a later and better aspect of religious matters is equally so of all subjects of popular discussion.

Having thus briefly defined and explained John Harris' social position in Hopkinton, we will now consider certain matters more specially personal. From such information as we have, we conclude that John Harris was of medium stature and rather slim. In physical bearing, he was erect, but he sometimes walked with a peculiarly rapid motion that was noticeable. His complexion was fair, his hair was light, and he had blue eyes. We hear that he had a smooth face. By this we infer that he had no beard. Beard is not an invariable appendage to the masculine human face. Capt. Bimsley Perkins, a former noted citizen and landlord of Hopkinton, had no beard except a mere tassel upon his chin. John Harris dressed well, but he was not particularly scrupulous about his attire. In this he was like many other men of distinguished mental attainments. In the intervals of public and private cares, he found time to give to the children. Of course we do not mean all the children. In the social circle in which John Harris moved, there were children that specially attracted or interested him. He observed of these that they needed better instruction in reading than the

public schools of the time afforded them. In this, he showed his devotion to an educational specialty. He collected a class of scholars and gave them free instruction in reading. His school room was the senate chamber of the old Hopkinton court house. Lest any pupils should come unbidden to his school, he distributed cards of admission among those he desired to teach. In his reading school he paid special attention to accent, emphasis, and inflexion. A favorite selection was made the subject of a prize exercise. This selection was from the New Testament, and contained a part or all of this passage from Matthew, or its equivalent in Luke:

"What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that wear soft clothing are in kings' houses. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet." (Matt. XI, 7, 8, 9.)

Evidently an admirable selection, when one considers the different modulations of voice required in its perfect rendering.

During much the larger part of the time John Harris lived in Hopkinton, he dwelt at the angle of two roads in the western part of the village, where the road to Henniker leads off from the main village street. The situation, now occupied by Mr. Reuben E. French, is somewhat elevated. Previously to John Harris' occupancy, the place had been owned by Mr. John George, who moved from Hopkinton to Warner. When owned by John Harris, the estate embraced about fifty acres of land, "suitably divided," as is often said. In the buildings and land, John Harris effected certain improvements. He built an addition to the main house and also erected an office. In those days, farming improvements were less extensively made than now, but he kept his standard of fertilization and productiveness fully up

to the standard of the times. In one instance remembered, he employed a hand to spade up the soil of a piece of land, pick out all the stones, and fertilize it to the depth of two feet. His grass, grain, corn and vegetable crops were the best. The same may be said of his farm animals. It is told of him that he hardly ever slaughtered a hog that did not yield 500 pounds of pork. He usually kept a horse, a yoke of oxen, two or three cows, and some young cattle. As out-of-door help, he kept one man the year round, and a good deal of the time more than one. Yet John Harris made at least one mistake in farming. Lying southwesterly from his house a short distance, was a meadow of about 20 acres, of which he owned perhaps one half. It yielded large crops of grass. In his portion he dug great ditches bisecting each other at right angles. The drainage was too effective and spoiled the yield of hay. But the muck taken out of the ditches, by being composted, replenished greatly the supply of fertilizers. Indoors, John Harris employed one or more female domestics most or all of the time. Here he was as diligent as ever in the pursuit of betterments. His observation of household economy appears to have been a special cause of remark. It is said that when away from home, on tasting an unusually palatable article of food, he would obtain the recipe for its preparation, that he might take it home to his wife. With so much application and diligence in general domestic affairs, and the successful practice of the legal profession, not to mention incidental obligations already implied or expressed, it could hardly be supposed that he would devote much time to mere social recreation. It appears he did not. John Harris was diligent and studious. He could not frequently attend social sittings and indulge small talk. Consequently he became marked for his seclusiveness. Like numerous others of his kind, he was to a greater or less extent set down as "an odd man."

We have already given the place and time of John Harris' birth. His father was Richard Harris and his mother was Lydia Atherton. Richard Harris was a carpenter. We apprehend that diligent regard was given to John Harris' education, for in 1791, or when about 22 years of age, he graduated at Harvard College. He read law with Simeon Strong, of Amherst, Mass., and Timothy Bigelow, of Groton, Mass. In September, 1799, he married Mary Poor, born in Hampstead, N. H., and daughter of Eliphalet Poor and Elizabeth Little. They had four children. George was born Feb. 6, 1801, and died Feb. 17, 1849. Catharine, who became the wife of Timothy Wiggins Little, of Hopkinton, was born Jan. 23, 1804, and died Feb. 16, 1843. Eliza Poor was born Jan. 21, 1809, and died Oct. 31, 1850. Ann was born Feb. 19, 1812, and died Aug. 1, 1832. Mrs. Harris died Mar. 6, 1843, aged 64. Her reputation was that of a superior woman.

John Harris held numerous public offices. In November, 1810, he was appointed captain of the 4th company of the 21st regiment of the New Hampshire militia. When the Hopkinton post-office was first legally established, April 1, 1811, John Harris was the postmaster, being succeeded by his son in 1825. In 1816, he was made a trustee of Dartmouth College. He was solicitor of Hillsborough County from 1817 to 1823; judge of probate from 1812 to 1823, and the same for Merrimack County from 1823 to 1843. He was associate justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire from 1823 to 1833.

Assuming at the outset that John Harris was a good judge, we are prepared to entertain a certain opinion of him expressed by one competent to pass it. The legitimate attitude of a mere advocate is in a sense strictly partial. The position of the truly judicial mind is eminently impartial. It is the privilege of an advocate to debate, but of a judge to discourse. Consequently a person qualified by

mental constitution for a judge most likely makes an indifferent advocate. An eminent and venerable member of the legal profession in New Hampshire says that John Harris "had the reputation of a good judge. He was honest and well qualified to discharge all the duties of a good judge of probate. As a lawyer, at the bar, he never excelled as an advocate, but had the credit of knowing the books and being a safe adviser, and claimed to be a tolerable special pleader." We are further told that upon the supreme bench of the State, John Harris was of a timid mien and hesitating speech, and the jury was seldom or never addressed by him; nor were the opinions of the court often directly the result of his formularies. Yet, when he was judge of probate for Hillsborough county, with Charles H. Atherton of Amherst, as register, the probate code of laws was revised by their aid, and has continued without much amendment to this day. John Harris was made the head of the probate law commission in 1820.

In June, 1814, the legislature of New Hampshire selected a committee to "designate the most eligible site for a State house, to prepare a plan for the same, to receive proposals from any town or individuals for building the same, and to ascertain the probable expense, and report at the next session of the legislature." John Harris was the chairman of this committee. The other members were Benjamin Kimball, of Concord, and Andrew Bowers, of Boscawen. At that time Concord and Hopkinton were competitors for the prize. The decision was ultimately in favor of Concord. In this matter, John Harris received severe criticism from his fellow townsmen, who laid their disappointment at his door. In committee, the Concord member voted for his own town; the Boscawen member, for Hopkinton; John Harris, as chairman, for Concord. Thus was the scale turned. Had John Harris voted for his own town,

Hopkinton instead of Concord would have been the capital of New Hampshire. Hopkinton felt this blow keenly. Some Hopkinton people said that John Harris was bribed.

However, we have grounds for defending John Harris' memory from this imputation of bribery. His general character and reputation forbid the ascription of sinister public motives. The specific charge that he was rewarded for his action by a judgeship is untenable, because when Governor Plumer, in 1816, appointed him an associate justice of the supreme court, he declined the position, and a man will not decline to receive that for which he has already paid the price; nor is it probable that, being asked to receive it, he will persistently refuse it seven years. There was a profunder reason than bribery that influenced John Harris' action.

At the time of the location of the New Hampshire State house, which began to be erected in 1816 and was occupied in 1819, Concord and Hopkinton were about equal in population. In 1810, according to the census then taken, Concord had 2,393 inhabitants, and Hopkinton 2,216, making a difference of only 177. Both were places of business enterprise and importance. Concord, however, had one special advantage, in being located on a great river. In New Hampshire, rivers were then generally thoroughfares. The Merrimack river, in connection with Middlesex canal, formed a direct thoroughfare between Concord and Boston, and merchandise was freely transported up and down. Prospectively, at least, the Merrimack was navigable still farther north. Hopkinton was ceasing to occupy a position upon a great line of transportation. The forecasting of the unequal destiny of the two places was easy. Such a fact could not fail to influence the action of a mind habitually contemplative of general rather than special objects and ends. John Harris, a man of broad and discursive judgment, was con-

strained to vote for Concord in preference to Hopkinton as the permanent seat of the State government of New Hampshire.

We have already spoken of John Harris as a Freemason. He gave great diligence to the welfare of the local Masonic element. In 1803, on the 10th of January, a preliminary meeting of the Palladian Society was held at his home. A constitution had been framed and adopted, and John Harris became the first treasurer. In 1807, Trinity Chapter was formed in Hopkinton. In the priority of chapters in the State, Trinity was the second. John Harris was its founder. In 1824, he was its treasurer. He was also founder of the Tyrian Council, and of the Mount Horeb Commandery of Knights Templars. He was Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter at its formation in 1819, and first Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of New Hampshire at its formation in 1826.

John Harris' career as a party politician seems to exhibit little prominence. Being a Federalist, or Whig, he sustained the disadvantage of residing in a town where the opposing political party had a strong majority. He was frequently the incumbent of minor offices, such as moderator, selectman, or member of a special committee of the town, but in those days a Whig could not expect to be sent to the General Court of New Hampshire from Hopkinton. The more notable civil offices that John Harris held were the gifts of executive appointment. In this fact, too, we find illustration of a principle that often obtains in American politics. The appointing power is often more non-partisan than the elective. It is noticeable that John Harris was not in a single instance appointed to higher civil office by dignitaries, of his own party. He was appointed postmaster under the administration of James Madison; probate judge under the gubernatorial régimes of William

Plumer and Levi Woodbury; solicitor under that of Plumer; associate justice under that of Woodbury. It must be that John Harris was selected for these offices on account of his ability and integrity. The cause of his deposition from the most important judicial office he ever held, was purely partisan. In 1832, when Samuel Dinsmore was governor of New Hampshire, Charles F. Gove was the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives. In the legislature of that year, there was presented a resolution asking for the removal of Judge Harris from office. The resolution was referred to the judiciary committee, which reported in opposition to the removal. Gove then appealed to the house, and the Judge was ousted. A member of that legislature, now living, says, "It was a violent action that did not command my vote."

It remains for us to speak of John Harris as a churchman. In religious matters, as in other affairs, he was prominent. In 1803, an organization of the Episcopal Church, under the superintendency of the Rev. Samuel Meade, was effected in Hopkinton. It was known as "Christ's Church," and worshipped in the old county court house. John Harris was one of the subscribers to the ecclesiastical constitution. In 1826, the Rev. Moses B. Chase became the clergyman of the church and founded a new parish, which was incorporated in 1827 as "St. Andrew's Church." John Harris and William Little were its first wardens.

A man like John Harris could hardly fail of continued prominence in any church to which he might give his religious sympathies and support. However, in the Episcopal church at Hopkinton, his assistance was once in special demand. In the early struggling days of this church, the regular services of a clergyman were not always attainable. Laymen were often required to supply the desk. Prayers were often read at public worship by John Harris and John O. Bal-

lard, better known as "Master Ballard," the noted teacher of a select school, but the sermons were usually or always read by Harris, whose skill as a public reader gave him an acknowledged prominence in this part of the services.

The remains of John Harris, with those of his wife and unmarried children, were buried in the old cemetery of Hopkinton village, on the right side of the lot, as one enters by the

front gate, and a number of rods inwardly. The remains of Catharine Little lie in another part of the same yard. It is an unfortunate circumstance that the graves of the Judge and Mrs. Harris are both in a sad state of neglect, the headstones being prostrate and broken. The grave of Ann Harris is not in any better condition.

There is no descendant of John Harris living.

COO-ASH-AUKE.

BY LEVI W. DODGE, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

"T were long and needless here to tell
How to my hand these papers fell,
With me they cannot stay.—MARMION.

There is perhaps no subject of greater interest to the earnest antiquarian than the origin and history of geographical proper names; those of aboriginal no less than those of modern attachment. The facts and impressions here recorded, may gratify the curiosity of some of the readers of "THE GRANITE" interested in ye matters of ye olden time.

Coos, the title attached to our northern county, is purely of Indian derivation, and of the dialect of the Abenakis, a confederacy of tribes once inhabiting the territory now included in New Hampshire and Western Maine, and north to the River St. Lawrence. It is a corruption of "Coo-ash," signifying pines; the syllable *ash* being the plural ending in that dialect.

It was among the aborigines of the country even as in our own time, the inhabitants of any particular section were known by some name attached to, or descriptive of the portion of country in which they were located. We know the "Green Mountain Boys" live only in Vermont. So among the natives the *Coo-ash-aukes* were the dwellers of the "pine-tree country,"

from *Coo-ash*, pines, and *auke* or *akee*, place or section, the latter having a broader signification than the terminal *auke*, which was more generally applied to localities. This title was attached to the country and its inhabitants north of the mountains and along the Connecticut valley above Moosilauke. It is not probable that these pine country Indians assumed tribal regulations until after the advent of the white man or the breaking up of the more important and powerful organizations below. Nor is this the only location bearing that title. There is a stream, a branch of the lower Merrimack, the outlet of Massabesic Lake, still known by its Indian name, "Cohos Brook;" and the country around and through which it flows was once a dense forest of pine, the "Coo-ash" of the natives. Nor is this the only Indian title still clinging like the ancient pine to its native soil around this northern section, and doubtless brought hither by those exiles from the lower Merrimack, when driven from the hunting grounds and the homes of their fathers, to seek a temporary abiding place "around the head waters of the Connecticut."

When, in the early part of the 17th century, Capt. John Smith coasted along the shore of New England, and

made the acquaintance of its early inhabitants, he found dwelling in the beautiful "valley of the Merrimack," a half dozen or more tribes, each independent in itself, but all owing allegiance to one powerful chief, Passaconaway of the Penacooks. His centre of power, or seat of council, was about where the city of Concord now is. This valley afforded superior advantages for Indian settlement. Its rich intervalles were easily cultivated even by the rude implements and with the slight knowledge they possessed. The forests abounded in game, and the various falls along the course of the river afforded unsurpassed fishing advantages, where, during the favorable season, the fishermen of the various tribes gathered for their annual supply of fish. The most noted of these resorts was called Namaoskeag; from *namaos*, fish, and *auke*, a place, meaning therefore fishing place, and the native tribe inhabiting the section around the falls, was known as *Namaoskeauks*. In those primitive days the name was applied to the succession of falls from the country of the Pennecocks to the Souhegan, but as the country became settled by the white man, the name became limited to the falls now known as Amoskeag, a corruption of the original Namaoskeauke. During the two hundred and fifty years it has been known to the English, it has suffered many transformations in orthography, one of which by Dr. Cotton Mather we will quote. The river had become noted far beyond its native bounds on account of other wonders than its fish, its falls, and its broad basins.

In the "Philosophical Transactions," published in London, Mather writes thus: "A little above the hideous falls of the Merrimack River, at a place called *Amnuskeag*, is a huge rock in the midst of the stream," etc.

When in after years the remnants of these Merrimack river tribes, decimated to a scanty few, were forced to quit their native valley, the homes of their ancestors and their ancient hunt-

ing and fishing grounds, they fled north, and around the head waters of the Connecticut they found a new "Cooash" country, and themselves became the Cooashaukes, and the mountain streams abounding in trout, their native food, from the rivers of lower Cohos (Haverhill) to the upper Cohos (Lancaster) intervalles, were soon known as their *Namaos-coo-auke*, easily translated into "Pine-tree Fishing Place," and as easily transformed by some Cotton Mather of later years into the present briefer but not less euphonic title, Ammonoosuc, and clinging still to three distinct wild streams included within the ancient domain of the Cooash-aukies.

The writer has seen or heard a different signification of the name Coos, as meaning *crooked*, and applied to the country as descriptive of the winding course of the river in those named localities, but this cannot be the true translation, for although the English word might descriptively be applied, the Abenekies term for crooked would be *penaquis*, from which could not well be derived the name Coos.

There exists no Indian title of mountain, lake or river, but is a concentrated description, often clothed in poetic imagery, illustrative of some peculiarity, real or imaginary, or perhaps commemorative of some strange legend or savage romance.

The aboriginal name once borne by Lancaster's eastern branch of the Connecticut, Israel's river, seems to have departed with the nation or tribe which conferred it, and it is so lost in tradition, so warped by attempts to reconcile English orthography and pronunciation with the Indian tongue, that it has become corrupted into almost a meaningless title. In the traditional "Singrawoc," we can trace no Abenekis save the terminal *oc* or *auke*. *Siwooگانock*, as written by some one, whom, we know not, is nearer the original, which was doubtless *Sawa-coo-nauke*, with the *n* thrown in for euphony. This in the Indian dialect would signify "burnt pine place," or

country, from which we might read that sometime, away back prior to the advent of the white hunter, perhaps in the days of Wannalancet, the valley was devastated by fire, which circumstance was of sufficient Indian importance to be classed among the traditions of the tribe and gave a name to the section and its river. Col. Potter, the historian of Manchester, is authority for the derivation of *Saco* from a similar traditional source.

The name this river at present bears, is said to commemorate that of an enterprising hunter, who prior to mid-eighteenth century days, scouted this section for peltries. It is said to have been before the exploration of this north country by the whites, and prior to the advance of civilization beyond the outposts, which as late as 1760 were Charlestown on the Connecticut and what is now Franklin on the Merrimack.

The generally accepted origin of the name is doubtless founded upon some show of fact, but as English knowledge of the region extends back but to about the middle of the last century, we can but think that what is now accepted as dim tradition, might be traced to its circumstantial source. It would certainly be a satisfaction to the lovers of the antique and to the student of history to know whence came and whither went the unknown individual whose name is immortalized in the title of this beautiful stream coming down from

Where the shadows of mountains
Lie darkly at noon,
And December drifts cool in the
Sunlight of June.

The tradition which associates the name of "old Captain John," as he was familiarly known to the whites, with the present title of the river of Dalton and Whitefield at the head of the "Fifteen Mile Falls," the writer has never been able to trace to any reliable source, but will here introduce for what it is, a tradition characteristic of those times.

Among the Cooashaukes who returned from St. Francis, or Abernauquis as their settlement in Canada is still called, and where descendants of these scattered New Hampshire tribes now exist, were two families of former distinction among the clans. They were known as Capt. Joe and Capt. John, and were prominent actors in the events of those pre-revolutionary days. They were totally unlike in disposition and sentiment, but both espoused the cause of the patriots during the war that followed, and did good service for the people.

The squaw of Capt. Joe was known among the whites as "Molley." She remained true to her disenthralled chief until in his old age, when under stronger influences she returned to friends at St. Francis. "Old Joe" died at Newbury in 1819, said to have been the last survivor of his race.

In the town of Barnet, just above the junction of the Passumpsic river with the Connecticut, is a small contribution to the former river known as "Joe's Brook," and its source among the hills of Barnet is "Joe's Pond," commemorative of "old Joe," the last of the Cooashaukes; while a little farther to the westward are Molley's Brook and Molley's Pond, telling to the listener's ear the story of the unfaithful squaw.

Capt. John was an active partisan during the revolutionary war. He led a small company of Indians enlisted from Coos and vicinity, and received a captain's commission. With the instincts of his race, like Capt. Joe, he was a wandering hunter, and the tradition affirms that the river running through his favorite hunting grounds came to be known as "John's River." It enters the Connecticut from the east just at the head of the "Fifteen Mile Falls," in Dalton. This ancient chieftain died a violent death soon after the return of peace, and was buried at "lower Cohos." Capt. John was known among his own kindred as "Soos-sup," or Sussup, and in those savage war-whoop days he was a terror among the early settlements of New Hampshire, being a leader in

some of the incidents of Indian captivity and cruelty, as instigated by the French.

He left one son, who was known as "Pial Sussup;" Pial being the Indian of Phil, or Philip, and the writer is wondering if there is not some connection between this name and that attached to the last Indian consignment of land located in the Coos country. This deed is dated June 8th, 1796, and conveys from "Philip, an Indian, a native of America, now resident in Upper Coos and chief thereof," to "Thomas Eames, of Northumberland, and his associates." "Beginning on the east side of the Connecttecook river, now called Connecticut, at the mouth of the Ammonoosuck River," etc. The territory includes within its bounds all that section of New Hampshire lying north of the Ammonoosuc and Androscoggin, and a section of Maine, with the following reservations and conditions, namely: "That I reserve free liberty to hunt all sorts of game on any of the foregoing territories and taking fish in any of the waters thereof, for myself, my heirs and successors and all Indian tribes forever. Also liberty of planting four bushels of corn and beans, and this my trusty friend Thomas having given me security to furnish me and my squaw with provisions and suitable clothing, which I have accepted in full. I have for myself and in behalf of all Indians who hunted on or inhabited any of the foregoing lands or waters, forever quit-claimed and sold as aforesaid to them * * * as a good estate in fee simple, and do covenant with them that myself and my ancient fathers, forever and at all times have been in possession of the above described premises; and that I have a right to, and will warrant and defend the same to them, etc.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, seal and signature this twenty-eighth of June, 1796.

Philip ^{his,}
+ Indian Chief.
mark.

Molley ^{her}
+ Messell.
mark.

Mooseleek ^{her}
+ Sussup."
mark.

Incidentally here let me mention what I have never seen allusion to in any historical sketches of Lancaster, but is preserved among the memories of "Ye ancient days" in "Lower Coos." During those times of Indian terror, Gen. Jacob Bailey, the leading military spirit of this section, had under his command a small scout both of whites and friendly Indians. Learning at one time that a party of the enemy were on their way from Canada with intent to burn Newbury, he dispatched a band of rangers under the leadership of Col. Barron to intercept them. But somewhere along their route from Lake Champlain, the Indians were apprised of the intended ambushade by a tory hunter.

"Thus foiled in their main purpose, they abandoned the destruction of Lower Coos, and turning north they burned the settlement at Lancaster."

Should this notice of an event scarcely more than traditional meet the eye of any descendant of those intrepid pioneers who followed the lead of Paige and Nash and Stockwell, perhaps they will tell us more of that early Indian raid into this north country, and who were the sufferers thereby.

Prior to the conquest of Canada, which closed what has passed into history as the French and Indian war, in 1761, the region north of a line drawn from Charlestown on the Connecticut, to the south end of Lake Winnepiseogee, which would represent New Hampshire's northern outposts of civilization, and onward to the River St. Lawrence, was a vast wilderness, uninhabited except by the remnants of those scattered tribes who had fled north before the irresistible advance of the white man into their native wilds.

This "terra incognita" was a broad, indefinable country, lying between the French possessions of Canada and British provinces of New England, but

still occupied by the real owners of the soil, who held their title by grant from the King of kings. Can we wonder that they were jealous of the aggressions and encroachments that had already driven them from their ancestral domains into hopeless exile and into weak and scattered bands among the mountains? Does it seem strange that seeking retaliation for their many wrongs, and fearing lest they be driven even from this last foothold in their native land, they should be found allied with the French as against their ancient and implacable foe, the English?

From the Indians alone, after the death of their great war chief, Kancamagus, just previous to 1700, the settlers of New Hampshire would have had but little to fear even among the unguarded outer settlements, for the red and white hunters were frequent companions, and the red men, their wives and their children were often seen at the fireside of the pale-face; but instigated by the French through offers of reward, love of revenge and fear of punishment, they were influenced to dastardly deeds.

During the peaceful reign of Wampanacut, the son and immediate successor of Passaconaway, who was Sagamore of the Merrimack river confederacy when the English first commenced the settlement of the country, the Indians had been shorn of their strength and had now become a mere remnant of a once powerful nation.

After the massacre at Cocheco in 1689, which was instigated and carried forward by the wily Kancamagus in revenge for repeated wrongs to himself and family and tribes, he with his followers fled north, and, says Judge Potter, "*joined the bands at the sources of the Saco, Amarescoggin and Connecticut,*" and the "royal residence of the Pennecooks at Namaoskeag became comparatively deserted."

The small tribe upon the Saco was known as the Pequaukies under a savage chieftain, but they were routed and most of their warriors slain in 1725, by Capt. Lovewell and his party, and

the feeble remnant fled north of the mountains, and afterward, says the same authority as above, "joined their friends at St. Francis."

It was these reunited remnants of the once powerful Abenekies tribes of Maine and New Hampshire, who were used by the French in after years as instruments to carry the fire and tomahawk into the border settlements of the state, the ancient homes of these revengeful wild men of the woods.

It was from these expatriated survivors of their race, perhaps under direction of their allies, the French, that came to Capt. Stevens at Charlestown, the protest against the further advancement of English colonization into the "Cowass" country, as alluded to by Belknap and Saunderson, and embodied in a communication dated March 19th, 1753, from Capt. Israel Williams to Lieut. Gov. Phips, of Massachusetts.

Perhaps in view of certain controversies that have grown out of allusions of different writers to this letter, it may be of interest to the public to here introduce it in full, or as far as is necessary to illustrate our sketch.

"HATFIELD, March 19th, 1753.

Sir :

Capt. Stevens, of No. 4, was lately at my house and gave me the following acc't, which I thought it my duty to transmit to your honour, it appearing to me to be of importance to the public: viz.—That the beginning of Jan'y last, six Indians of the St. Francois tribe came to No. 4 Fort under a Flag of truce: the first thing they asked after was, Whether it was all well? To which he answered Yes, and asked whether they had not heard of the late Treaty at the Eastward? Their answer was No, they knew of no such thing. He told them there was no doubt but some of their tribe was present at the Treaty. They said none of their Chiefs, for if they had any treaty with the English, it would be at Albany or in some of these parts. They further said to the Capt.. You well know what you heard from our chief men last

summer at Montreal, and what they say is always strong. In the most of the conversation he had with them, he told me they manifested great uneasiness at our People's going to take a view of Cowass meadows last spring, but never fully declared their minds till the morning they took their departure, when with great deliberation (as he expressed it) they told him, For the English to settle Cowass was what they could not agree to, and as the English had no need of that land, but had enough without it, they must think the English had a mind for war if they should go there, and said if you do we will endeavor that you shall have a strong war; that they should have the Mohawks and Otawawas to help them; that there were four hundred Indians now a hunting on this side the St. Francois River, and that the owners of the land at Cowass would be all there this Spring, and that they at No. 4 might expect that if the affair of settling Cowass went forward to all have their houses burnt.

They told him further that they had no mind for war and desired him to use his Interest to prevent the English going to Cowass, and said again if they go there must be war, and it would be a war of the English making. Thus have I given the account almost in the words he delivered to me, nothing materially different."

Capt. Williams further adds, "Upon the whole it is evident that the Indians are acquainted with the Designs and Projections of a neighboring government (New Hampshire), and it is evident they don't intend tamely to yield up the possession of that place to the English; but on the contrary do what they can to hinder the settlement of it, and as they suppose the land to be theirs, and none without their consent have right to enter upon it, and they have good right *vi et armis* to drive any such away, so beyond all dispute the French will encourage and help them. However easy and practicable the settlement of Cowass may appear to some, yet I make no doubt they will

meet with a Tartar and find themselves miserably disappointed that they have undertaken it if they proceed."

This is the letter upon which Dr. Belknap, the historian, bases his statement, vol. 2, page 278, of his history. "A party was sent up in the spring of 1752, to view the meadows of Cohos and lay out the proposed townships." Col. Potter, the historian of Manchester, seems to entertain the same opinion, and yet neither of the above authors gives us any proof or record of the exploration, nor has thus far any account of it come to the light of modern history. The expression in Capt. Williams's letter giving rise to the theory of the 1752 undertaking, is this: "*They manifested great uneasiness at our People's going to take a view of Cowass meadows last Spring.*"

The opinion of this writer is that by some means the Indians were made acquainted with the deliberations of the Council of New Hampshire, relative to the occupancy of their lands, and before any steps were taken toward a survey, sent their protest to the nearest point having authority to communicate. The consideration of the subject by the assembly was early in March, 1753, at which time a committee was appointed for the purpose of "surveying and marking a road to Coos." This committee consisted of Col. Zacheus Lovewell, John Tolford and Caleb Page, and the particulars of their service may be gathered from their account rendered and now on file in the office of the secretary of state. It bears date March 31, 1753, and is as follows:

"March, 1753. Messrs. Zacheus Lovewell, John Tolford and Caleb Page Charge ye Province of New Hampr., Dr., for themselves and men here named hired to survey and make the road to Coos in March Curr't." Here follow the names of the party and the time of service, varying from 19½ to 22 days. The pilot of the expedition was John Stark, who had passed over the same route as a captive but a year before, and one mem-

ber of the party was Robert Rogers, afterward the famous scout and ranger, and the destroyer of the Indian village of St. Francis, in 1759.

To reconcile the above account with the statement in the letter of Mr. Williams, we must conclude there is error in dates, which would not be likely to occur, or the meaning of the author of the letter has been misunderstood, *unless there was a previous expedition under private enterprise, which may have been the case.*

The author of Stark's memoirs, in alluding to this expedition, seems to treat it lightly and says, "They reached Concord on their return on the thirteenth day from the time of their departure." What is his authority for this statement we are unable to find, and he in the same connection refers to Col. Potter's account, which authority says, "they performed the duty assigned them in twenty days."

This then was the state of affairs in the "Cohos" country in the spring of 1753, about ten years previous to its occupancy by the whites. The English had penetrated and marked a way by the Merrimack and Pemigewasset valleys, into the heart of the Indian territory, notwithstanding the protest of the native chiefs. This action, we may presume, was immediately communicated to the French, for rumor was soon brought that they were building a fort at Upper Cohos. This being conveyed to the governor, he dispatched a company under command of Capt. Peter Powers, and Stark says, "with a flag of truce, to demand their authority for so doing." The author of the History of Manchester says they were sent out "in pursuit of the Indians," who had again commenced their hostilities on the frontiers.

From the Adjutant General's Report we have no reference to this expedition, except in the biographical notice of Peter Powers, which says, "A report was afloat that the French were building a fort at the 'Upper Coos,' and Governor Wentworth ordered Capt. Powers to march to that section

of country and ascertain the fact. This was in June, 1754. He obeyed the order and found that the report was unfounded."

Perhaps the Captain did not penetrate far enough to prove the report untrue, as he ended his explorations about two miles above the mouth of what is now known as Israel's river. The first fortification known to have been built above the "fifteen mile falls," or at "Upper Coos," was constructed by a detached company from Colonel Blanchard's regiment, which was enlisted for service against Crown Point in 1755. This company was officered as follows: Robert Rogers, captain, Richard Rogers, 1st lieutenant, John Stark, 2d lieutenant, Noah Johnson, ensign. Early in the summer of that year they were sent forward from their rendezvous on the Merrimack to build a fort at "Coos Meadows," which locality, so little known by the government, was supposed to be in the direct route from Salisbury Fort to Crown Point. And it was to be for "occupation by the regiment, or for resort in case of disaster." The report of the Adjutant General says: "Capt. Rogers executed his commission and built a fort at the junction of the Ammonoosuc with the Connecticut, on the south side of the former river. This was called 'Fort Wentworth.'" And he adds: "This fort upon the Ammonoosuc should have been called 'Fort Folly' instead of Wentworth, as the fort, as well as the batteaux, never was of any use."

It has been asked, Why did not Rogers, in his famous retreat from St. Francis, in 1759, stop at this fort which himself had builded, and find needed rest and relief from pursuit by the Indians? The only answer seems to be in the fact that they were upon the opposite side of the river from the fortification, and not finding the expected boats and having no tools for constructing a raft for aid in crossing, they thought their only safety was in continued flight from their pursuers.

After civilization had penetrated to

this northern country, and pitches had been made upon both sides of the valley, from the falls to the mouth of the Nulhegan, the settlers united themselves together for self protection against the French and Indians, and, says the Hon. Moody Rich, in the *Vermont Magazine*: "There were three forts built, two in Northumberland, one at the mouth of the Ammonoosuc river, and one on the Marshall farm, since owned by Charles H. Woods, and one in Stratford, in the north part of the town, opposite the Joseph Merrill farm, in Brunswick. Whenever an alarm was given Indians or Tories were coming, the women and children fled to the forts." Ward Bailey was chosen captain, to take command of these forts and the forces raised to guard

them. He had settled upon the west side of the river, in Maidstone. In 1780, or soon after, Col. Bailey built a blockhouse as a defensive resort in case of necessity, at the Guildhall falls, and in after years it was used as the first jail in the county of Essex.

"In the spring of 1776, Capt. Jeremiah Eames was on duty at the 'Upper Coos,' and built or repaired the garrison at Northumberland, and about the same time he built garrisons at Bath and Lancaster." So says the Report of the Adjutant General.

Still linger in our northern clime
Some memories of that olden time,
And still around our mountains here
We hold the ancient titles dear.

AXON.

EARTHQUAKES FROM 1638 TO 1883, IN THE NEW ENGLAND STATES AND IN THE BRITISH POSSESSIONS NORTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND EAST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY JOSIAH EMERY.

[CONTINUED.]

September 5, 1732, about noon, we had a severe shock, which was perceived at Boston and Piscataqua, but attended with little or no noise. The same earthquake was heard at Montreal, in Canada, at the same time and about the same hour of the day, and did damage to one hundred and eighty-five houses, killed seven persons and hurt five others; and it was heard there several times afterward, only in the night, as the newspapers give us this account. Of this shock, Mr. Brigham says: "September 5, 1732, N. S., a violent earthquake was felt in Canada, which did considerable damage at Montreal, as stated in Mr. Plant's list above. It came at eleven o'clock A. M., and was attended with a rumbling noise. A clock was stopped at Annapolis, Maryland, although the shock was slightly felt at Boston.

December 30, in the morning, we had a shock, and it had been heard by some people several times within three weeks before.

March 1, 1733, a loud and long noise of it.

October 19, 1733, a loud and long noise about midnight.

January 16, 1733-4, about 10.20 P. M., a loud and long roaring.

June 29, 1734, about 3.15 P. M., there was somewhat of a noise of it.

October 9, about 10.20, a small shock.

November 11 or 12, for it was about midnight, we had the loudest noise and greatest shock, except the first; it was long, very awful and terrible.

November 16, about six in the morning, there was a small shock.

February 2, 1735-6, about a quarter of an hour before six in the evening, there was a pretty loud noise and shock.

March 21, 1736, about half an hour past ten in the morning, it was somewhat loud.

July 13, about 9.45 A. M., the noise of it was loud.

October 1, about 1.30 A. M., it was loud and long, and a great shock repeated twice in an instant.

November 12, about two in the morning, there was a shock with the noise, and about six the same morning another something louder.

February 6, 1736-7, about a quarter past four P. M., there was a considerable shock. *

Shocks were also felt in Boston, says Mr. Brigham, at the same hour of February 16. This probably was the same as the above, with a N. S. date.

September 9, 1737, about 10.20 A. M., it was very loud and long, and shook our houses very much.

"In October or November of the same year," says Mr. B., "a very slight shock was felt in Boston, but it is only referred to as happening about seventeen years before the great earthquake of 1755."

December 7, a little before eleven in the night, the ground shook very much, but we heard no noise. On the same seventh of December, at New York, they had three severe shocks of an earthquake in the night; it threw down there some chimneys, and made the bells to toll so as to be heard. At the same time the said shock and noise was felt and heard in many other places. This is the same shock referred to by Mr. B., page 9, as happening on December 17. His date is N. S., Mr. Plant's O. S.

August 2, 1739, we had a great shock; it made my house to shake, and the windows jar. It was about an hour past two in the morning. I think I never heard but two other louder or longer or greater.

December 14, 1740, about 6.35 A. M., there was heard a pretty loud noise of the earthquake.

January 18, 1741, about four A. M., there was heard the noise of the earthquake.

January 25, 1741, about ten minutes before four in the afternoon, there was a shock of the earthquake with a loud rumbling noise.

The above account, up to January 25, 1741, was copied by Mr. Plant and sent to England, and read before the Philosophical Society, February 21, 1742, and published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. 43, p. 33.

In the letter transmitting his record, he says: "This is the last that has been heard (and I pray God I may never hear any more such and so long). I have omitted to set down some that were small, or such as I did not hear myself. I was very exact to the time, so that what account I have sent you is most certainly true. And though the first night was the most terrible, as the surprise was sudden, yet there never happened one shock among us, but what occasioned some alteration at that time in every person's countenance or constitution; and which way soever any person's face happened to be, that way the noise of the earthquake appeared to him. These frequent repetitions of the roaring and shocks of the earthquake were upon Merrimack river, and seldom extended above seven or eight miles' distance from, or twenty or thirty up the river—those instances alone excepted which I have mentioned in the relation; and the first shock of it was greater with us than anywhere else in New England; and the tops of chimneys and stone fences were thrown down in these parts."

Mr. Plant was a native of England, born in 1691; was graduated from Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1712; became rector of Queen Anne's Chapel, Newbury, April 29, 1722; died April 2, 1753.

The earthquake on the Tuesday preceding September 15, 1728 (N. S.), mentioned by Mr. B. in *Historical Notes*, is probably the same as that mentioned by Mr. Plant as occurring September 8.

The shock of November 9, 1727, mentioned by Mr. B., is doubtless the same as Mr. Plant's of October 29, the one being N. S., the other O. S.

Mr. Brigham's of September 15, 1732, N. S., is the same as Mr. Plant's of September 5, 1732, O. S.

Mr. B.'s of February 16, 1737, is the same as Mr. Plant's of February 6, 1737.

Mr. B.'s of December 17, 1737, is Mr. Plant's of December 7, O. S.

"In October or November, 1737," says Mr. B., "a very slight shock was felt in Boston, but it is only referred to as happening about seventeen years before the great earthquake of 1755." See *Philosophical Transactions*, vol. 49, p. 443.

June 13, 1741, at 10.35 A. M., a very noisy earthquake took place, although the shock was not very great. The day was bright and hot, and the barometer fell slightly in the morning. There had been no rain since the twenty-third of May, and the whole month was hot and dry. Much lightning was observed during the latter part of the month. At the time of the earthquake the barometer, as observed by Prof. Winthrop, stood at 29.94.

December 6, 1741, a small earthquake was felt at Boston, Dedham, Walpole, and other towns, about 8 o'clock in the morning. This is not mentioned by Mr. Plant, and probably was not heard at Newbury. The towns mentioned are some distance south of Boston, and Newbury double the distance north.

March 27, 1742, a quarter before 7 A. M., the noise of the earthquake was very loud, but it did not make any shaking, as I could perceive, although I was alone and seated in my little house. One thing I took notice of, namely, at all times before, when we heard the noise, which way our faces were, that way the noise seemed to be, but now the noise seemed to be behind me, and my family took notice of it that the noise seemed to be behind them. *Mr. Plant.*

September 13, 1742, about half past five an earthquake. *P.*

August 10, 1743, about five P. M., a pretty loud shock of the earthquake. *P.*

May 13, 1744, in the morning, a shock.

May 16, 1744, at a quarter past eleven A. M., there was an earthquake. It was felt in Quebec, in Canada.

June 3, 1744 (O. S.) on the Sabbath, at a quarter past ten, we had a terrible shock of the earthquake. It made the earth so shake that it made myself and many others run out of the church. This was also noticed at Cambridge, Mass. *B.*

June 28, 1744, public fast, and in the evening an earthquake. *P.*

December 23, 1744, a small earthquake was felt about Newbury at noon.

Mr. Plant made no record of the above.

February 2, 1746, a shock was felt by some at Boston between nine and ten in the evening.

August 2, 1746, just before sunrise, there was a considerable loud and long earthquake.

January 6, 1747, about midnight an earthquake.

December 3, 1747, at half past four, an earthquake.

December 6, 1747, at four P. M., another.

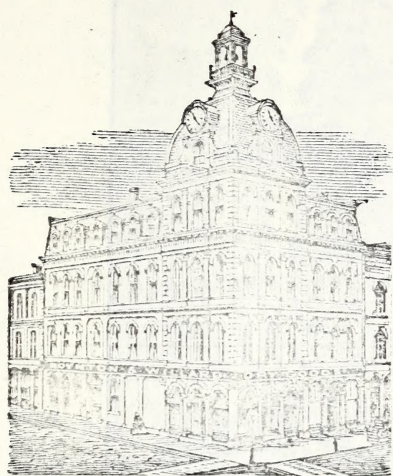
March 11, 1748, about a quarter before seven A. M., there was an earthquake.

November 1, 1755, the great earthquake at Lisbon occurred, and continued for several days. According to Appleton, this earthquake was felt in Iceland, on the coast of Massachusetts, and on Lake Ontario.

"November 18, 1755, about four o'clock A. M., was the most violent earthquake ever known in North America. It continued about four and a half minutes. In Boston, about one hundred chimneys were leveled with the roofs of the houses, and fifteen hundred shattered and thrown down in part. There was a shock every day till the twenty-second." The above I copy from Joshua Coffin's history, who quotes from Richard Kelley.

(To be continued.)

SOMETHING ABOUT THE DRY GOODS BUSINESS IN CONCORD.



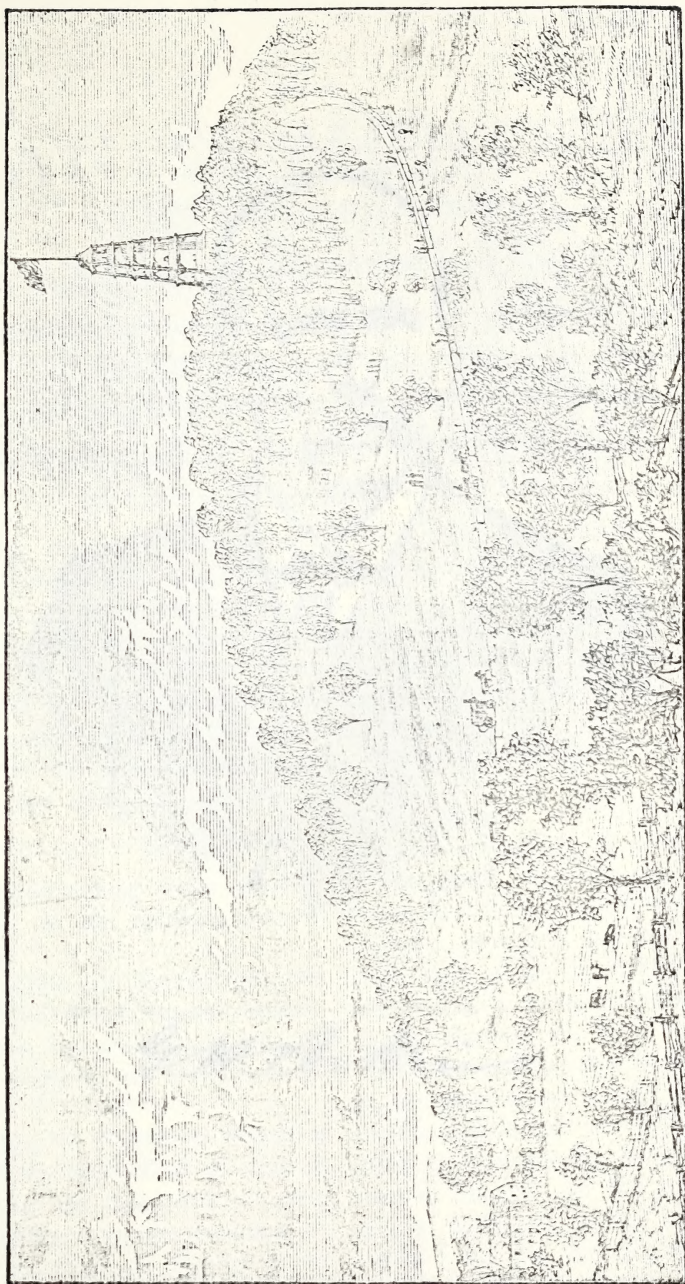
Prominent among the fine blocks in Concord is the Board of Trade Building, located on Main street, corner of School. In this block we find the store of E. W. Willard & Co., who are known throughout New Hampshire as one of the leading dry goods firms of the State. The above cut shows their store, with its three entrances, Nos. 83 North Main Street and 2 and 6 School Street. For the benefit of our readers we have taken pains to inspect the large stock and numerous departments of this store. Also, the *Lamson Cash Railroad*, a novel device (used only by the larger stores) for carrying cash from clerks to the cashier's desk. This is the only one of the kind in Concord, and would well pay any one visiting Concord to inspect.

In a single page which we shall devote to the leading dry goods store in Concord, we can but mention some of the many attractions offered by Messrs. E. W. Willard & Co., and only a few things that have led to the success of which they may well be proud. We notice in their store a large and care-


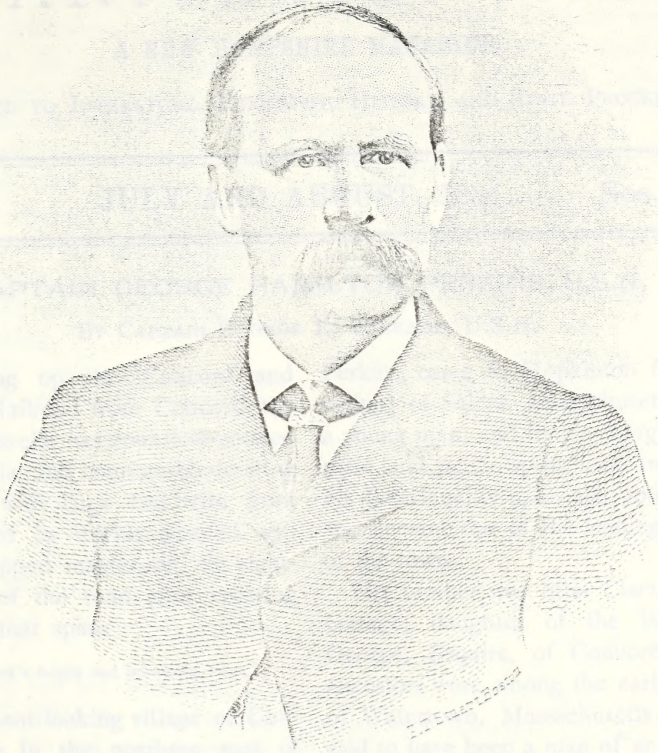
fully selected stock. Prominent among the departments are the *Dress Goods, Silks, Shawls, White Goods, Kid Gloves, Hosiery, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs, Corsets and Skirts, Small Wares, Domestic and Housekeeping Goods*. We could not but admire the excellent arrangement of the goods, which seemed to border on the artistic, but a fact more worthy of mention was the quality of the goods which filled their many shelves and drawers. To maintain the reputation and large trade which this firm has already secured (a close inspection reveals the secret), the *very best grades of goods largely predominate*. While the demands of the trade require that all grades be kept, the firm always recommend a good fabric, avoiding shoddy and cheap imitations.

In Silks, E. W. Willard & Co. seem to have unusual facilities for giving their customers good value. They have gathered suggestions from the leading importers and large buyers of New York, and are willing to compare prices with any house in the country. The liberal patronage this department has received the past season is convincing proof that it is worthy the attention of close buyers. Their Hosiery and Kid Glove stocks are worthy of special mention; for variety of makes, patterns, colors, and prices they are rarely equalled.

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CAPTAIN GEORGE HAMILTON PERKINS, U.S.N.

BY CAPTAIN GEORGE E. BELKNAP, U.S.N.

IN passing up the Concord and Claremont Railroad from Concord, the observant traveler has doubtless noticed the substantial and comfortable-looking homestead with large and trim front yard, shaded by thickly planted and generous topped maples, on the right-hand side of the road after crossing the bridge that spans

“Contoocook’s bright and brimming river,”

at the pleasant-looking village of Contoocookville in the northern part of Hopkinton.

There, under that inviting roof, the subject of this sketch, GEORGE HAMILTON PERKINS, the eldest son in a family of eight children, was born, October 20, 1836.

His father, the Honorable Hamilton Eliot Perkins, inherited all the land in that part of the town, and, in early life, in addition to professional work as a counsellor-at-law and member of the Merrimack County bar, built the mills at Contoocookville, and was, in fact, the founder of the thriving settlement at that point.

His paternal grandfather, Roger Eliot

Perkins, came to Hopkinton from the vicinity of Salem, Massachusetts, when a young man, and by his energy, enterprise, and public spirit, soon impressed his individuality upon the community, and became one of the leading citizens of the town.

His mother was Miss Clara Bartlett George, daughter of the late John George, Esquire, of Concord, whose ancestors were among the early settlers of Watertown, Massachusetts. He is said to have been a man of active temperament, prompt in business, stout in heart, bluff of speech, honest in purpose, and never failing in any way those who had dealings with him.

As “the child is father of the man,” so the boyhood and youth of Captain Perkins gave earnest of those qualities which in his young manhood the rude tests of the sea and the grim crises of war developed to the full. “No matter” was his first plainly spoken phrase, a hint of childish obstinacy that foreshadowed the persistence of maturer years. Among other feats of his boyish daring, it is told that when a mere child, hardly into his first

trousers, he went one day to catch a colt in one of his father's fields bordering on the Contoocook. The colt declined to be caught and after a sharp scamper took to the river and swam across. Nothing daunted, the plucky little urchin threw off his jacket, plunged into the swift current, and safely breasting it, was soon in hot pursuit on the other side; and after a long chase and hard tussle made out to catch the spirited animal and bring him home in triumph. Always passionately fond of animals and prematurely expert in all out-door sports, he thus early began to master that noblest of beasts, the horse.

When eight years old, his father removed with his family to Boston, and, investing his means in shipping, engaged for a time in trade with the west coast of Africa. The son was apt to run about the wharves with his father, and the sight of the ships and contact with "Jack" doubtless awoke the taste for the sea, that was to be gratified later on.

Returning to the old homestead on the Contoocook after the lapse of two years or more, the old, quiet, yet for young boyhood, frolicsome out-door life was resumed, and the lad grew apace amid the rural scenes and ample belongings of that generous home; not over studious, perhaps, and chafing, as boys will, at the restraint imposed by the study of daily lessons and their recital to his mother.

At twelve years of age, he was sent to the Hopkinton Academy, and afterwards to the academy at Gilmanton. While at Gilmanton, General Charles H. Peaslee, then member of Congress from the Concord congressional district, offered him the appointment of acting midshipman to fill a vacancy at

the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, which, after some hesitation, his parents permitted him to accept, and he was withdrawn from Gilmanton and sent to Concord to prepare for entrance at Annapolis, under a private tutor. He remained under such pupilage until the age of fifteen, when the beginning of the academic year, October, 1851, saw him installed in "Middy's" uniform at that institution, and the business of life for him had begun in earnest.

To a young and restless lad, used to being afield at all times and hours with horse, dog, and gun, and fresh from a country home where the "pomp and circumstance" of military life had had no other illustration than occasional glimpses of the old "training and muster days" so dear to New Hampshire boys forty years ago, the change to the restraint and discipline; the inflexible routine and stern command; the bright uniforms and novel ways; the sight of the ships and the use of a vocabulary that ever smacks of the sea; the call by drum and trumpet to every act of the day, from bed-rising, prayers, and breakfast, through study, recitation, drill, and recreation hours, to tattoo and taps, when every student is expected to be in bed,—was a transformation wonderful indeed; but the flow of discipline and routine are so regular and imperative that their currents are imperceptibly impressed upon the youthful mind and soon become a part of his nature, as it were, unawares. So we may conclude that our young aspirant for naval honors proved no exception to the rule, and soon settled into these new grooves of life as quietly as his ardent temperament would permit.

The discipline at the Academy, in those days, was harsher and more

the Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, which, after some hesitation, the patient permitted him to accept, and he was withdrawn from Glilmanton and connected to prepare for entrance at Annapolis, under a private tutor. He remained under such tutelage until the age of fifteen, when the beginning of the academic year, October, 1871, saw him enrolled in "Middy's" cadet corps at that institution, and the business of life for him had begun in earnest.

To a young and restless lad, used to being held in all times and places with horse, dog, and gun, and then from a country home where the "pomp and circumstance" of military life had had no other limitation than occasional glimpses of the old "training and transfer days" so dear to John Hampden, the boy's four years at the change to the routine and discipline of the inflexible cadet and army command, the bright colors and novel ways, the sight of the ships and the air of a vocabulary that ever thronged at the ear; the call by drum and trumpet to every act of the day from breakfast, prayers, and breakfast, through study, recreation, drill, and recreation hours, to luncheon and then when every student is expected to be in bed,—was a transition somewhat indeed; but the flow of discipline and routine are so regular and repetitive that their constant and unvaryingly improved repetition are unobtrusively impressed upon the youthful mind and soon become a part of his nature, as it were, necessary to we may conclude that our young aspirant for naval honors proved no exception to the rule, and soon settled into these new grooves of life as quickly as his ardent temperament would permit.

However, he went one day to catch a cold in one of his father's fields bordering on the Comstock. The cold decided to be caught and after a sharp scupper took to the river and swam across. Nothing daunted, the plucky little fellow threw off his jacket, plunged into the swift current, and safely breasting it, was soon in hot pursuit on the other side, and after a long chase and hard work made out to catch the spirited animal and bring him home in triumph. Always passionately fond of animals and particularly expert in all out-door sports, he thus early began to master that noblest of beasts, the horse.

When eight years old, his father removed with his family to Boston, and, investing his means in shipping, engaged for a time in trade with the west coast of Africa. The son was apt to run about the wharves with his father, and the sight of the ships and contact with "jack" doubtless made the taste for the sea, that was to be gratified later on.

Returning to the old homestead on the Comstock after the lapse of two years or more, the old, quiet yet for young, peaceful, wholesome out-door life was renewed, and the lad grew apace amid the trust scenes and simple belongings of that frontier home; not over studious, perhaps, and chafing at the routine imposed by the study of daily lessons and their recital to his mother.

At twelve years of age, he was sent to the Hopkinton Academy, and afterwards to the academy at Glilmanton. While at Glilmanton, General Charles H. Pease, then member of Congress from the Concord congressional district, called him to the appointment of

exacting, and the officers of the institution of a sterner and more experienced sea-school, than now; and the three months' practice cruises across the Atlantic, which the different classes made on alternate summers, when the "young gentlemen" were trained to do all the work of seamen, both aloft and aloft, and lived on the old navy ration of salt junk, pork and beans, and hard-tack, with no extras, were anything but a joke. The Academy, too, was in a transition state from the system in vogue, up to 1850 inclusive, prior to which period the midshipmen went to sea immediately after appointment, pretty much after the fashion of Peter Simple and Jack Easy, and after a lapse of five years came to the school for a year's cramming and coaching before graduating as passed midshipmen. The last of such appointees was graduated in 1856, and the sometime hinted contaminating influence of the "oldsters" upon the "youngsters" was a thing to be known no more forever, albeit the hint of contamination always seemed, to the writer, questionable, as, in his experience, the habit and propensity of the youngsters for mischief appeared to require neither promotion nor encouragement. Indeed, their methods and ingenuity in evading rules and regulations and defying discipline were as original as they were persevering, and could the third-story room of the building occupied by the subject of this sketch be given tongue, it would tell a tale of frolic and drollery that would only find parallel in the inimitable pages of Marryatt. Convenient apparatus for the stewing or roasting of oysters, poaching of eggs, or the mixing of refreshing drinks, could be readily stowed away from the inspecting officer, or a roast goose or turkey

be smuggled by a trusty darkey from some restaurant outside; and it was but the work of a moment after taps to tack a blanket over the window, light the gas, and bring out a dilapidated pack of cards for a game of California Jack or draw-poker; or to convert the prim pine table into a billiard-table, with marbles for balls, with which the ownership of many a collar, neckerchief, shirt, and other articles of none too plentiful wardrobes, were decided in a twinkling, while the air of the crowded room grew thick and stifling from the smoke of the forbidden tobacco. One of the company would keep a sharp lookout for the possible advent of the sometimes rubber-shod passed midshipman doing police duty, and, if necessary, danger signals would be made from the basement story, by tapping on the steam-pipes, which signal would be repeated from room to room, and from floor to floor, generally in ample time for the young bacchanalians to disperse in safety. If, perchance, the revelers got caught, they would stand up at the next evening's parade and hear the offence and demerits accorded, read out in presence of the battalion, with an easy *sang-froid* that piqued the sea-worn experience of the oldsters while they marveled. Let no one judge these lads too harshly, for the day came, all too soon, when they were to stand up in face of the enemy, and, with equally nonchalant but sterner courage, go into battle in defence of the flag they were being trained to defend, many winning undying honor and fame, some meeting untimely but heroic graves, in "the war that kept the Union whole."

Our midshipmite soon became a favorite with all, from the gruff old superintendent down to the littlest

new-comer at the school. His bright, cheery, and genial disposition, and frank, hearty ways, were very winning, and if, in his studies, he did not take leading rank, nor become enraptured over analytics, calculus, and binomials, he was esteemed a spirited, heartsome lad of good stock and promise, bred to honorable purpose and aspiration, with seemingly marked aptitude for the noble profession, which, more than any other, calls for a heroism that never hesitates, a courage that never falters; for, aside from its special work of upholding and defending the flag, and all it symbolizes, on the high seas to the uttermost parts of the globe, "they that go down to sea in ships" come closer to the manifestations of the unspeakable might and majesty of Almighty Power than any other. The seaman, with but a plank separating him from eternity, never knows at what moment he may be called upon to put forth all the skill and resource, the unflinching effort and sacrifice, that his calling ever, in emergency, unstintedly requires.

"Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's
breath prevail,
He searches all its stormy deep, its dangers
all unveil."

Of medium height, slight and trim of figure, clear complexion and piercing gray eyes of peculiar brilliancy, softened by a merry twinkle betokening latent mischief, young Perkins was a youth fair and interesting to look upon. He walked with quick, elastic step, carried his head a little on one side, and had a habit, when anything struck his fancy pleasantly, of shrugging his shoulders and rubbing his hands together in a vigorous way, that seemed to declare in unmistakable terms that he was glad all over!

During one of the wonted summer cruises, he made himself somewhat famous at great-gun practice, the details of which are given in one of his home letters, as follows:—

"We had target practice one day, and it came my turn to shoot. There was quite a swell on, which made it very difficult to get any kind of a shot, but when I fired I hit the target, which was a barrel with a small flag on it, set up about three quarters of a mile distant. Such a thing as hitting a small target at sea, with the ship in motion, and a swell on, is considered almost out of the question, so they all said it was 'luck.' But another target was put out, and I fired again and stove it all to pieces. Then the crew all cheered, and made quite a hero of me. Still some said it must be luck, and another target was put out in exactly the same manner. This one I did not quite hit, but the shot fell so near, that all gave it up it was *not* luck, and that I was a first-rate shot with broad-side guns."

After such demonstration, it is not strange that he was looked upon as having a very correct eye for distances, and was ever afterward called upon to fire whenever experiments were wanted. Naval gunnery, be it remarked in passing, is quite a different matter from army practice: in the former, with its platform never at rest, it is like shooting a bird on the wing, when distance and motion must be accurately gauged and allowed for; in the latter, from its gun on a fixed platform, it is but a question of measurement from the object, by means of instruments if need be, and of good pointing. The seaman stands immediately in rear of the gun, with eye along the sight directing its train, now right, now

left, now well, and with taut lock-string in hand in readiness to pull the moment the object is on, and on the alert to jump clear of the recoil. The soldier handles his piece with greater deliberation, sights it leisurely on its immovable platform, and, if mounted *en barbette*, retires behind a traverse before firing.

Graduating in June, 1856, the now full-fledged Midshipman Perkins could look back upon his five years' probationary experience with many pleasant recollections, though doubtless thanking his stars that his pupilage was over.

During his time there had been two superintendents at the academy. The first was Captain C. K. Stribling, a fine seaman of the old school, of rigid Presbyterian stock, stern, grim, and precise, with curt manners, sharp and incisive voice that seemed to know no softening, and whose methods of duty and conception of discipline smacked of the "true blue" ideal of the Covenanters of old in their enforcement of obedience and conservation of morals. The second was Captain L. M. Goldsborough, a man of stalwart height and proportions and a presence that ennobled command; learned and accomplished, yet gruff and overwhelming in speech and brusque and impatient in manner, but possessing, withal, a kindly nature, and a keen sense of humor that took in a joke enjoyably, however practical; and a sympathetic discrimination that often led him to condone moral offences at which some of the straight-laced professors stood aghast. His responses at church-service resounded like the growl of a bear, and when reprimanding the assembled midshipmen, drawn up in battalion, for some grave breach of discipline, he would stride up and down the line with the tread of an elephant, and expound

the Articles of War in stentorian tones that equaled the roar of a bull! But if, perchance, in the awesome precincts of his office, he afterwards got hold of a piece of doggerel some witty midshipman had written descriptive of such a scene, none would enjoy it more than he!

After an enjoyment of a three months' leave of absence at home, Midshipman Perkins was ordered to join the sloop-of-war Cyane, Captain Robb. That ship was one of the home squadron, and in November, 1856, sailed for Aspinwall, to give protection to our citizens, mails, and freight, in the transit across the Isthmus of Panama to California, back and forth. At that period safe and rapid transit in that region of riots and revolution was much more important than now,—the Pacific Railroad existing only in the brains of a few sagacious men,—and the maintenance of the thoroughfare across the pestilential isthmus was a national necessity. For years our naval force on either side had had frequent occasion to land expeditions to protect the life and property of our citizens, and a frightful massacre of passengers had but lately occurred at the hands of a mongrel mob at Panama. The situation was critical, and for a time it looked as though the United States would be obliged to seize and hold that part of Colombian territory. But time wore on without outbreak on the part of the fiery freemen of that so-called republic, the continued presence of ships, both at Panama and Aspinwall, doubtless convincing them of the folly of further attempts to molest the hated Yankees.

Meanwhile the notorious Walker had been making a filibustering raid in Central America, which ended in failure,

and the *Cyane* went over to Greytown to bring the sick and wounded of his deluded followers to Aspinwall for passage to New York. Some hundred and twenty officers and men found in the hands of the Costa Ricans were taken on board, most of them in a deplorable condition. Some died before weighing anchor for Aspinwall, and as midshipmen have no definable duties except to obey orders, whatever they may be, Midshipman Perkins was sent in a boat one day to take a chaplain's part in the burial of one of the victims. "When we got out to sea," he wrote, "I read some prayers over him, and then he was thrown over the side, the sailors saying 'God bless you!' as the body sunk." This sad duty made him feel solemn and reflective, but more than likely as not he was called upon immediately on arrival on board, as "master's mate of the spirit-room," to attend the serving out of grog to the ship's company! Extremes meet on board a man-of-war, and the times for moralizing are short and scant.

So time sped, Midshipman Perkins performing his multifarious duties with alacrity and approval, and having some perilous adventures by flood and field in pursuit of wild game, until July, 1857, when the monotony of the cruise was broken by a trip to the banks of Newfoundland for the protection of our fishing interests, and including visits at Boston, St. John's, and Halifax.

The people of the Provinces were very hospitable, and the contrast between the dusky damsels of the isthmus and the ruddy-cheeked belles of St. John's and Halifax was brightening in the extreme; and young Perkins, ever gallant in his intercourse with the sex, and a good dancer, found much favor with the Provincial beauties, and doubtless made up for past depriva-

tions, in the alluring contact with their charms.

Returning southward in the fall, the ship cruised among the West Indies, visiting, among other ports, Cape Haytien, the old capital of the island of Hayti, to inquire into the imprisonment of an American merchant captain. This place, before the French Revolution, had been a city of great magnificence and beauty — the Paris of the Isles; and the old French nobility, possessing enormous landed estates and large numbers of slaves, lived in a state of almost fabled grandeur and luxury; but negro rule, the removal of the seat of government to Port-au-Prince, and the great earthquake of 1842, have destroyed all but a semblance of its former glory and importance.

Among other sights visited by the officers was the old home of Count Cristoff, a castle of great size and strength, built on one of the highest hills, some twelve miles back of the town. It was told of the old Count that he used every year to bury large sums of money from his revenues, and then shoot the slave who did the work, that the secret of the spot might be known only to himself.

In January, 1858, Midshipman Perkins was detached from the *Cyane*, and he bade adieu forever to her dark, cramped-up, tallow-candle lighted steerage, baggy hammock, and hard fare, where the occasional dessert to a salt dinner had been dried apples, mixed with bread and flavored with whiskey! There were no eleven-o'clock breakfasts for midshipmen in those days, and canned meats, condensed milk, preserved fruits, and other luxuries now common on shipboard, were almost unknown.

A few brief days at home and orders

came to join the storeship *Release*, which vessel after a three months' cruise in the Mediterranean returned to New York to fill up with stores and provisions for the Paraguay expedition. That expedition had for its object the chastisement of the Dictator Lopez for certain dastardly acts committed against our flag on the River Parana.

Owing to the paucity of officers, so many being absent on other foreign service, Midshipman Perkins was appointed acting sailing-master, a very responsible position for so young an officer, which, with the added comforts of a stateroom and well-ordered table in the wardroom, was almost royal in its contrast with the duty, the darksome steerage, and hard fare on board the *Cyane*. It would be difficult to make a landsman take in the scope of the change implied, but let him in imagination start across the continent in an old-fashioned, cramped-up stage-coach, full of passengers, with such coarse fare as could be picked up from day to day, and return in a Pullman car with well-stocked larder and res-aurant attached, and he will get a glimmering as to the difference between steerage and wardroom life on board a man-of-war.

The *Release* was somewhat of a tub, and what with light and contrary winds and calms took sixty-two days to reach the rendezvous, Montevideo, arriving there in January, 1858. She found the whole fleet at anchor there, and officers and men soon forgot the weariness of the long passage in the receipt of letters from home, and in the joyous meetings with old friends. All admired the fine climate, and, as that part of South America is the greatest country in the world for horses, the young sailing-master rejoiced in the opportunity offered to indulge in his favorite pastime

of riding. He also showed his prowess as a devotee of the chase in the fine sport afforded on the pampas that enabled him to run down and shoot a South American tiger.

Meanwhile Commodore Shubrick, in command of the expedition, had completed his preparations for ascending the Parana, and the fleet soon moved up to a convenient point, the Commodore himself continuing on up the river in a small vessel to Corrientes to meet Lopez and convey to him the ultimatum of the United States. After some "backing and filling," as an old salt would characterize diplomacy, Lopez concluded "discretion to be the better part of valor," and making a satisfactory *amende*, the Paraguayan war came to a bloodless end, and the hopes of expectant heroes with visions of promotion dissolved like summer clouds.

Young Perkins was now, August, 1858, transferred to the frigate *Sabine* for passage home to his examination for the grade of passed midshipman. Passing that ordeal satisfactorily, aided by handsome commendatory letters from his commanding officers, he spent three happy months at home, and then received orders for duty on board the steamer *Sumter*, as acting master, the destination of that vessel being the west coast of Africa, where, in accordance with the provisions of Article 8 of the Webster-Ashburton treaty (1842), the United States maintained a squadron, carrying not less than eighty guns, in co-operation with the British government, for the suppression of the slave trade. That article continued in active observance nineteen years, when the United States, having a little question of slavery to settle at home, gave the stipulated preliminary notice and recalled the ships.

The Sumter arrived on the coast in October, 1859, making her first anchorage in the lovely harbor on the west side of Prince's Island. That island, in about $1^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, covered with all the luxuriance of tropical growth and verdure, and broken into every conceivable shape of pinnacle, castellated rock and chasm, and frowning precipice, streaked with silvery threads of leaping streams in their dash to the sea, is indeed one of the most enchanting spots the eye ever rested on. The chief inhabitant of the lovely isle was Madame Ferrara, a woman of French extraction, who lived alone in a big, rambling house, surrounded by slaves, who cultivated her plantations and prepared the cocoa, palm oil, yams, and cocoanuts, for the trade that sought her doors.

Filling up with water, the Sumter proceeded to the island of Fernando Po, a Spanish possession close in to the mainland, in the Bight of Biafra, where she met several English and French men-of-war, and received orders for her future movements.

The first thing to do, in accordance with the custom of the squadron, was the enlisting of fifteen or twenty negroes, known as Kroomen, whose home is in the Kroo country in upper Guinea, just south of Liberia. They did all the heavy boat-work of the ship, thus lightening the work of the crew, and saving them as much as possible from exposure to the effects of the deadly climate. Great, strapping, muscular fellows, many of them, with forms that an Apollo might envy, they were trained from infancy to be as much at home in the water as upon the land, and could swim a dozen leagues at sea or pull at the oar all day long without seeming fatigue. Wonderfully expert

in their handling of boats, especially in the heavy surf that rolls in upon the coast with ceaseless volume and resistless power, its perilous line almost unbroken by a good harbor, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Straits of Gibraltar, their services in communicating with the shore were simply invaluable. The head Kroomen exercised despotic power over their respective gangs, and the men were given fanciful names, and so entered on the purser's books. Bottle-o'-Beer, Jack Frying-Pan, Tom Bobstay, Upside Down, and the like, were favorite names; and our fun-loving young sailing-master hints, in his letters of the time, that the archives of the fourth auditor's office at Washington may possibly embalm the names of certain Annapolis belles that had been borne by some of these sable folk!

The cruising ground embraced the coasts of Upper and Lower Guinea, and the coast of Biafra, with occasional visits of recruit and recreation to Cape Town and St. Helena. The work was arduous, monotonous, and exhausting, especially during the rainy season, when the decks were continually deluged with water, and dry clothing was the exception, not the rule. The weather was always hot, often damp and sultry, and the atmosphere on shore so pestilential, that no one was permitted to remain there after sundown. But that rule was no deprivation, as the dangers of the passage through the relentless breakers, alive with sharks, were so great, that few cared to visit the shore except when absolutely necessary. The vessels cruised mostly in sight of the coast to watch the movements of the merchantmen, all more or less under suspicion as slavers, watching their chances to get off with a cargo.

On one hand was the rounded horizon dipping into the broad Atlantic; on the other, the angry line of rollers with their thunderous roar, backed by white beach and dense forest, with occasional glimpses of blue hills in the distant interior. This and nothing more, from day to day, save when a small village of thatched huts came into view, adding a scant feature to the landscape; or a solitary canoe outside the line of breakers; or strange sail to seaward; or school of porpoises, leaping and blowing, windward bound; or hungry shark prowling round the ship, lent momentary interest to the watery solitude. It was a privilege to fall in with another cruiser, whether of our own or of the English flag. On such occasions, down would go the boats for the exchange of visits, the comparison of notes, and sometimes the discussion of a dinner. The English officers had numerous captures and handsome sums of prize-money to tell of, while our people, as a rule, could only talk of hopes and possibilities. Our laws regulating captures were as inflexible as the Westminster Catechism, and a captain could not detain a vessel without great risk of civil damages, unless slaves were actually on board. Suspected ships might have all the fittings and infamous equipment for the slave traffic on board, but if their masters produced correct papers the vessels could not be touched; and our officers not infrequently had the mortification of learning that ships they had overhauled, and believed to be slavers, but could not seize under their instructions, got off the coast eventually with large cargoes of ebon humanity on board.

Not so with the English commanders, whose instructions enabled

them to take and send to their prize-courts all vessels, except those under the American flag, under the slightest showing of nefarious character; and their hauls of prize-money were rich and frequent.

The intercourse with the English officers, notes Master Perkins, at first cordial and agreeable, became, after a few months, cold and indifferent. Her Majesty's officers no longer cared to show politeness or friendly feeling. The first premonitions of the Rebellion in the John Brown raid, the break-up of the democracy at Charleston, and the violence of the Southern press concerning the probable results of the pending presidential election, convincing them that the long-predicted and wished-for day—the breaking up of the Republic—was nigh at hand, and their real feelings as Englishmen cropped out but too plainly; but of this, more anon.

Despite the perils of the surf, the dangers of the inhospitable climate, and the unfriendly character of some of the savage tribes to be met with, the adventurous spirit and dauntless courage of Master Perkins was not to be balked. Volunteering for every duty, no matter how dangerous, hardly a boat ever left the ship that he was not in it. The life of the mess through his unfailing good humor and exuberant flow of spirits, he was the soul of every expedition, whether of service or pleasure; and before the cruise of some twenty-two months was up, he came to know almost every prominent tribe, chief, and king on the coast. Now dining with a king off the strangest of viands; now holding "palaver" with another; now spending a day with a chief and his numerous wives; now visiting a French barracoon, where, under a fiction

of law, the victims were collected to be shipped as unwilling apprentices, not slaves, to be returned to their native wilds, *if they lived long enough*; now ascending a river dangerous for boats, where, if the boat had capsized, himself and crew would but have served a morning's meal to the hungry sharks held as fetich by the natives along the stream, who yearly sacrifice young girls reared for the purpose to their propitiation; now scouring the bush in pursuit of the gorilla or shooting hippopotami by the half-dozen, and other adventures and exploits wherein duty, excitement, and gratified curiosity were intermingled with danger and hair-breadth escape that few would care to tempt.

On one occasion, he volunteered to go with a boat's crew and find the mouth of the Settee River, not dreaming of landing through the unusually heavy surf. "But," said he, "in pulling along about half a mile from shore, a roller struck the boat and capsized it. Of course we were obliged to swim for shore; in fact, we had little to do with it, for the moment the boat was upset we were driven into the surf, and not one of us thought we should ever reach the shore, for if we were not lost in the surf, the sharks would eat us up. As I rose on the top of a wave I could look ahead and see the stretch of wild, tossing surf, which it seemed impossible for any one to live in; but when I looked back I could count all my men striking out, which was very encouraging, as I feared one or two might be under the boat. I thought for a moment of you all at home, and wondered if mother would not feel a little frightened if she knew how strong the chances were against her son's receiving any more letters from

home. Just then a roller struck me and carried me down so deep I was caught by the undertow and carried toward the sea, instead of the land. When I came to the surface I tried to look out for the next roller, but it was no use; the first one half-drowned me, and the next kept me down so long that when I rose I was in the wildest of the surf, which tumbled and rolled me about in a way I did not like at all. My eyes, nose, and mouth were full of sand, and, in fact, I thought my time had come. Just then I looked on shore, and saw two of my men dragging some one from the water, and at that sight I struck out with one despairing kick, and managed to get near enough for two of the men to reach me; but that was all I knew of the affair until a little after sunset, when I became conscious of the fact that I was being well shaken, and I heard one of the men say, 'Cheer up, Mr. Perkins! Your boat and all the men are on shore.' This was such good news that I did not much mind the uncomfortable position in which I found myself. I was covered with sand and stretched across a log about two feet high, my head on one side and my feet on the other. The men had worked a long while to bring me to. Three of the men were half-drowned and one injured. We managed to get the boat in the river, but suffered awfully from thirst. The next morning we lost our way, and, after pulling around till mid-afternoon, we stumbled on some natives fishing. We followed them home, but found them such a miserable, bad-looking lot of negroes that we expected trouble. Knowing that the native villages in the daytime are left in charge of the old men and women, and not knowing what might

happen when the men came back, we killed some chickens, and, with some sweet potatoes, made quite a meal. The strongest of us, myself and three others, got ready for a fight, while the rest manned the boat ready for our retreat. Shortly after this the chief came back, and about a hundred men with him. I told the chief I had come to pay him a visit, and we had a great palaver; but he would not give us anything to eat, and we made up our minds that it was a dangerous neighborhood; so we moved down on a sand-spit in sight of the ship, and there we stayed three days and nights. We built a tent and fortification, traded off most of our clothes for something to eat, and slept unpleasantly near several hundred yelling savages. All this while the ship could render no assistance; but on the third day the Kroomen came on shore with some oars, and, after trying all one day, we managed, just at night, to get through the surf and back to the ship. It was a happy time for us, and I may say for all on board, as they had been very anxious about us. Not far north of this, if you happen to get cast ashore, they kill and eat you at once, for cannibalism is by no means extinct among the negroes."

The sequel of this perilous experience was that all of them were stricken down with the dread African fever which, if it does not at all times kill, but too often shatters the constitution beyond remedy; and the fact that five officers, including one commanding officer, and a proportionate number of men, had been invalided home, and another commanding officer had died, all due to climatic causes, attests the general unhealthfulness of the coast. Other interesting incidents and narrow escapes, in which Master Perkins had

part, might be told, did not lack of space forbid; but enough has been shown to impress the fact that African cruising, even in a well-found man-of-war, is not altogether the work and pleasure of a holiday; yet, in looking over young Perkins's letters, we cannot forbear this description of the expertness of the Kroomen in landing through the surf.

"When the boat shoves off from the ship, the Kroomen, entirely naked with exception of breech-clout, strike up a song, and pulling grandly to its rhythmic time, soon reach the edge of the surf, and lie on their oars. All eyes are now cast seaward, looking for a big roller, on the top of which we shall be carried on shore, and there is a general feeling of excitement. In a short time, the looked-for roller comes; the Kroomen spring to their oars with a shout, the natives on shore yell with all their might, the boat shoots forward on top of the wave at incredible speed, the surf thunders like the roar of a battery, and altogether it seems as if the world had come to an end and all those fellows in the infernal regions were let loose. Now we must trust to luck wholly; there is no retreat and no help, for the boat is beyond the power of any human management, and go on shore you must, either in the boat or under it. The moment the boat strikes the beach, the Kroomen jump overboard, and you spring on the back of one of them, and he runs with you up on the beach out of the way of the next roller, which immediately follows, breaking over the boat, often upsetting it and always wetting everything inside. If you have escaped without a good soaking, you may consider yourself a lucky fellow."

In the midst of this work came the

startling news of the portentous events at home. The infrequent mails began to bring the angry mutterings, the fateful tidings, that preluded the Rebellion. Every fresh arrival but added to the excitement and increased the bewilderment that had so unexpectedly come upon the squadron; for, far removed from the scene, and not daily witnesses of the overt acts of the maddened South, they had mostly believed that the threatened conflict would be tided over, and the government be enabled to continue on in its wonted peaceful course. Now a wall, as of fire, rose up between the officers; every mess in every ship was divided against itself; brothers-in-arms of yesterday were enemies of to-day; and no one spoke of the outlook at home except in bated breath and measured speech, from fear that the bitter cup would overflow then and there, and water turn to blood. Many Southern officers sent in their resignations at once, and all, both from North and South, were anxious to get home to do their part on one side or the other.

"For some time past," wrote Master Perkins, "the foreigners here have shown us but little respect, and seem to regard us as a broken power; and this has been very provoking, for in my opinion it will be a long time before any power can afford to despise the United States." And he notes the fact that no more money could be had,—that the credit of the government was gone! Ah! how happy the day to loyal but wearied hearts on that inhospitable shore, when the news came of the President's call for seventy-five thousand men, giving assurance that we still had a government, and meant to preserve it through the valor, the blood, the treasure of the nation, if need be!

After unaccountable and vexatious delay, the *Sumter* received orders, July, 1861, to proceed to New York; meanwhile she had captured the slave brig *Falmouth*, a welcome finale to the cruise, and what with the officers transferred to her and the resignations that had taken place, Mr. Perkins now became executive officer, a fine position at that day for one of his years.

Making the homeward run in thirty-six days, the officers and men dispersed to their homes for a brief respite before entering upon the stern duties that awaited them, and Mr. Perkins had the satisfaction of receiving his commission as master.

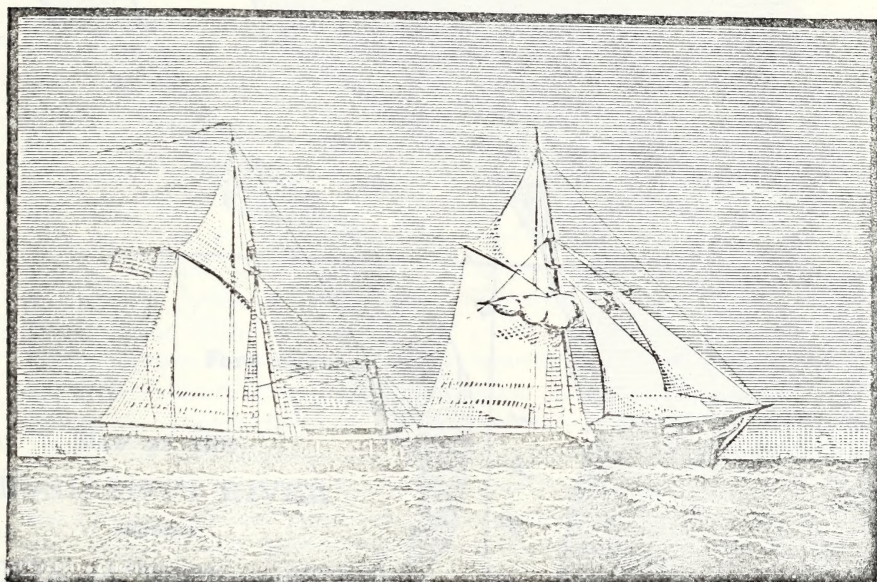
Recruiting his shattered health for a short time at his welcoming home, he was ordered as executive officer of the *Cayuga*, one of the so-called ninety-day gunboats, carrying a battery of one eleven-inch Dahlgren gun, a twenty pounder Parrott rifle, and two twenty-four pounder howitzers, and commanded by Lieutenant-Commanding N. B. Harrison, a loyal Virginian, who had wavered never a moment as to his duty when his State threw down the gauntlet of rebellion.

The exigencies of the war had soon exhausted the lists of regular officers and the few thousand seamen that had been trained in the service, and large drafts of officers and men were made upon the merchant marine as well as big hauls of green landsmen who had never dreamt of salt water; and First Lieutenant Perkins, as the only regular officer on board except the captain, soon found himself an exceeding busy man in organizing, disciplining, drilling, and shaping into place and routine, some ninety officers and men, all equally new to man-of-war life and methods, and requiring the necessary

time and instruction to fit them for their new duties. A fair soldier may be made in three months—a good seaman not in three years.

The vessel was ordered to join Farragut's fleet in the Gulf, but, with the usual delays incident to new ships, did not get off from New York until the first week in March, arriving at Ship Island on the thirty-first, by way of Key West, and having made a prize on the way. As the young executive had been

three corvettes of the Iroquois class; nine gunboats of the Cayuga class, and the large side-wheel steamer Mississippi, carrying in the aggregate one hundred and fifty-four guns, principally of nine-inch and eleven-inch calibre; but as the large ships carried their batteries mostly in broadside, the actual number that could be brought to bear, under the most favorable conditions, on every given point, would be cut down to the neighborhood of ninety guns.



THE CAYUGA.

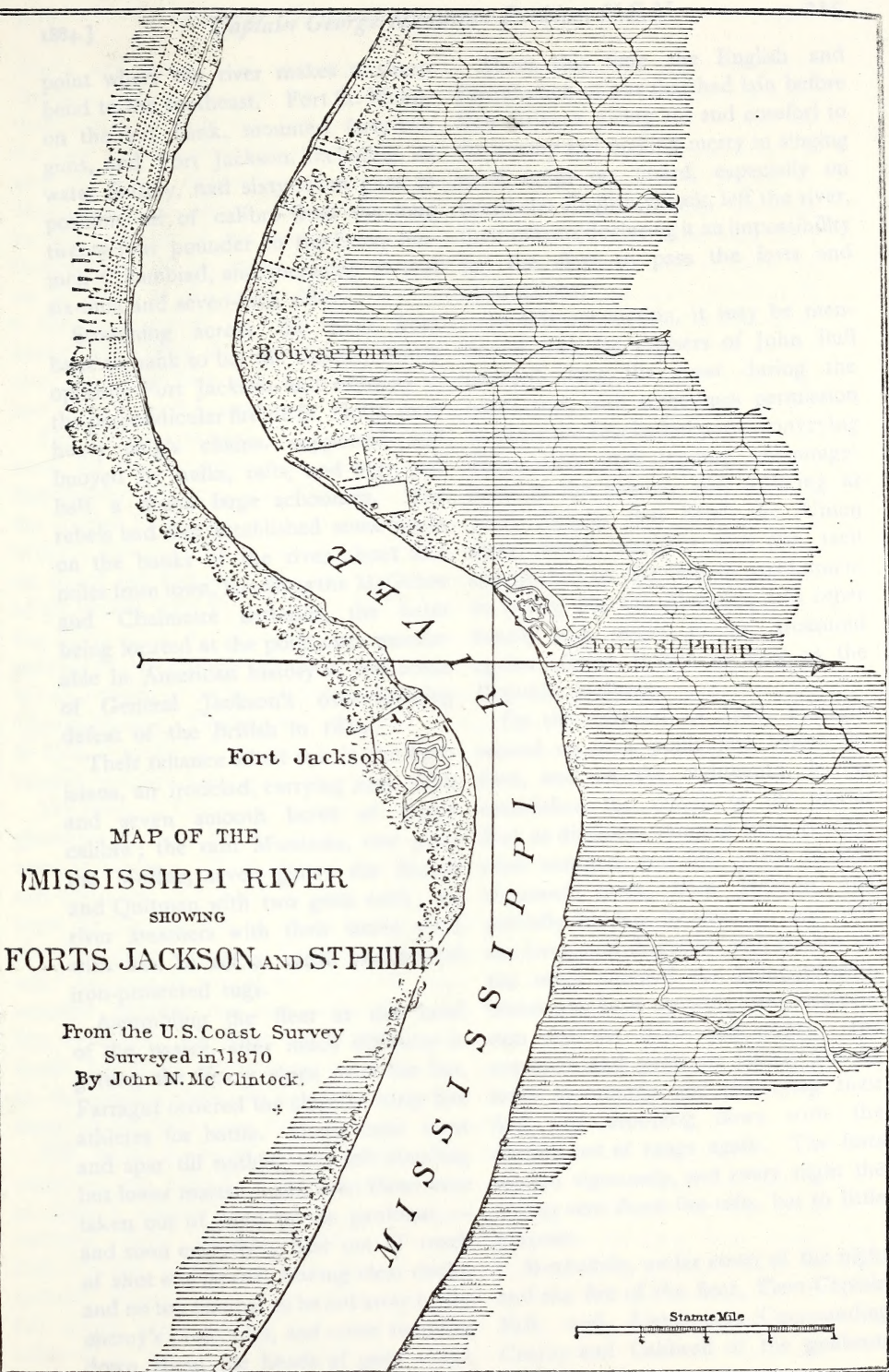
promoted to a lieutenantancy on the eve of departure from New York his visions of prize-money were doubtless proportionately enhanced by the capture!

The next day she sailed for the mouth of the Mississippi, where, and at the head of the passes, the rest of the fleet was assembled, and Flag-Officer Farragut busily engaged in completing the preparations for the attack on New Orleans.

The fleet consisted of four heavy sloops-of-war of the Hartford class;

Supporting this force as auxiliary to it, for the bombardment of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, was Porter's mortar fleet of twenty schooners, each mounting a thirteen-inch mortar, and a flotilla of five side-wheel steamers, and the gunboat Owasco, carrying, in all, thirty guns.

The forts in question, forming the principal defences of New Orleans, were heavy casemated works with traverses on top for barbette guns, some ninety miles below the city at a



MAP OF THE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
SHOWING
FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP

From the U.S. Coast Survey
Surveyed in 1870
By John N. Mc Clintock.



point where the river makes a sharp bend to the southeast. Fort St. Philip, on the left bank, mounted forty-two guns, and Fort Jackson, including its water battery, had sixty-seven guns in position, all of calibre from the long twenty-four pounder to the heavy ten-inch Columbiad, and including several six-inch and seven-inch rifles.

Stretching across the river from bank to bank to bar the channel, nearly opposite Fort Jackson and exposed to the perpendicular fire of St. Philip, were heavy ship's chains, supported and buoyed by hulks, rafts, and logs, and half a dozen large schooners. The rebels had also established some works on the banks of the river about four miles from town, known as the McGehee and Chalmette batteries, the latter being located at the point ever memorable in American history as the scene of General Jackson's overwhelming defeat of the British in 1815.

Their reliance afloat was in the Louisiana, an ironclad, carrying nine rifles and seven smooth bores of heavy calibre; the ram Manassas, one gun; the McRae, seven guns; the Moore and Quitman with two guns each; six river steamers with their stems shod with iron to act as rams, and several iron-protected tugs.

Assembling the fleet at the head of the passes, after much difficulty in getting the heavy ships over the bar, Farragut ordered the ships to strip like athletes for battle. Down came mast and spar till nothing was left standing but lower masts, — and even those were taken out of some of the gunboats, — and soon everything best out of reach of shot was landed, leaving clear decks, and no top hamper to be cut away by the enemy's projectiles, and come tumbling down about the heads of guns' crews.

About this time the English and French men-of-war that had lain before New Orleans, giving aid and comfort to the enemy and making merry in singing rebel songs on board, especially on board the English vessels, left the river, their officers declaring it an impossibility for the fleet to pass the forts and obstructions.

In this connection, it may be mentioned that the cruisers of John Bull prowled along the coast during the entire war, with sometimes permission to enter the blockaded ports, conveying information and lending encouragement to the enemy, and rejoicing at every disaster that befell the Union arms, which, together with the tacit connivance of the British government in letting out the Alabama, and other hostile acts, ought to be treasured against Great Britain so long as the Republic endures.

On the sixteenth of April, Farragut moved up to a point just below the forts, and on the eighteenth, having established the vessels of the mortar fleet at distances ranging from twenty-nine hundred and fifty yards to four thousand yards, from Jackson, and partially hidden by trees on one side the river, and disguised with bushes on the other, opened the bombardment, which was kept up with little interruption for six days and nights; the corvettes and gunboats taking part by turns in running up, delivering their fire, and dropping down with the current out of range again. The forts replied vigorously, and every night the enemy sent down fire-rafts, but to little purpose.

Meanwhile, under cover of the night and the fire of the fleet, Fleet-Captain Bell, and Lieutenants-Commanding Crosby and Caldwell of the gunboats

Pinola and Itasca, had succeeded in forcing a channel through the obstructions, a piece of duty that had required the most robust and dauntless courage, and in which Caldwell—a son of Massachusetts—shone pre-eminent by the coolness of his methods and thoroughness of his work. And now, on the night of the twenty-third, after a last examination by Caldwell in a twelve-oared boat, all was pronounced clear, and the fleet was to weigh at two o'clock in the morning.

The fleet was formed in three divisions, the first comprising the Hartford, flagship, the Brooklyn, and Richmond; the second composed of eight vessels with the divisional flag of Captain Bailey on board the Cayuga; and the third of six vessels, with Fleet-Captain Bell's flag flying from the Sciota; but was ordered to pass through the obstructions in one column or single line ahead, the Cayuga leading. Farragut had intended to lead himself, but at Bailey's urgent request yielded that honor to him.

The letters of Lieutenant Perkins, ever glowing with ardor for the good cause, were, at this time, full of patriotic fervor and aspiration, and when he said: "I hope the Cayuga will go down before she ever gives up, and 'I guess' she will," he certainly meant it! And the supreme moment had now come for him to inform this hope by valorous deeds, and all unflinchingly did he walk in the blazing light of heroism that none but the brave may dare to tread.

The signal to weigh was promptly made at two o'clock, A.M., but work at night is always behind, and it was half-past three o'clock before the little Cayuga, leading the line, pressed gallantly through the obstructions at full speed, eager for the fray, closely followed by the heavy Pensacola, and

ship after ship in the order assigned; but lack of space forbids a general description of the battle, and we propose to do hardly more than to follow the fortunes of the Cayuga.

Lieutenant-Commanding Harrison had paid his executive the high compliment of allowing him to pilot the vessel, and Perkins took position in the eyes of her, on the topgallant fore-castle, while Lieutenant-Commanding Harrison and Captain Bailey stood aft, near the wheel, and all the men except the helmsmen were made to lie flat on the deck until the time came for them to serve the battery. Prone on the deck at Perkins's feet, and with his head close down over the bow, was the captain of the fore-castle, to watch the channel and give timely warning of anything barring the way that might escape the wider-ranging eye of the intrepid young pilot; and as the Cayuga pressed on, receiving the first shock of the outburst from the forts, what finer subject for the painter, than that lithe young figure standing up in bold and unflinching relief, at the extreme bow of the ship, peering ahead in the morning starlight to pilot her safely on her way, amid the blinding flame and screaming bolts, the hurtle of shot and crash of shell, the explosion and deafening roar of a hundred shot-ted guns, as the vessel steamed into the jaws of death, leading the fleet into one of the most momentous and memorable conflicts in naval annals. Nor should cool and phlegmatic Harrison nor grand old Bailey be overlooked, as the constant flashes of the thick exploding shells revealed them standing, calm and grim, at their posts, in readiness to direct the movements of vessel and column, and engage the foe, ashore and afloat; nor the impatient

officers and crew, who eagerly waited the order to spring to their guns and make reply to the withering fire pouring in upon them as yet unavenged. "Noticing," said Perkins, "that the enemy's guns were all aimed for mid-stream, I steered right close under the walls of St. Philip, and although our masts and rigging were badly shot through, the hull was hardly damaged. After passing the last battery, I looked back for some of our vessels, and my heart jumped into my mouth, when I found I could not see a single one. I thought they must all have been sunk by the forts. Looking ahead, I saw eleven of the enemy's gunboats coming down upon us, and I supposed we were *gone*. Three made a dash to board us, but a charge from our eleven-inch settled one, the Governor Moore. The ram Manassas just missed us astern, and we soon disposed of the other. Just then, some of our gunboats came to the assistance of the Cayuga, and all sorts of things happened; it was the wildest excitement all round. The Varuna fired a broadside into us instead of the enemy. Another attacked one of our prizes; three had struck to us before any of our ships came up, but when they did come up we all pitched in and sunk eleven vessels in about twenty minutes."

The brief encounter with the Moore had been very exciting. The vessels were alongside each other, and both were reloading,—the guns muzzle to muzzle, and but a few feet apart. The gun that could fire first would decide the fate of one or the other. Perkins sprang down, and, taking personal charge of the smoking eleven-inch, put fresh vigor into its loading, and firing the instant the rammer was withdrawn,

swept the Moore's gun from its carriage, and killed or disabled thirteen of its crew.

The Cayuga still leading the way up the river came upon a regiment at daylight encamped close to the bank, and Perkins, as the mouthpiece of the captain, hailed them and ordered them to come on board and deliver up their arms or he would "blow them to pieces."

It proved to be the Chalmette regiment, and, surrendering, the officers and men were paroled and the former allowed to retain their side-arms, "except," said Perkins, "one captain, whom I discovered was from New Hampshire. I took his sword away from him and have kept it!"

Now Farragut came up in the Hartford and signalled the fleet to anchor. This was near Quarantine, some five miles above the forts. All the vessels had succeeded in running the gauntlet of their fire except three gunboats, and New Orleans was now practically at the mercy of the fleet; but the Varuna had been rammed and sunk in the hot fight with the enemy's flotilla just above St. Philip.

The Cayuga had received forty-two hits in mast and hull, and six men had been wounded.

The hurricane of projectiles had passed mostly too high to do mortal harm to her crew, due in part to the skilful manner in which Perkins had sheered in toward the bank from mid-stream so early in the fight.

Resting until the next morning to care for the dead and wounded, and the repair of damages, the fleet again weighed, the Cayuga still in advance; and when the spires of the city hove in sight from her deck, "three rousing cheers and a tiger" went up from her

gallant crew. But the plucky little gunboat was getting ahead too fast, for arriving close abreast the Chalmette battery, which seemed to be deserted, she suddenly received a fire that compelled a halt. Over-matched five to one, and having been struck fourteen times, with shot and shells dropping thick and fast about her, she slowed and dropped back a little with the current, until the Hartford and Brooklyn coming up quickly silenced the enemy with their heavy broadsides, while the Pensacola cared for the hostile works on the opposite bank in like manner. The fleet then kept on without further obstruction, and arrived and anchored off the city about noon; finding the levee along its entire length aflame with burning cotton, coal, ships, steamboats, and other property the infuriated enemy had devoted to destruction.

The loss to the fleet in this daring and brilliant feat had been thirty-seven killed and one hundred and thirty-seven wounded.

It is needless to say that Lieutenant Perkins not only received high commendation from Captain Bailey and Lieutenant-Commanding Harrison, but won the praise and admiration of all on board and in the fleet, by the coolness and intrepidity shown by him in every emergency of the fight and passage up the river.

The first tidings received in Washington foreshadowing the success of the attack was through rebel telegrams announcing, "one of the enemy's gunboats"—the Cayuga—"above the forts." Some question subsequently arose between Bailey and Farragut as to the Cayuga's position in the passage, which in the diagrams accompanying the official reports contradicted the

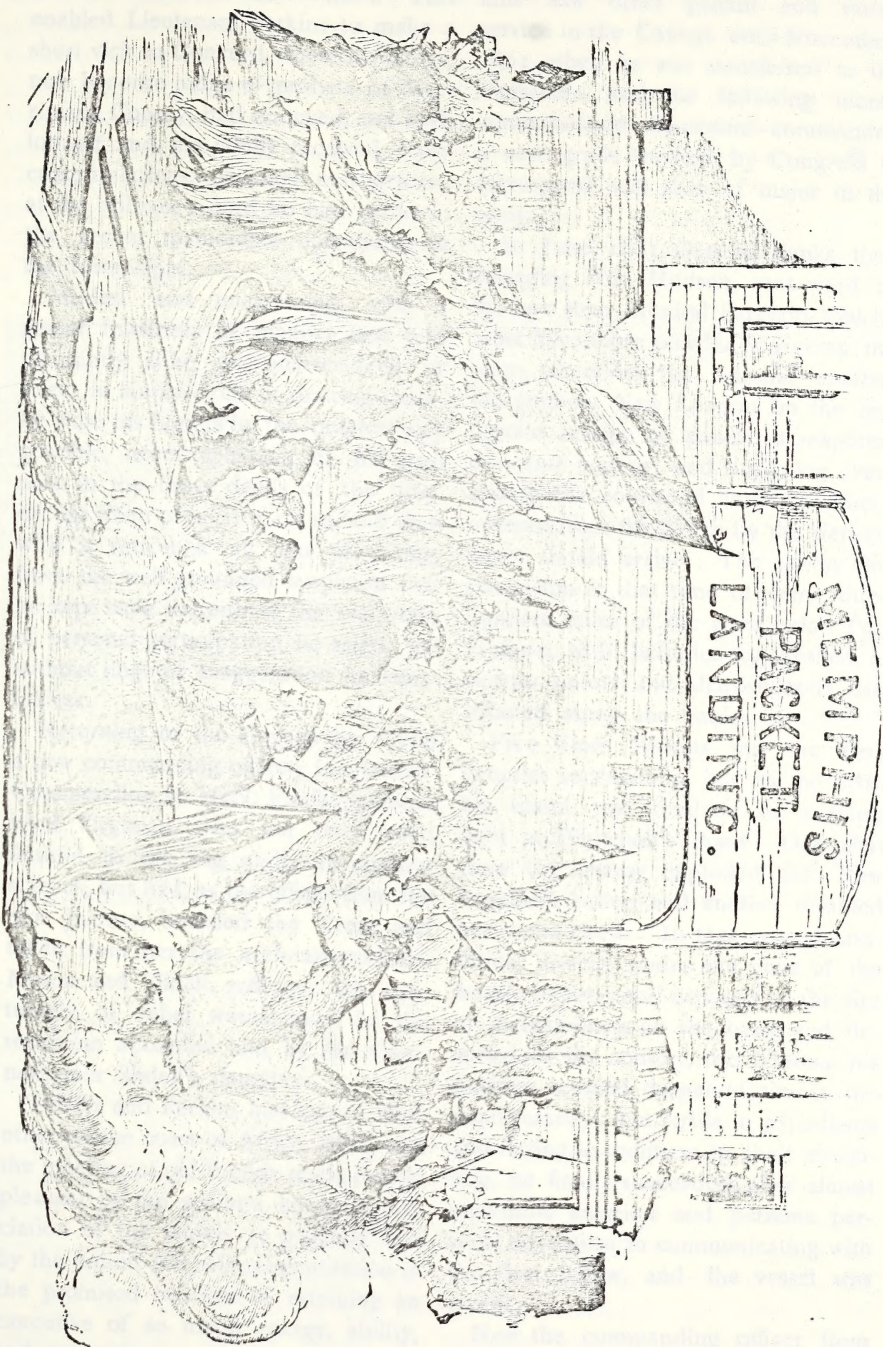
text, putting the Cayuga third instead of first in the van. Farragut cheerfully made the correction.

Soon after anchoring, Bailey was ordered to go on shore and demand the unconditional surrender of the city, and he asked Lieutenant Perkins to accompany him. This duty was almost as dangerous and conspicuous as the passage of the forts had been, for an infuriated and insolent mob followed them from the landing to the mayor's office, and while there with the mayor and General Lovell, besieged the doors, demanding the "Yankee officers" to be given up to them to be hung. The demonstration at last became so threatening, that the mayor drew off the attention of the mob by a speech to them in front of the building, while the Union officers took a close carriage in its rear and driving rapidly down to their boat, reached the ship in safety.

Bailey had managed to hoist the flag over the mint, which a party of rebels tore down the next day, but the authorities refused to surrender the city or to haul down the insignia of rebellion. Then ensued a correspondence which, to read at this day, makes the blood boil at rebel insolence, and the wonder grow at Farragut's forbearance; but on the twenty-ninth of April, he sent Fleet-Captain Bell on shore with two howitzers manned by sailors and a battalion of two hundred and fifty marines and took possession of the city. Meanwhile the forts had surrendered to Porter of the mortar fleet, and General Butler, arriving on the first of May, relieved Farragut of further responsibility as to the city.

The Cayuga had been so badly cut up by shot and shell that she was selected to take Captain Bailey north as bearer of dispatches, and landing

GOING ASHORE TO DEMAND THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.



him at Fortress Monroe, proceeded on to New York to be refitted. This enabled Lieutenant Perkins to make a short visit to Concord, where his father, now become judge of probate of Merrimack County, had removed, and both himself and the family received many congratulations, personal and written, at the brilliant record he had made in the recent memorable operations on the Mississippi.

Modest and unassuming, with a genial frankness of manner that told pleasantly alike on quarter-deck or street, in family-circle or drawing-room, he wore his honors in the quietest way possible, never speaking of his own part in the brave deeds of the time, except when pressed to do so, and then with a reticence all too provoking, from the well-grounded suspicion that he kept back the pith of the real story of personal participation he might tell without tinge of exaggeration or boastfulness.

Returning to the Cayuga he found a new commanding officer, Lieutenant-Commanding D. McN. Fairfax, another loyal Virginian, who not only stood faithful to the flag under all circumstances, but had, as the officer from the San Jacinto, boarded the Trent and taken from her the arch-conspirators, Mason and Slidell, suffering the contumely of rebel womanhood in the reception accorded him by Mr. Commissioner Slidell's daughter.

Fairfax and Perkins had known each other on the coast of Africa, and it was the meeting of old friends made doubly pleasant by the senior's hearty appreciation of the laurels so gallantly won by the junior, and self-congratulation in the promised comfort of retaining an executive of so much energy, ability, and reputation.

Rejoining Farragut's squadron, Perkins saw other gallant and varied service in the Cayuga until November, 1862, when he was transferred to the Pensacola, and the following month commissioned lieutenant-commander, a new grade created by Congress to correspond with that of major in the army.

In June, 1863, General Banks, then besieging Port Hudson, sent word to the now Rear-Admiral Farragut, that he must have more powder or give up the siege, wherefore the Admiral ordered the gunboat New London on the important service of powder transportation and convoy, and assigning Perkins to the command until the officer ordered from the North by the department should arrive. The enemy had possession at that time of some three hundred miles of the river below Port Hudson, with batteries established at various points and sharpshooters distributed along the banks.

Five times Perkins ran the fiery gauntlet successfully, but on the sixth his vessel was disabled in a sharp fight at Whitehall's Point. One shot from the enemy exploded the New London's boiler, and another disabled her steam chest. In that critical condition, directly under the guns of the hostile battery, and exposed to the fire of sharpshooters on the bank, and deserted by his consort, the Winona, his position seemed desperate almost beyond remedy; but fertile in expedients and daring to rashness in their execution, he finally succeeded, after almost incredible exertion and perilous personal adventure, in communicating with the fleet below, and the vessel was saved.

Now the commanding officer from the North having arrived, Perkins was

transferred to the command of the ninety-day gunboat *Sciota*, the best command at that time, in the squadron, for an officer of his years, and assigned to duty on the blockade off the coast of Texas. To one of his social disposition and active temperament, the blockade, ever harassing and monotonous, was, as he wrote, a "living death," adding that "we are all talked out, and sometimes a week passes and I hardly speak more

Relieved from that command late in May, 1864, with leave to proceed home, he arrived at New Orleans in June, to find active preparations for the Mobile fight going on, and though he had not been at home for two years, he could not stand it to let slip so glorious an opportunity for stirring service, and so volunteered to remain. Farragut, delighted at such determination, quite different from the experi-



THE CHICKASAW.

than a necessary word." Venturing ashore several times on hunting excursions, he at last came near being captured by the enemy, and held after that, that "cabin'd confinement was preferable to a rebel prison," and so kept on board. Once during that weary nine months, the tedium was broken by the capture of a fat prize—a schooner loaded with cotton. Let us hope that the prize-court and its attendant officials did not absorb too big a share of the proceeds!

ence he had had with some officers, assigned to Perkins a command above his rank—the *Chickasaw*,—a double-turretted monitor, carrying four eleven-inch guns and a crew of one hundred and forty-five men and twenty-five officers. She had been built, together with the *Winnebago*, a sister vessel, at St. Louis, by Mr. Joseph B. Eads, the eminent engineer, on plans of his own. Of light draught and frame, and peculiar construction, some officers distrusted her strength and sea-going

qualities. The Chickasaw, too, was not yet completed, the mechanics being still at work on her machinery and fittings, and her crew, with exception of a half-dozen men-of-war's-men, were river-men and landsmen, knowing nothing of salt-water sailing or of naval discipline. But time pressed: every moment was of priceless value; and Perkins, declining all social invitations, set about with characteristic energy to prepare his ship for the coming conflict. Nor did his work of preparation and drill cease, either in the river or outside, until well into the night preceding the eventful day in Mobile Bay that was to add another brilliant page to the annals of the navy.

On the twenty-eighth of July, he left New Orleans to join the fleet off Mobile, and on the way down the river an episode occurred that came nigh settling the fate of the Chickasaw without risk or chance of battle; for on nearing the bar, Perkins left the pilot-house a moment to look after some matters requiring attention outside. He had hardly reached the spot he sought, when, turning round, he saw that the pilot had changed the ship's course and was heading directly for a wreck close aboard, which to strike would end the career of the Chickasaw then and there. Springing back into the pilot-house, he seized the wheel and brought the ship back on her course, then snatching a pistol from his belt, said to the traitorous fellow: "You are here to take this ship over the bar, and if she touches ground or anything else, I'll blow your d—d brains out!" Pale with suppressed rage, and trembling with fear, the pilot expostulated that "the bottom was lumpy, and the best pilot in the river could not help touching at times."

"No matter," rejoined Perkins, "if you love the Confederacy better than your life, take your choice; but if you touch a single lump, I'll shoot you!" Needless to say, no lumps were found, nor that the pilot made haste to get out of such company the moment he was permitted to do so; neither may we doubt that the recording angel traced, with lightest hand, the strong language used by the nearly betrayed captain!

The Chickasaw arrived off Mobile bar August 1, where all was expectancy and preparation for the coming fight, a fight which perhaps had more in it of dramatic interest than any other naval battle of the war. The wooden ships pushing into the bay through the torpedo-strawn channel and under the fierce storm of shot and shell from Fort Morgan, lashed together in pairs for mutual support in case of disaster; the sudden and tragic sinking of the *Tecumseh* by torpedo stroke, with the loss of the heroic *Craven* and most of his brave officers and men; the halt of the *Brooklyn* in mid-channel in face of that dire disaster, which, with the threatened huddling of the ships together by the inward sweep of the tide, portended swift discomfiture and possible defeat; the intuitive perception and quick decision that literally enabled Farragut to take the flood that led to fortune, in the instant ordering of the *Hartford* to push ahead with his flag and assume the lead he had relinquished only at the urgent request of the *Brooklyn's* commander; the restored order and prompt following of the fleet, regardless of torpedoes, on the new course blazed out by the eagle eye and emphatic tongue of the fearless old admiral as he grappled with the emergency from the futtock-

shrouds of the flagship; the little boat putting off from the Metacomet, suddenly lighted up by its saucy ensign, in the midst of the fiery chaos and thunderous roar of battle, to save the few souls struggling in the water from the ill-fated Tecumseh, calling forth admiration, alike from friend and foe, at the intrepidity of its mission; the dash of the enemy's powerful ram Tennessee, clad in heaviest armor, down the Union line, endeavoring to strike each vessel in turn; the separation of the coupled ships when beyond the reach of Morgan's guns, and the dash of the gunboats led by Jouett, of the Metacomet, like hounds released from the leash, at the enemy's flotilla; the reappearance of leviathan Tennessee and the fierce tournament that ensued, with turtle-backed Chickasaw following close under her stern with bulldog grip that knew no release; the intrepid skill and desperate valor never surpassed, with which the ram manoeuvred and withstood the hammering and ramming of the wooden ships, the pounding and shattering of the ironclads, before she yielded to the inevitable fate that awaited her,—all conspired to form a scene of grand and dramatic circumstance almost without parallel in naval warfare.

The youngest officer in command on that day,—the fifth of August,—so fateful to the fading fortunes of the Confederacy, so glorious to the re-ascendant star of Union, no one contributed more to its glories and success than Perkins of the Chickasaw; and in any other service under the sun he would have received immediate promotion for what he did on that day. Had he been an Englishman, the honors of knighthood would have been conferred

on him, as well as promotion, but as an American he still waits adequate recognition for deeds as brave as they were conspicuous and telling.

Said Mr. Eads, the builder, when he heard the results of the battle and the surpassing part of the Chickasaw in it: "I would walk fifty miles to shake hands with the young man who commanded her!" And remembering the disparagement that had been put on the vessel and her sister ship, the Winnebago, his enthusiasm knew no bounds, and he took pains to gather all the details of the Chickasaw's brilliant work.

With the loss of the Tecumseh, the ironclad portion of the fleet was reduced to the Manhattan, armed with two fifteen-inch guns, and the Chickasaw and Winnebago of two eleven-inch guns each; but one of the Manhattan's guns became disabled early in the action, by a bit of iron lodging in the vent, and the Winnebago's turrets would not turn, so that her guns could be pointed only by manoeuvring the vessel. But the Chickasaw, owing to Perkins's foresight and hard work, was in perfect condition, as illustrated in all her service on that eventful day, as well as on all subsequent occasions, until the capitulation of Mobile ended the drama of rebellion on the Southern seaboard.

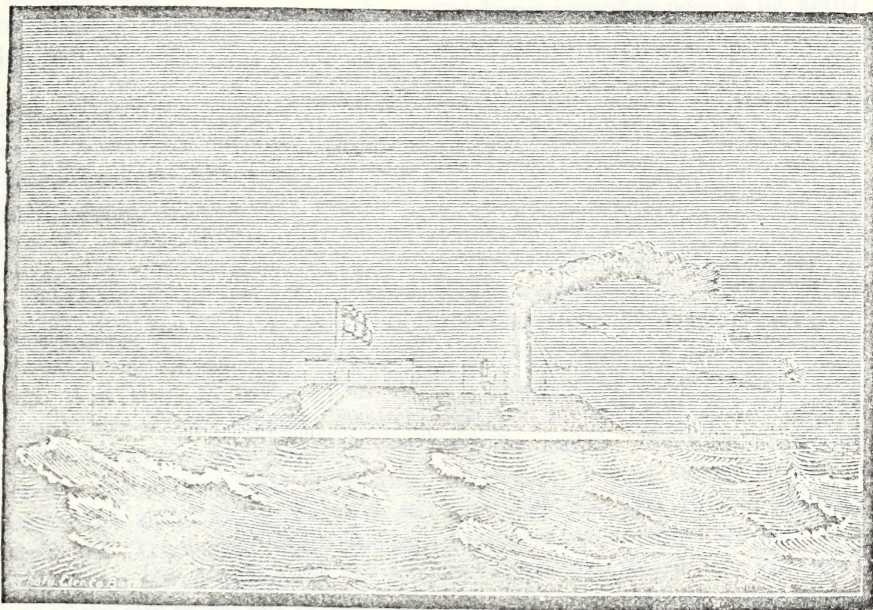
The wooden ships, stripped as at New Orleans for the stern work in hand, numbered fourteen, and the number of guns carried by the fleet was one hundred and fifty-five, throwing, by added facility of pivot and turret, ninety-two hundred and eight pounds of metal in broadside, from which thirteen hundred and twenty must be deducted through the early loss of the Tecumseh and the disabled gun of the Manhattan.

The enemy's defences consisted of Fort Morgan, commanding the channel at Mobile Point, mounting seventy guns; Fort Gaines, on the eastern point of Dauphin Island, some three miles northwest of Fort Morgan, armed with thirty guns, and Fort Powell, about four miles from Gaines northwest, at Grant's Pass, with four guns.

Across the channel, which runs close to Morgan, several lines of torpedoes were planted, and just beyond them

iron spur projecting from the bow some two feet under water. Her sides "tumbled home" at an angle of forty-five degrees and were clad in armor of five and six inches thickness, over a structure of oak and pine of twenty-five inches. Her guns, six heavy Brooke's rifles, were arranged, by port and pivot, for an effective all-round fire, and her speed was six knots.

All was ready for the attack on the evening of the fourth of August, and at



THE TENNESSEE.

to the northward of the fort, in line abreast waiting their opportunity, was the rebel squadron, comprising the Tennessee, flagship of Admiral Buchanan, and the gunboats Morgan, Gaines, and Selma, carrying in the aggregate twenty-two guns—eight rifles and fourteen smooth-bores. The Tennessee, the most powerful ship that ever flew the Confederate flag, was two hundred and nine feet in length, and forty-eight feet in width, with a heavy

half-past five the next morning the signal was thrown out to weigh, and fall into the order prescribed; the wooden ships in couples, and the ironclads in line by themselves; the Tecumseh in the van and the Chickasaw in rear, according to the rank of their commanding officers.

At half-past six the fleet was across the bar and in order of battle. No starlight or favoring clouds now, to partially mask its movements as at the

passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, but the joyous sunshine, flooding land and sea with its brightness, and mirroring its revealing gleams upon fort and ship and pennon, serving friend and foe alike impartially. Alas! for the brave souls to whom that gracious morning light was the last of earth, but we may hope they awoke in a light of still more radiance and glory, and amid pæans of a joyous host, choring "Well done, thou good and faithful servants, that didst give thy lives to God and country!"

The soft south wind of that fair morn came like a benediction to the fleet now sweeping on with the flood tide, and stillness like a sentient presence, only disturbed by the sound of screw or paddle-wheel as they turned ahead, hung over the ships till broken by the belching roar of the *Tecumseh's* monster guns, as she threw two fifteen-inch shells into *Morgan*—her first and last! And now, at seven, "by the chime," the action became general, and the *Tecumseh*, having loaded with heaviest charge and solid steel shot, steamed on ahead of the *Brooklyn* to attack the *Tennessee*; but *Craven*, thinking he saw a movement on the part of the ram to get out of the way, together with the seemingly too narrow space between the fatal buoy and the shore for manœuvre in case of need, gave the order to starboard the helm, and head directly for the watchful *Tennessee*, waiting with lock-strings in hand to salute the monitor as she closed—gallant foeman worthy of her steel! So near and yet so far, for hardly had the *Tecumseh* gone a length to the westward of the sentinel buoy, than the fate, already outlined, overwhelmed her, and her iron walls became coffin, shroud, and winding-

sheet to *Craven* and most of the brave souls with him, and all so suddenly that those who had seen the disaster could hardly realize what had taken place.

Ours is not the purpose to follow further the details of the fight, but to go with Perkins in the *Chickasaw* and see things as he saw them on that stirring day, as gathered from his letters and as fortified from other sources. Of tireless energy and restless activity, and sternly intent upon making the *Chickasaw* second to none in the grand work demanded of the fleet, he imparted nerve and enthusiasm throughout the vessel; now in the pilot-house, looking after the helmsman; then in the forward turret, personally sighting the guns; anon on top of the turret, taking in the surroundings.

His fine spirit and high moral courage had characteristic illustration when, the night before the fight, calling his officers into the cabin, he thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, by this time to-morrow, the fate of this fleet and of *Mobile* will be sealed. We have all a duty to perform and a victory to win. I have sent for you to say, that not a drop of wine, liquor, or beer, is to be drunk on board of this vessel from this hour until the battle is over, and the victory won, or death has come to us. It is my wish that every officer and man shall go into battle with a clear head and strong nerves. I rely upon you to comply with this requirement, confident that the *Chickasaw* and her crew can thus best perform their whole duty."

An officer, who held high position on board the flagship, writes: "Perkins went into the fight in his shirt-leaves and a straw hat, and as he passed the *Hartford*, he was on top of the turret waving his hat and dancing

around with delight and excitement." — "The ironclads," said Perkins, "were ordered to follow inside the fleet, between fleet and fort. I had orders to be reserve force and remain with wooden vessels after passing obstructions. Our course was between a certain buoy and the shore. This passage was known to be free from torpedoes, and was left for the blockade runners. All the vessels had orders to keep between that buoy and the shore, but in other respects the ironclads had separate orders from the wooden vessels. In the confusion resulting from the destruction of the *Tecumseh* and the movements of the *Brooklyn*, the monitors received *no* orders and followed in the line of the other vessels." Be it said in passing, that Perkins had no pilot, and at sight of the *Tecumseh's* doom, one of the men in the pilot-house fainted, leaving only Perkins and one man to steer the vessel until the vigorous methods applied brought the man to, and freshened his pluck! The pilot-house was abaft the forward turret, not on top, as in the case of the *Tecumseh* class, and was entered through a trap-door which was kept open during the fight, for the vessel being unfinished, there was no way of opening it from inside when closed.

"I pushed forward as rapidly as possible, but my ship anyway was stationed last of the ironclads, as I was youngest in command. We fired at the fort to keep down its fire till the wooden ships had passed. When the *Tennessee* passed, it was on my port side; she then steamed toward Fort Morgan. Some of our vessels anchored, others kept under weigh, and when the *Tennessee* approached the fleet again, she was at once attacked by the wooden

vessels, but they made no impression upon her. An order was now brought to the ironclads by Fleet-Surgeon Palmer for them to attack the ram, but as they stood for her, she seemed again to move as if retiring toward the fort, but the *Chickasaw* overtook her, and after a short engagement, succeeded in forcing her to surrender, having shot away her smoke-stack, destroyed her steering gear, and jammed her after-parts so that her stern guns were rendered useless. As she could not steer she drifted down the bay, head on, and I followed her close, firing as fast as I could, my guns and turrets, in spite of the strain upon them, continuing in perfect order. When *Johnston* came on the roof of the *Tennessee* and showed the white flag as signal of surrender, no vessel of the fleet was as near as a quarter of a mile, but the *Ossipee* was approaching, and her captain was much older than myself. I was wet with perspiration, begrimed with powder, and exhausted by long-continued exertion. I drew back and allowed Captain Le Roy to receive the surrender, though my first lieutenant, Hamilton, said to me at the time: 'Captain, you are making a mistake.'

Knowing full well that the *Chickasaw's* eleven-inch shot would not penetrate the stout side-armor of the *Tennessee*, Perkins made for the weakest part of the vessel—her stern, and hung there close aboard, pouring solid shot of iron and steel into that vital part with the accuracy of pistol-shooting, until the ram surrendered; then taking her in tow, carried her near the flagship. He had fired fifty-two shots, and, says the officer of the *Hartford* already quoted: "The guns of the *Chickasaw* jammed the steering gear of the ram, also the port stopper of

the after port disabling the after gun, and a shot from the Chickasaw broke Admiral Buchanan's leg."

But said Commander Nicholson of the Manhattan, in his official report: "Of the six fifteen-inch projectiles fired from this vessel at the rebel ironclad Tennessee, I claim four as having struck, doing most of the real injuries that she has sustained"; then enumerating the injuries inflicted, which included most of those claimed for the Chickasaw. Upon which claim put forth by the Manhattan, the writer ventures the opinion: First, that four hits out of six shots was poor shooting for a monitor at a target like the Tennessee, and suggestive of considerable distance between the vessels; second, that eye-witnesses have affirmed that only one of the Manhattan's shot took effect, a solid shot that struck the ram on the port beam, crushing her armor and splintering the backing, but not entering the casemate, though leaving a clean hole through; third, that the effect of that one shot showed what the Manhattan might have accomplished had she taken as favorable a position as that chosen by the Chickasaw; fourth, that it is believed the report of a board of survey confirmed the opinion as to that one shot; fifth, that, as between the great difference of sound in the firing of the fifteen-inch gun and an eleven-inch, and the greater destructive effect of the larger projectiles which could not but be felt by those receiving it, the enemy would best be likely to know from what source they sustained the most vital damage; sixth, that the concurrent opinions of the day, as given by press correspondents, eye-witnesses to the conflict, magazine summaries, official reports, the praise of Perkins on every lip, the talk of his

promotion by distinguished officers, and the testimony of the enemy themselves, including Admiral Buchanan and Captain Johnston, all go to show that the surrender of the Tennessee was due more to the dogged and unrelenting effort and skilful management of Perkins of the Chickasaw than from any other cause.

Asked the Tennessee's pilot of "Metacomet" Jouett: "Who commanded the monitor that got under our stern?" adding, "D—n him! he stuck to us like a leech; we could not get away from him. It was he who cut away the steering gear, jammed the stern port shutters, and wounded Admiral Buchanan."

Said Captain Johnston, in the same vein: "If it had not been for that d—d black hulk hanging on our stern we would have got along well enough; she did us more damage than all the rest of the Federal fleet."

"The praise of Commander Perkins," wrote a son of Concord, himself an active participant in the fight, "on the superb management of his command, and the most admirable and efficient working of his ship, was upon the lips of all."

Pages of similar commendation might be quoted, but what need multiply testimony so direct and conclusive as to Perkins's gallantry and achievement, questioned only in quarters where the discretion of silence and suggestion of modesty had best been observed!

It only remains to add, in this connection, that so long as the Tennessee continued to flaunt her flag in face of the fleet, so long the work of that glorious day was of naught; that her capture, due in greatest part to the efforts of the Chickasaw, completed

the work and ensured, without embarrassment, the continued operations against Fort Morgan and other defences in the bay.

Perkins, not content with laurels already won, got under weigh after dinner, and steamed up to Fort Powell, taking that work in rear. The shots from the Chickasaw destroyed the water-tanks, and Captain Anderson reported that, believing it to be impossible to drive the ironclad from its position, and fearing that a shell from the Chickasaw would explode the magazine, he decided to save his command and blow up the fort, which was done that night at 10.30. In the afternoon, the Chickasaw had seized a barge loaded with stores, from under the guns of Fort Powell, and towed it to the fleet.

The next afternoon, the ever-ready and alert Chickasaw, under her indefatigable commander, went down to Fort Gaines and shelled that work until dusk with such telling effect, that, coupled with the fact that the land-force under General Granger, investing its rear, was now ready to open fire in conjunction with the fleet, the rebel commander capitulated the next morning.

Morgan was now the only remaining work of the outer line of Mobile's defences to be "possessed and occupied," and General Granger, after throwing a sufficient garrison into Gaines, transferred his army and siege-train to the other side of the bay, and landing at Navy Cove, some four miles from Morgan, began its investment.

While this was going on, the Chickasaw was not idle, but continually using her guns at one point and another, with occasional exchanges of shotted compliments with the rams and batteries across the obstructions in Dog

River, forming the inner line of defence of the city, some four miles distant.

On the twenty-second of August, the approaches having been completed, the land and naval forces opened a terrific fire on devoted Morgan, and continued it throughout the day with such effect that General Page, commanding the garrison, struck his colors and surrendered the next day.

The Chickasaw was as conspicuous in the bombardment as she had been in all her work since entering the bay. It was not in Perkins's temperament to be otherwise, and said an eye-witness at the time: "It was a glorious sight to see the gallant Perkins in the Chickasaw, nearly all the morning almost touching the wharf, and pouring in his terrible missiles, two at a time, making bricks and mortar fly in all directions, then moving ahead or astern a little to get a fresh place. He stayed there till nearly noon, when he hauled off to cool his guns and give his men some refreshment. In the afternoon, he took his ship in again, and turret after turret was emptied at the poor fort."

Perkins sent home the flag that had flown over the fort during the bombardment; he obtained it in this wise: "The sailors from this ship," said he, "hailed down the flag, and one of them seized it and hid it in his bosom; there was not much left of it; it was riddled and torn. He brought it to me, declaring that no one had a right to it but the captain of the Chickasaw. I hardly knew what to do about it, but the man seemed so earnest I could not refuse to take it from him."

The bay was now sealed to blockade runners, and Mobile, measured as to its commercial importance to the Confederacy, might as well have been

located among the mountains of northern Alabama as on the Gulf; and owing to strategic reasons, operations for its immediate reduction came to a halt. But on the twenty-seventh of March, 1865, the land and naval forces began a joint movement against the defences surrounding the city, and on the twelfth of April the Union forces were in full possession. In these last operations, which cost the loss of two light draught ironclads, a gunboat, and several other smaller vessels by torpedoes, we may know that the Chickasaw was never in the background.

In July, Perkins was relieved from the command and ordered home. He had volunteered for the Mobile fight but had been detained on board the Chickasaw nearly thirteen months.

On his arrival home, he was overwhelmed with congratulations upon his gallantry and achievements in Mobile Bay; but his friends felt indignant that no promotion had followed them, believing that at least the thirty numbers authorized by statute, "for eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle," could not be reasonably denied him. But he would not work personally toward that end, nor pull political wires to attain it. With him, the promotion must come unasked or not at all. It never came, and others disputed, with unblushing effrontery, the laurels he had won. Not only that, but he has seen, as well as others, those who did the least service during the war, given recognition and place over those who "bore the heat and burden of the day," during those four years so momentous in the annals of the Republic.

The following winter he was stationed at New Orleans, in charge of ironclads, and in May, 1866, was ordered as executive officer of the Lack-

awanna, for a cruise of three years in the North Pacific. The "piping times of peace" had come, and officers who had had important commands, now had to take a step back to the regular duties of their grade. Returning from the Pacific in the early spring of 1869, he was ordered to the Boston Navy Yard on ordnance duty, and in March, 1871, received his commission as commander. Two months later, he was selected to command the storeship Relief, to carry provisions to the suffering French of the Franco-German war. On his return, after a lapse of six months, he resumed his duties at the Boston yard, until appointed light-house inspector of the Boston district, which position he held until January, 1876.

Meanwhile he had taken to himself a wife, having, in 1870, married Miss Anna Minot Weld, daughter of Mr. William F. Weld, of Boston. The issue of the marriage has been one child, a daughter, born in 1877.

From March, 1877, until May, 1879, he was in command of the United States steamer Ashuelot on the Asiatic station, making a most interesting cruise, and having, for a time, the pleasure of General Grant's company on board, as a guest.

Since his return from that cruise he has been on "waiting orders," varied by occasional duty as member of courts-martial, boards of examination, and the like.

In March, 1882, he was promoted to a post-captaincy, as the grade of captain in the navy was styled in the olden time, which grade corresponds with that of colonel in the army.

Captain Perkins has a house in Boston, where he makes his home in winter, but nothing has ever weakened

his affection for the old Granite State, and nothing delights him more, when possible to do so, than to put behind him the whirl and distraction of the city for the quiet enjoyment of the fresh, exhilarating air, unpretentious, wholesome life, and substantial ways that await him among his dear native hills.

In glancing over the "Portraits for Posterity," the writer notes the conspicuous absence of naval representation among the "counterfeit presentments" that adorn the walls of the

Capitol at Concord and the halls of Dartmouth, and ventures to suggest to Governor Prescott, the distinguished and indefatigable collector of most of the pictures, that portraits of Thornton of the Kearsarge, and Perkins of the Cayuga and Chickasaw, might fittingly be given place among those who, in the varied walks of life, have lent distinction and added lustre to the Province and State of New Hampshire from Colonial times to this. Let not the men of the sea be forgotten!

FROM THE WHITE HORSE TO LITTLE RHODY.

BY CHARLES M. BARROWS.

WERE other means lacking, the progress of the human race might be pretty accurately gauged by its modes of locomotion. On such a basis of classification there might be a pedestrian period, a pilgrim period, a saddle period, a road-wain period, a stage-coach period, and a railway period.

Relatively considered, each mode of travel thus indicated would be an index of the necessities and activity of the times. The nomadic peoples dwelt in a leisurely world, and were content to go a-foot; their wants were simple, their aspirations temperate; subsistence for themselves and their flocks was their great care, and only when the grass withered and the stream dried up did they set forth in quest of fresh pasturage. At length, however, the dull-thoughted tribular chieftain became curious to know what lay beyond the narrow horizon of his wilderness, and men bound on the sandal, girded up their loins, grasped staff, and beat paths up and down the valleys, trudging behind an ass or a pack-horse that

carried their impedimenta. Another advance, and the man who drove his beast before him found that the creature was able to carry both his pack and himself; and training soon enabled the animal to mend his pace and transport his master rapidly across long stretches of waste country. Another period elapsed, and ambitious man discovered that, by clearing a passage for wheels, the load could be shifted from the back of the beast to a wagon drawn behind him; thus carriages came into use, and the race went bowling along the great highway of progress at a wonderful rate. Then vehicles began to be improved, and the restless brain of the inventor contrived a stage-coach for the convenience of those who had no private carriages or did not care to use them; though rude at first, it soon came to be luxurious, with thorough-braces, upholstery, and glass windows. But even this noisy vehicle, that abridged distance and brought far cities near together, outgrew its usefulness and gave way to its rival, the

steam-car, which could hurry men through the land as on the wings of a tornado. And now the same race, which in the morning of the world was content to wander four or five miles between sun and sun, and had no wish to go faster, can scarcely abide the slowness of a palace-car sliding over a mile of steel rail each minute, and General Meigs is importuning the Legislature for leave to construct a railway on which trains shall run at three times that speed.

It would be too much to ask this hurrying, restless, nineteenth-century world to retrace its way by rail and turnpike, saddle and sandal, back to the slow patriarch, who kept his youth a hundred years, and in all that time might not have traveled as far as a suburban gentleman of to-day does in going once from his home to his place of business in Boston. It might halt long enough, however, to enjoy a view of the stage-coach in which its grandfathers got on so rapidly, rumbling before a cloud of dust over the straight pike that used to connect the metropolis with some lesser city.

Such a highway was the Norfolk and Bristol Turnpike, the grand avenue of public travel between Boston and Providence, and one link of the continuous thoroughfare connecting New England with New York and Washington. It was opened during the years of intense activity that marked the infancy of the nation, and it had a distinct corporate existence and history, like the railroad that ruined it, and was owned and operated by a stock company. Though the entire road was not fifty miles in length, the original enterprise contemplated only a section thereof, which, in accordance with an act of incorporation passed by the State

Legislature in 1802, was built from the court-house in Dedham, the shire town of Norfolk County, to the north precinct meeting-house in Attleborough, then a small border town of Bristol County.

The members of the original corporation that held the franchise of the road were Fisher Ames, James Richardson, and Timothy Gay, Jr., of Dedham; Timothy Whitney and John Whiting, of Roxbury; Eliphalet Slack, Samuel S. Blackinton, William Blackinton, Israel Hatch, Elijah Daggett, and Joseph Holmes, of Attleborough; Ephraim Starkweather, Oliver Wilkinson, and Ozias Wilkinson, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island. They were all enterprising business men in their day, well known throughout Eastern Massachusetts, and the undertaking for which they combined seemed as vast to the rural denizens of the towns through which it passed as did the Pacific Railroad enterprise to capitalists twenty years ago. To the surprise of the honest farmers, who considered the crooked county roads good enough for them, it made almost a straight line from one terminus to the other, and was laid out four rods in width—a reckless waste of land—as a preventive against snow blockades in winter. Instead of following the windings of valley and stream as other roads did, this pike mounted directly over all interposing hills, in accordance with the most approved theories of civil engineers of that day; and where sections of those old thoroughfares still remain intact, it is amusing to observe at what steep, straight grades they were made to climb the most abrupt ascent, curving neither to the right nor to the left in merciful consideration for the horses.

But it must not be supposed that public stage-coach travel on the route here indicated began with the opening of the Norfolk and Bristol Turnpike. The first conveyance of the kind started on its devious way over the poor county roads from Boston to Providence in 1767; and the quaint Jedediah Morse records that twelve years later the "intercourse of the country barely required two stages and twelve horses on this line"; but the same authority states that in 1797 twenty stages and one hundred horses were employed, and that the number of different stages leaving Boston during the week was twenty.

The first stage-coach that passed over this new turnpike was driven by William Hodges, familiarly called "Bill," a famous Jehu, whose exploits with rein and whip, being really of a high order of merit, were graphically set forth to any passenger who shared the box with him, after Bill's spirits had been raised and his tongue limbered with the requisite number of "nippers"; and the increased comfort and rapidity of the journey were so clearly apparent, that the line was soon after extended to connect the capitals of the Bay State and Little Rhody.

In those days there was but one way to drive out of Boston, and that a narrow one known as the "Neck," beyond which was Roxbury. Across this isthmus all northward, westward, and southward-bound vehicles must pass, in leaving or entering the city. The narrowest place was at the present intersection of Dover Street with Washington, or, as it was then called, Orange, Street. In *ante-bellum* times this was the southern limit of the city, and here a gate stood, which opened on to a causeway that crossed the "salt marish,"

which at high tide was covered by the water. To this gateway, then, the turnpike was extended from Dedham courthouse; and when the work was finished a coach, starting from the White Horse Tavern in Boston, which stood near the site of the Adams House, just opened by Messrs. Hall and Whipple, bowled along "a smooth and easy highway" to the bank of the Providence River, making the long journey within the incredibly short space of six consecutive hours, when the wheeling was good.

This great work, which was talked about years before it was undertaken, and then required years to finish, was a triumph of road-building, in which both owners and contractors took a pardonable pride; and to those familiar with the region through which it passed, the course will be sufficiently indicated by noting here and there a way-mark. On leaving Boston Neck it followed the already well-graded road through the Highlands, to a point near the present station of the Boston and Providence Railroad corporation in Roxbury, thence through West Roxbury to Dedham, and on through Norwood to East Walpole; it left the central village of Walpole a mile or so to the west, keeping near the Sharon line, struck into the westerly edge of Foxborough to a point called the Four Corners, then through Shepardville in Wrentham to North Attleborough, Attleborough "City," Pawtucket, and Providence. A large portion of the road is still kept in repair, so that one might take a carriage and trace the route through its entire length.

To support such an expensive turnpike it was necessary to levy a tax on those who made use of it, and to that end several toll-gates were established, at which passengers were compelled to

halt and pay their lawful reckoning. These gates were located at Roxbury, Dedham, East Walpole, Foxborough, Four Corners, North Attleborough, and Pawtucket; and so great was the patronage of the road, that the annual income derived from these sources afforded the stockholders a handsome net dividend.

With the disuse of stage-coaches has perished that public convenience, the country tavern, an institution with which the modern hotel has little in common. It was suited to the needs and tastes of a former generation, and to a time, it may be,

"When men lived in a grander way,
With ampler hospitality."

But no hotel of the present day, with its showy furnishings and glitter, its gongs and bell-calls, its multitude of obsequious waiters, gauging their attention by your clothes, will bear comparison with the old-time tavern for homelike comfort and hearty good service. The guest, on his arrival, tired and hungry, was not put off with the cold recognition of a clerk who simply wrote after his name the number of his room, and then with averted face said: "Waiter, show this gentleman to number ninety-seven." On climbing out of the stage-coach, he was sure to see mine host, a fat, jolly man, who greeted him, whether friend or stranger, with a bow of genuine welcome, relieved him of his hand-luggage, ushered him in before the open fire of the bar-room, and actually asked what he would have for supper. Nor did this personal interest cease as soon as the guest had been comfortably bestowed; for the landlord was sure to have some pleasant words with him in the course of the evening, and to make him feel, ere he went to rest, that, by coming at that

particular time, he had conferred on the host or some other guest a special favor, so that he retired in the best of humor with himself.

Such inns of entertainment were to be found in every considerable New England town a hundred years ago, and each bore some special reputation for general hospitality, the cordiality of its landlord, or the excellence of its table or liquors. Each one of these ancient hostelrys might also be aptly described as

"A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
Now somewhat fallen to decay,
With weather-stains upon the wall,
And stairways worn, and crazy doors,
And creaking and uneven floors,
And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall."

Wherever a stage line was established, a good country tavern, every few miles along the route, became a necessity. It flourished on the patronage that the coach brought to its door; its kitchen and barns afforded a ready market for the produce of the farmers, and it was a grand centre for news and the idlers of the village.

The Norfolk and Bristol Turnpike was fortunate in its taverns, which were accounted among the best in the State, from the White Horse, whence every stage-coach took its departure, to the last one met with on the very borders of the land of Roger Williams. There was the Billings Tavern in Roxbury, where it was considered quite the proper thing for outward-bound passengers to alight and get something to fortify them against the fatigues of the journey, especially if the weather were extremely cold or extremely warm.

The next tavern on the line was widely known as Bride's, and later as Gay's, in Dedham, a place where all who took the early coach out of the

city delighted to stop and breakfast. Here was to be found one of the best tables on the line, and tradition has it that Bill Hodges, who, by the way, must have been a competent judge, pronounced Bride's old Medford rum the finest he had ever tasted. In the palmy days of stage-coach travel, it was no uncommon thing for a hundred persons to breakfast at this inn before resuming their journey to Providence. It was here that President John Adams usually took the coach when he set out for Washington, being first driven to that point from Quincy in his own private carriage.

There was a small public house at South Dedham, now Norwood, which was but little patronized, and the next tavern of note was Polley's, at East Walpole, which had the name of furnishing the best board to be found between Boston and New York, and there all the travel on the road stopped to dinner. It was also a convenient point for taking up passengers from many adjacent towns, whence mail-carriages converged toward the common centre, and scores of private teams were driven with small parcels or other commissions for the stage; for it must be borne in mind that the driver exercised the functions of an expressman, or common carrier, and was entrusted with a variety of messages and valuables to deliver along the route, the fees for such service being usually regarded as his rightful perquisites.

Shepard's Tavern in Foxborough was a customary stopping-place; but the next grand halt, after leaving Polley's, was made at Hatch's, in North Attleborough. Here the approach of each stage was announced by the winding of a horn, and the driver was wont to

swing his long lash with a flourish around the sweaty flanks of his leaders in a way to assure them that he meant business, then give his wheel horses an encouraging cut, and dash up before the famous hostelry at a breakneck speed that said to the small boys, Get out of the way! and caused the stock loafers, who always assembled on the piazza at the first blast of the horn, to envy the skill that could thus handle a whip, and guide, with apparent ease, the most mettlesome four-in-hand.

Historically considered, no other tavern on the line possessed so much of antiquarian interest as Hatch's. It occupied the site of an old garrison built and occupied by John Woodcock, the famous Indian fighter, as a stronghold against the attacks of his red foes. He went thither from the Providence Plantation about the middle of the seventeenth century, when the town was an unbroken wilderness in the northern part of the Rehoboth North Purchase, so called, took up his abode and reared his family in lonely solitude within the close stockades he planted around his home. The first house that went by the name of Hatch's Tavern was built upon this old garrison, which, indeed, formed a part of its very walls, and not until the proprietor found it necessary to erect a new and larger house, when the turnpike was opened, did the last vestiges of the Woodcock stronghold disappear.

The landlord of this inn, Colonel Israel Hatch, was also a man of importance in his time, who enjoyed an enviable reputation for military achievements, and was very prominent in public affairs. At no point on the line was the traveler surer of a larger hospitality or a heartier welcome than was extended by Colonel Hatch, though its

best room, which was reserved for visitors of note, might not have contained the veritable inscription ascribed to Major Molineaux:—

"What do you think?
Here is good drink.
Perhaps you may not know it;
If not in haste, do stop and taste;
You merry folks will show it."

On leaving North Attleborough, the remaining twelve miles to Providence were conveniently relieved by short halts at Bishop's and at Barrows's Taverns in Attleborough "City" and West Attleborough, and at one or two places in Pawtucket, so that no passenger was compelled to go hungry or dry for many miles.

By far the most noted passenger ever conveyed over the Norfolk and Bristol road, and there were many worthy of mention, is reputed to have been President James Monroe, who, shortly after his inauguration in March, 1817, made

a tour through the New England States, similar to that made by President Hayes in 1877. The occasion was a great one, for Monroe and his party left Providence in the morning, halted at Hatch's for a lunch, dined at Polley's, and were met on their arrival at Dedham by a delegation from Boston who escorted them to the "Hub of the Universe." Great was the curiosity of the country-folk to behold a president, and the streets through which his barouche was to pass were thronged with an eager, expectant multitude, who greeted him with cheers, and were rewarded with a gracious bow. And one little boy, now a venerable and honored member of the Bristol County bar, was standing with his father in an open farm wagon, when the President alighted at North Attleborough, and exclaimed with evident disappointment: "Why, father, he's no bigger than any other man!"

DUNGEON ROCK, LYNN.

BY FRANK P. HARRIMAN.

ALL over the land there are localities to which, in some way or other, have become attached names that indicate something of the supernatural, or such as are intended to excite apprehension. What stout heart does not stand dismayed before a real dungeon? A prison under ground is something awful to contemplate. Whose hair does not stand on end at the thought of possible confinement in a dark, damp, cold stone prison-house, with rusty-hinged or even sealed doors, where no window opens to the light of day; where no friendly voice is ever heard; where liberation is impossible, and

where, cursed with the remainder of life, one is doomed to a miserable existence till the mortal and the immortal separate? Deliver us from such terrors as these!

In visiting Dungeon Rock, however, like most places of a similar character, we find there is no especial reason for fear, notwithstanding the indicative name, and the many blood-curdling traditions connected therewith.

It was a fine autumn day, when, together with some friends, we mustered courage to pay our respects to this now famous spot. We found our way thither from the city of Lynn by horse-cars, a

part of the way by a barge and on foot. The driver of the barge, like most drivers of such vehicles, displayed no small amount of scientific driving. Why it is that almost all scientific driving generally results in some mishap, we are unable to determine. But we conclude that the particular science to which we refer is usually engendered by the driver having his elbow crooked at some bar before the journey commences. On all such occasions stops are quite common; branches of trees are not avoided, and they threaten to destroy our best suits, or brush us altogether from our seats; the brakes do not work; the traces get unhitched; an immense whip is flourished and cracked; the horses become unmanageable; frightened women in a high key scream "Mercy!" and the ride becomes not only dangerous but unendurable.

After a ride up hill and down over a winding road skirted by forest trees on either hand, we were left in the woods at the foot of a steep hill. The remainder of our way was by a path of the most primitive nature, something, we should judge, like that of the native Pawtuckets, with the exception of the rapid ascent, for the natives were wiser than we in laying out their highways, for they avoided both hills and swamps. Shortly we found ourselves in the immediate vicinity of Dungeon Rock, which is situated on the summit of a granite-capped eminence overlooking the surrounding country. Quite a concourse of people had assembled on this occasion, apparently to spend the day and have a "good time" generally. We should have said before that this is considered a kind of Mecca for those who hold to the Spiritual faith. There are several buildings which seem

to have been dropped down without much order, and a large platform furnished with plank seats. An entertainment had been furnished, though for what purpose or by whom we knew not. There was some fine singing, in solos, duets, and quartettes, and a slender little girl showed a good lip, large lungs, and nimble fingers on a silver cornet, out of which she fired repeated volleys of sputtering jigs at the over-elated spectators.

Lynn's first historian, who dealt somewhat in tradition, among other things, says, in substance, "early in 1658, on a pleasant evening, a little after sunset, a small vessel was seen to anchor near the mouth of the Saugus River. A boat was presently lowered from her side, into which four men descended and moved up the river a considerable distance, when they landed and proceeded directly into the woods. They had been noticed by only a few individuals; but in those early times, when the people were surrounded by danger and easily susceptible of alarm, such an incident was well calculated to awaken suspicion, and in the course of the evening the intelligence was conveyed to many houses. In the morning the vessel was gone, and no trace of her or her crew could be found." He further states that on going into the foundry connected with the then existing iron-works, a quantity of shackles, handcuffs, hatchets, and other articles of iron, were ordered to be made and left at a certain place, for which a return in silver would be found. "This was done" (so says the historian), and the mysterious contractors fulfilled their part of the obligation, but were undiscovered. Some months afterward the four men returned and made their abode in what has, to this day, been

called Pirates' Glen, where they built a hut and dug a well. It is supposed that they buried money in this vicinity, but our opinion is that most of the money then, as now, was kept above ground. Their retreat being discovered, one of the king's cruisers appeared on the coast, and three of them were arrested and carried to England and probably executed. The other, whose name was Thomas Veal, escaped to a rock in the woods, in which was a spacious cavern, where the pirates had previously deposited some of their plunder. There the fugitive practised the trade of shoemaking. He continued his residence here till the great earthquake of 1658, when the top of the rock was unloosed and crashed down into the mouth of the cavern, enclosing the unfortunate man in what has been called to this day Pirates' Dungeon or Dungeon Rock. We cannot vouch for the complete truthfulness of this historian's statements.

In 1852, one Hiram Marble purchased from the city of Lynn a lot of woodland in which Dungeon Rock is situated. He came, as was claimed, influenced by Spiritualistic revelations.

Directed by the spirit of the departed pirate Tom Veal, Mr. Marble commenced to excavate from this very hard porphyry rock in search of a subterranean vault, into which had been poured, as was supposed, the ill-gotten gain of all the pirates, from Captain Kidd down to the last outlaw of the ocean. Twenty-seven years the sound of the hammer and the drill and the thud of blasting-powder echoed through the leafy forests, and then all was hushed.

Hiram Marble died in his lonely residence at Dungeon Rock, November 10, 1868, aged sixty-five. He was widely

known for his perseverance in the work in which he was engaged. Sixteen years he labored without a realization of his ardent hopes. He remained a Spiritualist to the last, and those of a like faith were invited to the funeral services which took place on the day following his death.

"His faith has not been without works, nor his courage barren of results, and centuries hence, if his name and identity should be lost, the strange labor may be referred to some recluse Cyclops who had strayed hither from mystic lands."

"Edwin Marble, who succeeded his father in the strange search for treasure, died January 16, 1880, aged forty-eight years. He was buried near the foot of the rock on the southwestern slope, it having been his express desire to be interred near the scene of his hopeful, though fruitless, labors."

The broken rock, which they removed solely with their own hands, makes quite a mountain of itself.

We decided to enter the place where so many years of fruitless toil had been spent. A wooden gate on rusty hinges opened and we passed in, and the gate closed behind us.

The excavation is high enough and broad enough for two tall men to walk abreast, and on its winding way, screw fashion, doubling upon itself, it leads down one hundred and fifty feet into the bowels of the earth, all the way through solid rock that had remained undisturbed for centuries on centuries, until the work of this ill-directed Marble commenced. Down, down we went, out of the warm sunlight into this cold, damp subterranean passage, winding hither and thither, till we reached an ice-cold pool of water which is constantly being supplied from some hidden fountain,

and, were it not removed by pumps, would fill the place to the brim.

This rock-hewn passage is lighted with lanterns hung at the various turns, so that the descent and ascent, notwithstanding the way is rough, can be made with safety. Though the day was warm outside, we were in a very short time chilled through and glad to make our escape. How these men could have endured many long years of labor in this vast refrigerator, and retain any degree of health, is a problem. Faith and zeal doubtless kept the blood moving through their veins. It is said that a knife, or dirk, and a pair of scissors of very ancient origin, which we were shown, were found by Mr. Marble in a fissure of this solid rock. That they were left there by pirates, years on years ago, no sane man can for a moment believe. The probabilities are that some one deceived Mr. Marble.

When this misguided adventurer commenced this work, he was possessed of about fifteen hundred dollars, which he expended long before his death, after which, he depended upon the charities of those who sympathized with him in his undertaking.

In one of the buildings named above, there are several portraits of pirates and their wives, drawn, it is said, by some one under the influence of the spirits, in a marvelously short space of time. Several wives of Captain Kidd are among them.

Captain Kidd must have been a remarkable man, to want more than one such character for a companion, provided the likenesses are true to nature; at any rate we are not at all surprised that he was a pirate, under the circumstances.

To illustrate how Mr. Marble professed to have been directed, we give

the following correspondence with the spirits:—

Mr. Marble wrote: "I wish Veal or Harris would tell what move to make next."

This query was covered by fifteen thicknesses of paper and then the medium was called in, and, merely feeling of the exterior of the paper, wrote what the spirit of Veal revealed through him. Captain Harris, named in the communication, is supposed to have been the leader of the piratical band.

Response of Veal: "*My Dear Charge*,—You solicit me or Captain Harris to advise you as to what to next do. Well, as Harris says he has always had the heft of the load on his shoulders, I will try and respond myself and let Harris rest. Ha! ha! Well, Marble, we must joke a bit; did we not, we should have the blues, as do you some of those rainy days when you see no living person at the rock, save your own dear ones. Not a sound do you hear, save the woodpecker and that little gray bird [Mr. Marble's pet canary], that sings all day long, more especially wet days, tittry, tittry, tittry. But, Marble, as Long [a deceased friend of Marble] says, 'Don't be discouraged.' We are doing as fast as we can. As to the course, you are in the right direction at present. You have one more curve to make before you take the course that leads to the cave. We have a reason for keeping you from entering the cave at once. Moses was by the Lord kept forty years in his circuitous route, ere he had sight of that land that flowed with milk and honey. God had his purpose in so doing, notwithstanding he might have led Moses into the promise, in a very few days from the start. But no; God wanted

to develop a truth, and no faster than the minds of the people were prepared to receive it. Cheer up, Marble, we are with you and doing all we can.

"Your guide,

"TOM VEAL."

Another communication, from C. B. Long, contains the following: "The names of Hiram and Edwin Marble will live when millions of years shall, from this time, have passed, and when even kings and statesmen shall have been forgotten."

And so the man and, after him, his son worked on till, so far as they were concerned, death closed the scene. Whether any person in the years to come will follow these misguided labor-

ers, and take up the work where they left it, is a question.

The legendary lore of Dungeon Rock is eclipsed by the dominant impulse of lives absorbed in an idea, based upon supernatural agency. While it is an evidence of a misguided zeal, unequaled by anything the whole world has heretofore probably known, in and of itself it is no mystery.

The mystery is that there ever lived human beings to undertake such an unpromising work, where such hardship and perseverance were required, and where the folly of any hope of success must have been apparent to an intelligent person every day, from the commencement to the close of the twenty-seven years of servile toil.

LANCASTER IN ACADIE AND THE ACADIENS IN LANCASTER.

BY HENRY S. NOURSE.

It is almost one hundred and thirty years

"... since the burning of Grand-Pre,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels
departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods,
into exile;
Exile without an end, and without an example
in story."

Of the numerous readers of Evangeline in Lancaster, few now suspect how nearly the sad tale of wantonly-ravaged Acadie touched their own town history. From the archives of Nova Scotia all details of that deed of merciless treachery were left out, for very shame; but upon the crown officials then in authority over the Province, history and poetry have indelibly branded the stigma of an unnecessary edict of expulsion, which devastated

one of the fairest regions of America, and tore seven thousand guileless and peaceful people from a scene of rural felicity rarely equaled on earth, to scatter them in the misery of abject poverty, among strangers speaking a strange tongue and hating their religion. The agents who faithfully executed the cruel decree were Massachusetts men, reluctantly obedient to "his Majesty's orders," given them specifically in writing by Charles Lawrence, Governor of Nova Scotia.

On the twentieth of May, 1755, Lieutenant-Colonel John Winslow embarked at Boston with a force of about two thousand men, organized in two battalions. They were enlisted for the term of one year, unless sooner discharged, for the special service of

dislodging the French from their newly fortified positions along the north side of the Bay of Fundy, and on the isthmus connecting New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Among the vessels of the fleet was the sloop Victory, and to this was assigned a company belonging to the second, or Lieutenant-Colonel Scott's, battalion, largely composed of, and officered by, Lancaster men, a list of whose names is subjoined:—

Captain Abijah Willard.

First Lieutenant "Haskal." [Henry Haskell?]

Second Lieutenant Willard. [Levi?]

Ensign Willard. [Aaron?]

SERGEANTS.

Thomas Beman, husbandman . . . aged 25
James Houghton, " . . . " 25

CORPORALS.

Jacob Willard, husbandman . . . aged 21
Thomas Willard, " . . . " 23

DRUMMERS.

Joseph Farnsworth, husbandman . . . aged 20
Joseph Phelps, " . . . " 21

PRIVATES.

Benjamin Atherton, laborer . . . aged 20
Phineas Atherton, " . . . " 16
Daniel Atherton, " . . . " 21
Jonathan Brown, " . . . " 17
Joseph Bailey, " . . . " 30
Phineas Divoll, " . . . " 22
Abel Farnsworth, husbandman . . . " 22
John Farnsworth, laborer . . . " 30
Jeremiah Field, " . . . " 18
Ephraim Goss, " . . . " 22
Thomas Henderson, " . . . " 40
Daniel Harper, " . . . " 21
Elias Haskell, cooper . . . " 19
William Hutson, cordwainer . . . " 22
John Johnson, laborer . . . " 22
Samuel Kilham, " . . . " 20
Matthias Larkin, " . . . " 30
Joseph Metcalf, cooper . . . " 21
Joseph Pratt, laborer . . . " 30
Joseph Priest, " . . . " 45
Daniel Sanders, " . . . " 19
Isaac Sollendine, laborer . . . " 21
Jacob Siles, housewright . . . " 19
Lemuel Turner, laborer . . . " 18
Nathaniel Turner, " . . . " 18
William Turner, " . . . " 18
Aaron Wilder, " . . . " 30
William Warner, " . . . " 20
David Wilson, " . . . " 18

Levi Woods, laborer aged 20
Silas Willard, " " 19
Uziah Wyman, apothecary " 21
John Warner, laborer " 20
James Willard, " " 18
John Wilson, " " 20

Besides the above forty-five, there were, in other companies, three natives of Lancaster:—

Nathaniel Johnson, yeoman aged 25
Jonas Moor, " " 32
John Rugg, husbandman " 31

What special part these men took in the investment and capture of the formidable fort of Beau Sejour, or in the assaults upon the minor forts, neither record nor tradition tell, and we are equally uninformed respecting their participation in the pitiable scenes enacted along the shores of Minas and Chignecto Bays. The Massachusetts Archives contain no pay-rolls of this expedition, and no papers of Captain Abijah Willard are known to exist throwing any light upon its history. That the service was not only inglorious in part, and ungrateful to the truly brave, but attended with much hardship, is attested by the following documents copied from Massachusetts Archives, lv, 62 and 63. They are there in the handwriting of Secretary Josiah Willard:—

"Sir: I have received your Letter giving me an acct. of the Hardships your poor Soldiers are exposed to. I sincerely Compassionate their unhappy case & I pray God to find out some Way for their Relief. The Governor is not expected here till the month of Decemb^r. When he arrives I shall endeavour to mention the affair to him. In the mean time, I have written a Letter to Major General Winslow which I have left open, Leaving it with you to deliver it or not as you shall judge best,

First sealing it before you deliver it. The Council being informed that I had a Letter from you upon the subject of these Hardships of the Soldiers desired me to communicate it to them, which I did. What they will do upon it I know not.

"Octobr 31, 1755.

To ABIJAH WILLARD."

"BOSTON, Oct. 31, 1755

"Sir: I have lately rec^d a Letter from my Kinsman Cpt. Abijah Willard expressing his tender concern for his soldiers who are exposed to ly in Tents in this cold season now coming on and their cloath now worn out. I would fain use any Interest I could make that may contribute to the Relief of these and other the Provincial soldiers in Nova Scotia in the like circumstances, but I am a perfect stranger both to Governor Lawrence & Coll. Monkton. But the acquaintance I have of you & my knowledge of your compassionate spirit, especially towards the soldiers under your command in like circumstances, urges me to write to you on this occasion (not from any Distrust I have of your care in these matters, but possibly as your Distance from the Place where this Company is quartered may keep you in some Ignorance of the Difficulties these poor men labour under) to desire you would interpose your best offices for their Relief. It seems that these men can be of little service in act of Duty required of them while they are so destitute of the necessary Comforts & Refreshments of Life. You will excuse this Freedom. With my earnest desires of the gracious Presence of God with you & particularly to prosper your enterprises for the Good of your nation & Countrey I am, Sir, Your very humble servt,

"JOSIAH WILLARD."

This was not Captain Willard's first experience of Nova Scotia, nor was it to be his last. Ten years before he enlisted in the expedition against Louisburg, being first lieutenant of Captain Joshua Pierce's company, in the Fourth Massachusetts Regiment, of which his father, Samuel Willard, was colonel. He was there promoted to a captaincy, July 31, 1745, three days after his twenty-first birthday. Little more than twenty years had passed from the time when he had assisted in forcing the broken-hearted Acadien farmers into exile, and again he sailed for Nova Scotia, himself a fugitive, proscribed as a Tory, his ample estate confiscated, and his name a reproach among his life-long neighbors. As thousands of French Neutrals from Georgia to Massachusetts Bay sighed away their lives with grieving for their lost Acadie, so we know Abijah Willard, so long as he lived, looked westward with yearning heart toward that elm-shaded home so familiar to all Lancastrians. On the coast of the Bay of Fundy, not far west of St. John, is a locality yet called *Lancaster*. Colonel Abijah Willard gave it the name. It was his retreat in exile, and there he died in 1789.

Of the thousand Acadiens apportioned to the Province of Massachusetts, the committee appointed by General Court for the duty of distributing them among the several towns, sent three families, consisting of twenty persons, to Lancaster. These were Benoni Melanson, his wife Mary, and children, Mary, Joseph, Simeon, John, Bezaleel, "Carre," and another daughter not named; Geoffroy Benway, Abigail, his wife, and children, John, Peter, Joseph, and Mary; Theal Forre, his wife Abigail, and children, Mary, Abigail, Margaret. The Forre family were soon

transferred to Harvard. They arrived in February, 1756, and the accounts of the town's selectmen for their support were regularly rendered until February, 1761. They were destitute, sickly, and apparently utterly unable to support themselves, and were billeted now here, now there, among the farmers, at a fixed price of two shillings and eightpence each per week for their board. Sometimes a house was hired for them, and, in addition to rent paid, we find in the selectmen's charges such items as these :—

	£	s	d	qr
To cash pd for an Interpreter and paper,		3	4	
To what Nessecareys we found them,	1	0	8	0
To 472 weight of Befe cost,	3	3	2	1
To Corn that they have had & yoused, with Sauss,		10	8	
To one Bushel of Salt & Salting the Befe,		5	6	
to one washing tub, 2 earthen pots & pail,		4	0	
to wood for the winter season for the year 1757,	1	6	8	

Direct evidence to the helpless condition of the two families of French Neutrals in Lancaster is given in a letter from the selectmen, dated January 24, 1757, found in Massachusetts Archives, xxiii, 330 :—

“and here Foloweth an account of the curcumstances, age and sexes of those people. there Is two famles Consisting of fifteen In Number, the whole to witt. Benoni Melanso with his wife of about forty four or five years of age, and they have seven children three Boyes and four Girlls, the Eldest Girl about 17 years old, the boye Next about 15 years old, Sickly. Can Do Nothing. ye Next Boy 12 years old. ye Next boy 10 years old, and ye four Girles all under them Down to two years old, and the woman almost a Criples. . . .

The Name of the others Is Jefray— & his wife. he almost an Idot and aboute 46 years old, . . . they have four children 3 Boyes & one Girll. ye Eldest Boye 10 yeares old & ye Rest Down to two years old.

“WM. RICHARDSON } Selectmen
“JOHN CARTER } of
“JOSHUA FAIRBANK } Lancaster.”

Shortly after the date of the above, these unhappy people suddenly disappeared from their habitation. Reckless with homesickness, they had stolen away, and made a bold push for the sea, in the vain hope that on it they might float back to the Basin of Minas. This was in the depth of winter, February, 1757. They came to the coast at Weymouth. There they soon encountered the questioning of local authority, and to excuse their intrusion Melanson made complaint against his Lancaster guardians, the history of which is in Massachusetts Archives, xxiii, 356.

“The Committee to whom was referred the Petition of Benoni Melanzan in behalf of himself and sundrie other French People, Having met and heard the Petition and one of the Selectmen of Lancaster, relating to the several matters therein Complained of and also have heard the Representative of Weymouth where the French People mentioned in s^d Petition at present reside : Beg leave to report as follows. Viz : That it doth not appear that ye Petitioner had any Grounds to complain of the selectmen of Lancaster or either of them relating the matter complained of, and therefore Beg leave further Report that the Committee are of opinion that the said French People be ordered forthwith to Return to Lancaster from whence they in a dis-

orderly manner withdrew themselves. all which is Humbly submitted.

"pr order of the Comittee

"SILVANUS BOURN."

"In Council, February 24, 1757.

"Read and ordered that this Report be so far accepted as relates to the Petitioners Complaint of his Treatment at Lancaster being without Grounds, but inasmuch as the Petitioner offers to undertake for the support of himself and the other French removed from Lancaster except in the article of Firing and House Room, and is likewise willing that two of his sons be placed out in Families and inasmuch as the Petitioner is by employment a Fisherman, which cannot be exercised at Lancaster, therefore, Ordered that he have liberty to reside in the Town of Weymouth untill this Court shall otherwise order, and the Selectmen of said Town are impowered to place two of his sons in English families for a reasonable term and to provide House Room for the Rest, & the liberty of cutting as much Firewood as is necessary in as convenient a Lot as can be procured. The account of the Charge of House Rent

and Firewood to be allowed out of the Province Treasury.

"Sent down for concurrence.

"THOS. CLARKE, Dpty. Secy.

"Feb. 25, 1757."

"In the House of Representatives.

"Read and unanimously non concurred, and ordered that Report of the Com^{tee} be accepted & y^t the said French Neutrals so called be directed to return forthwith to ye Town of Lancaster accordingly.

"Sent up for Concurrence.

"T. HUBBARD, Spk^r."

"In Council, Feb. 25, 1757.

"Read & Concurred. A. OLIVER, Secy.

"Consented to.

S. PHIPS."

They were soon again in the quarters whence they fled. In June, 1760, the Melanson family were divided between Lunenburg, Leominster, and Hardwick, while the Benways remained. Among the petitioners for leave to go to "Old France," a little later, appear "Benoni Melanson and Marie, with family of seven," and from that date the waifs from Acadie appear no more in the annals of Lancaster.

GIFTS TO COLLEGES AND UNIVERSITIES.

BY CHARLES F. THWING.

THE generosity of the American people, in the making of gifts to their institutions of learning, is munificent. The generosity is keeping pace with the increase of wealth. In 1847, Abbott Lawrence gave fifty thousand dollars to Harvard University, to found the school of science which now bears his name. This gift is declared to be "the largest amount ever given at one time, during the lifetime of the donor,

to any public institution in this country." But since the year 1847, it is probable that not less than fifty millions of dollars have been donated by individuals to educational institutions. In several instances, gifts, each approaching, or even exceeding, a million of dollars, have been bestowed. The Baltimore merchant, Johns Hopkins, gave not less than three millions of dollars to a great university, which, like

Harvard, bears the name of its founder. Henry W. Sage and Ezra Cornell contributed more than a million to the endowment of Cornell University. The gifts of Amasa Stone to the Adelbert University at Cleveland aggregate more than half a million. Since 1864, Ario Pardee has given to Lafayette College more than five hundred thousand dollars; and the donations of John C. Green to Princeton aggregate toward a million of dollars. Alexander Agassiz, worthy son of a worthy father, has donated more than a quarter of a million of dollars to the equipment of the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy and Anatomy which his father founded. Joseph E. Sheffield endowed the scientific school at New Haven which bears his name. The late Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, contributed about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Harvard. Among various institutions in the West, South, and North, Mrs. Valeria G. Stone, of Malden, Massachusetts, has, within the last five years, distributed more than a million of dollars. George Peabody's benevolences amount to eight millions of dollars, about one fourth of which forms the Southern Educational Fund, and about one eighth endowed the Peabody Institute at Baltimore. John F. Slater gave a million of dollars to the cause of Southern education. The amounts contributed to college and university education in the last ten years may be thus summarized : *

1872	\$6,282,461
1873	8,238,141
1874	1,845,354
1875	2,703,650
1876	2,743,348
1877	1,273,991
1878	1,389,633

* Compiled from various Reports of the United States Commissioner of Education.

1879	\$3,878,648
1880	2,666,571
1881	4,601,069

In the nineteen years since the close of the war, many institutions have been founded with munificent endowments, as Johns Hopkins, Smith at Northampton, Wellesley; and many more institutions have vastly increased their resources. Harvard's property has perhaps tripled in amount; Princeton's income, under the presidency of Dr. McCosh, has greatly enlarged; Yale's revenue has also received large additions. Colleges in every State have been the recipients of munificent gifts.

Notwithstanding, however, these benevolences, most colleges are in a constant state of poverty. Indeed, it may be said that every college ought to be poor; that is, it ought to have needs far outrunning its immediate means of supplying them. Harvard is frequently making applications for funds, which appear to be needed quite as much in Cambridge, as in the new college of a new town of a new State. At the present time, colleges stand in peculiar need of gifts for general purposes of administration. Funds are frequently given for a special object, as the foundation of a professorship. But the amount may be inadequate. It is not expedient to decline the gift. Properly to endow the new chair, therefore, revenue must be drawn from the general funds, which thus suffer diminution. Donations are of the greatest advantage to a college, which are free from conditions relative to their use.

The demand of institutions of learning for endowment receives special emphasis at the present by the decreasing rate of interest. It is difficult, every college treasurer knows well, so to invest funds with safety as to cause them to

return more than five per cent. interest. Ten years ago in the East it was as easy to secure seven, as it is now to secure five, per cent. In one year one college saw its income decrease many thousand dollars by reason of this decrease in the rate of interest. Bowdoin College is distinguished for the success with which its funds are administered. At the present these funds are said to pay about six per cent. interest, but it is a rate higher than many colleges are able to gain. By this decrease the salaries of professors, the income of scholarships, and the entire revenue, suffer.

Many reasons might be urged in behalf of benevolence to institutions of learning. Funds thus given are as a rule administered with extraordinary financial skill. Their permanence is greater than the permanence of funds in trust companies and savings banks. Harvard, the oldest college, Yale, the next to the oldest (with the exception of William and Mary), have funds still unimpaired, still applied to the designs of those who gave them in the first years of their incorporation.

Gifts to a college are, moreover, an application of the right principle of benevolence of helping those who help themselves. The trustees, the professors, are, in proportion to their income, the most generous. Not seldom do they pledge a year's salary for the benefit of the institutions which they officially serve. The first nineteen donors to Tabor College, Iowa, several of whom were its officers, gave no less than *sixty per cent.* of the assessed value of their property. The efficient president of Colorado College has been engaged in making money for his college

in legitimate business, in preference to making his own fortune. The students, as well as the officers, of colleges endeavor to help themselves to an education in all fitting ways. The keeping of school, the doing of chores, the running of errands, the tutoring of fellow-students, suggest the various ways in which they endeavor to work their way through college.

Those who thus donate their money, in amounts either large or small, foster the highest interests of the nation. From institutions of learning flow the best forces of the national life. Literature, the fine arts, patriotism, philanthropy, and religion, thus receive their strongest motives. The higher education in the United States is most intimately related to the master-minds of American literature. Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Holmes, were in part created by Bowdoin and Harvard. Among the most efficient officers of the late war were the graduates of the colleges. Without the college the ministry would become a "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal" indeed, and without a learned ministry the church would languish. In the early years of the century, Mr. John Norris, of Salem, proposed to give a large sum of money to the cause of foreign missions. He was persuaded, however, to transfer the gift to the foundation of the Andover Theological Seminary, assured that thus he was really giving it to the missionary cause. So the event proved. For the first American missionaries were trained at Andover. Thus, he who gives his money to the college, gives it to the fostering of the highest and best forces in American thought and character.

SONG OF THE WINDS.

BY HENRY B. CARRINGTON.

I.

THIN as the viewless air,
Swifter than dreams can be,
Above, around, and everywhere,
We speed with pinions free.
No barrier bounds our path,
But, ever, to and fro,
Angels of mercy and of wrath,
Onward, in haste we go.

II.

Our birth, mid Chaos rude,
Ere Earth had formed its shell ;
And nursed we were, in solitude,
Where hoary night did dwell.
We tossed her raven hair,
Ere sun began to glow,
And whirled the atoms through the air,
To form the moon, I trow.

III.

We heard the Eternal Voice
Pronounce, " Let there be Light ! "
And, shrieking, fled, beneath the wings
Of the escaping Night.
We saw the earth arise,
Childlike, from Nature's womb,
And flew to it, with joyous cries, —
We knew it was our home.

IV.

How brilliant, then, its dyes,
O'er past we could not grieve ; —
We rocked the trees of Paradise,
And whisked the locks of Eve.
Mid things so gay and calm,
With wings, as those of doves,
We floated o'er those fields of balm,
As lightest zephyr roves.

V.

All changed from peace to wrath
When stern Archangel came
And drove that pair from garden path,
With sword of lambent flame.
Our wings grew strong and broad,
Our anger burst on high,
We tore huge trees, — we dashed along,
Our shadows gloomed the sky.

VI.

Our home, the boundless air
Or Ocean's surging breast, —
We meet the lightnings' lurid glare,
Or hang on rainbow's crest ;
At touch, the forests bow,
The lake uplifts its voice,
The long grass hums its anthem low,
And ocean waves rejoice.

VII.

Our flocks, the drifting clouds
That sweep across the plain,
Like vessels seen, with netted shrouds,
At rest upon the main.
We laugh to see them spread
With darkened fleece, afar, —
While thunders mutter, overhead,
Like trumpet notes of war.

VIII.

We scorn the pride of man;
With us he dare not cope,
Build vessel strong as e'er he can,
We shiver mast and rope.
Too long we tarry now —
Away, — with speed, away,
More than a thousand miles we go,
To sink a ship to-day.

BRITISH LOSSES IN THE REVOLUTION,

FROM APRIL 19, 1775, TO THE SURRENDER OF GENERAL BURGOTNE, OCTOBER 17, 1777.

[The following account of the losses of the British in the Revolution, for the first thirty months of the war, is taken from *The London Magazine* of February, 1778, and is interesting in that it differs from all the statements that appear in our United States Histories of that portion of the war. — Ed.]

In March, 1776, the Parliament of Great Britain Voted 42,390 Men for the Service of America; These troops Landed Accordingly, And have Lost agreeable to their Returns as Followeth:—

PLACES WHERE	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	PRISONERS.
At Lexington and Concord	43	70	
Bunker Hill	746	1,150	
Ticonderoga and Quebec	81	110	350
On the Lake, by General Arnold	93	64	
Sullivan's Island	191	264	
Ceder	40	70	
Norfolk, in Virginia	129	175	40
Different Actions on Long Island	840	660	60
Harlem and Hell's Gate	236	773	43
New York, in time of landing	57	100	
White Plains, General McDougal	450	490	270
Fort Washington	900	1,500	
Fort Lee	20	30	
Trenton Hessians	35	60	948
Princetown	74	100	210
Boston Road, by Admiral Hardy	52	90	750
Transports taken			390
Danbury	260	350	40
Iron Hill, near Elk	59	80	20
Brandy Wine	800	1,170	
Reden Road, by General Maxwell	40	60	
Staten Island, by General Sullivan	94	150	278
Bennington	200	1,100	1,100
Fort Montgomery	580	700	
Fort Mifflin and Red Bank	328	53	84
General Burgoyne's Army	2,100	1,126	5,572
Deserted 1,100			
	8,448	10,495	10,155

THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS, JR.

IN the year of our Lord 1844, a young clerk, named George Williams, consulted with a few others and determined that something should be done to save the young men, who came by thousands to London, from the terrible temptations and snares to which they were exposed. The old times had passed when the young man came to the city recommended to some friend who would feel a personal interest in him, either take him into his own house or find some good home for him; who felt responsible for him and bound to know where he went and with whom he associated; who often had him at his own board, if not regularly there, and who expected to see him in his family pew on Sunday.

Perhaps this state of things had, from necessity, ceased to be; perhaps the introduction of machinery and the employment of large numbers of young men in the cities made this personal relation no longer possible. Whether possible or no, the fact remains that this close relation between employer and employed ceased. There are, even now, some noble exceptions to this, as in the case of Mr. Williams himself, and the firm of Samuel Morlay and Company.

The young man to-day comes fresh from the pure air and clear lavish sunshine of his country home, where

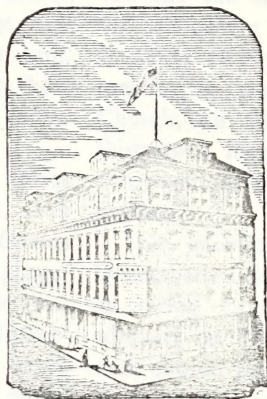
summer's flower-decked green is a continuous feast, and winter's glories a delight no less. Whether upon the snow in sleigh, or hillside coasting, or the swift skate on the frozen river, or at evening's cozy fireside before

the blazing logs, all rejoice in simple pleasures, and prayer closes the day. Dear country home, where every sound is ministry; the morning cock and cackling hen, the birds' hopeful morning song, the twittering swallow, noon's rest and healthy appetite, the lowing cattle, the birds' thankful evening note, the village bell — old curfew's echo, the pattering on the pane, the wind in the treetops, the watchdog's

distant bark for lullaby, and quiet restful sleep; his greatest sports — those of the evening village-green — the apple bee, the husking, and the weekly singing-school.

He stands at evening gazing at the splendors of the blacksmith's glowing forge, and in the morning says "good-by" to all, and starts upon his journey to the city.

Arrived, and having found employment, he works from a fixed hour in the morning till evening, then he goes *home* — where? 'Tis all the home he has — all he can afford: a room, or perhaps a part of a room, on the upper floor of a tall house, in a



OLD BUILDING.

narrow street — houses all about — the view all brick and slate, — the sunshine never penetrates to him — the air is close and heavy; not one attraction is there for him here. But on his way from work he must perforce pass many a front, where the electric light casts its brilliant beams quite across the street. Yes, this proprietor can well afford the costly allurements — it pays — a very wrecker's light to lure to destruction. Its baneful brightness makes day of that dark narrow street. Within is warmth, companionship, music, wine, play, — all that appeals to a young man's nature. What wonder that he turns in here rather than go on to his cold, dreary room.

Once in, he is welcomed; hearty good fellows they seem. True, they are very different from his *old* friends in appearance, manner, and language, and he at first shrinks from them, but the wine-cup soon obliterates distinctions, and he feels that he has never met such choice spirits before. Laughing at their jokes and coarse stories, he forgets all in the wild excitement of the moment. His voice is now the loudest. He sings, shouts, and, at length, losing consciousness, only wakes sick and utterly miserable. He determines it shall be the last. Never will he be seen there again. But he has entered upon a path of easy descent, and lower and lower he falls. He is hurrying to death.

His employer cares only that he is at his place in the morning and remains there at work till the evening. He cannot follow him, and should the young man's habits become such that it "no longer pays" to employ him, he is dismissed and another is quickly found to take his place. Vast numbers of young men were going down to

death in the cities, when George Williams and his friend determined to do something to keep them from destruction, and thus they formed the first Young Men's Christian Association in the world, on the sixth day of June, 1844.

In the autumn of 1851, a correspondent of the *Watchman and Reflector*, a religious paper published in Boston, wrote an account of his visit to the London rooms. Captain Sullivan saw the article, and having himself visited the London Association, he spoke to others, and the result was a meeting in the vestry of the Central Church, on December 15, 1851, of thirty-two men, representing twenty congregations of the different denominations.

This meeting was adjourned to December 22, at the Old South Chapel, in Spring Lane. A constitution was adopted on December 29. Officers were chosen January 5 and 10, and the work began in earnest.

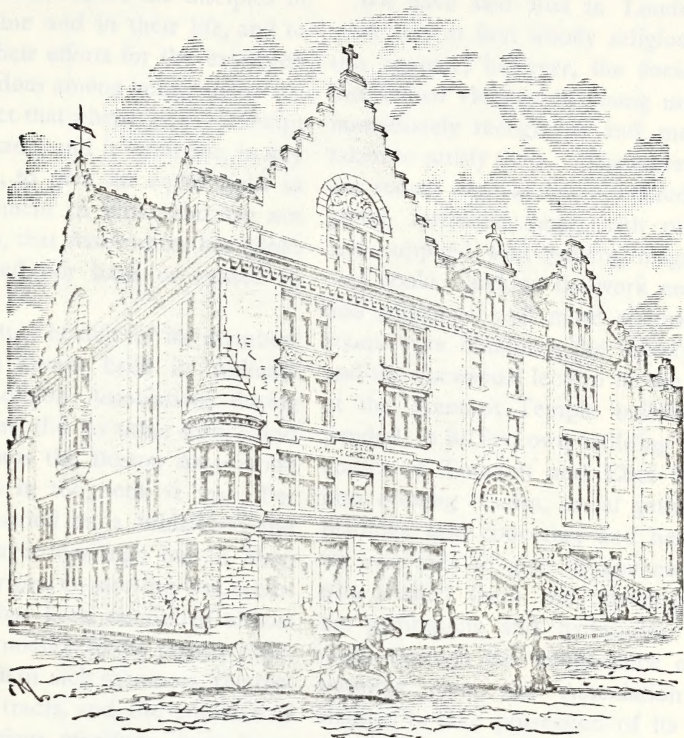
Mr. Francis O. Watts, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, was the first president of this, the *first* Young Men's Christian Association of the United States. It is a strange coincidence, easily understood by the Christian, that on the twenty-fifth of November, one month previous, without any knowledge on the part of Boston, the first Young Men's Christian Association of America had been organized at Montreal, in Canada.

The constitution adopted was based upon that of the parent Association, and provided that, while any young man could be a member and enjoy all other privileges of the Association, only members of evangelical churches could hold office or vote. The reason for this was clear and right. Those who originated

the parent Association, and those who formed this, believed in the doctrines of the Universal Church of Christ—in the loss of the soul and its redemption only by the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; nor could they be satisfied with any work for young men which did not at least aim at conversion.

The chairman of the international

special or peculiar interest." The tenth annual report thus speaks upon this point: "The tie which binds us together is a common faith. We hold this faith most dearly, and believe it to be essential, and therefore worthy to be protected by every means. We cannot be expected, surely, to do so suicidal a thing as to admit to the right



NEW BUILDING.

committee thus speaks, in February last: "When any Association sinks the religious element and the religious object which it professes to hold high beneath secular agencies and powers, it ceases to deserve the name of Young Men's Christian Association. It belongs then to a class of societies of which we have many, and in which, as Christian young men looking to the conversion of our fellows as the supreme object, we have no

of equal voice in the government of our society those who are directly opposed to the very essence of our being."

The *benefits* of the Association are for all—its *management* alone is restricted.

There are now nearly twenty-five hundred Associations in the world, all upon what is called the evangelical basis, and in the United States and

British Provinces only Associations upon this basis have membership or representation in the International Organization, formulated in Paris, in 1855, thus :—

"The Young Men's Christian Associations seek to unite those young men who, regarding Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be his disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of his kingdom among young men."

It is a fact that whenever the attempt has been made, and it often has, in any Association, to give an equal right in the management to those who are not of our faith, that Association has either soon adopted our basis or ceased to exist.

The spiritual benefit of its members having thus always been its ultimate end, the London Association, during its early years, did no other work ; and no sooner was the Boston Association formed than it, too, took it up. For a while, it carried on a Bible-class and a weekly prayer-meeting ; but in May, 1857, a daily prayer-meeting was established, and has been continued almost without intermission to the present time. The visitation of sick members, the distribution of tracts, and the conduct of general religious meetings, have been the regular work of special committees. These last have been held when and where they seemed to be called for : on the Common, at the wharves, on board the ships in the harbor, and, especially during our Civil War, on board the receiving-ship *Ohio* ; in the theatres, at Tremont Temple, and at the Meionaon, where, at various times, for weeks, a noon meeting has been held for business men.

The Association has also been the

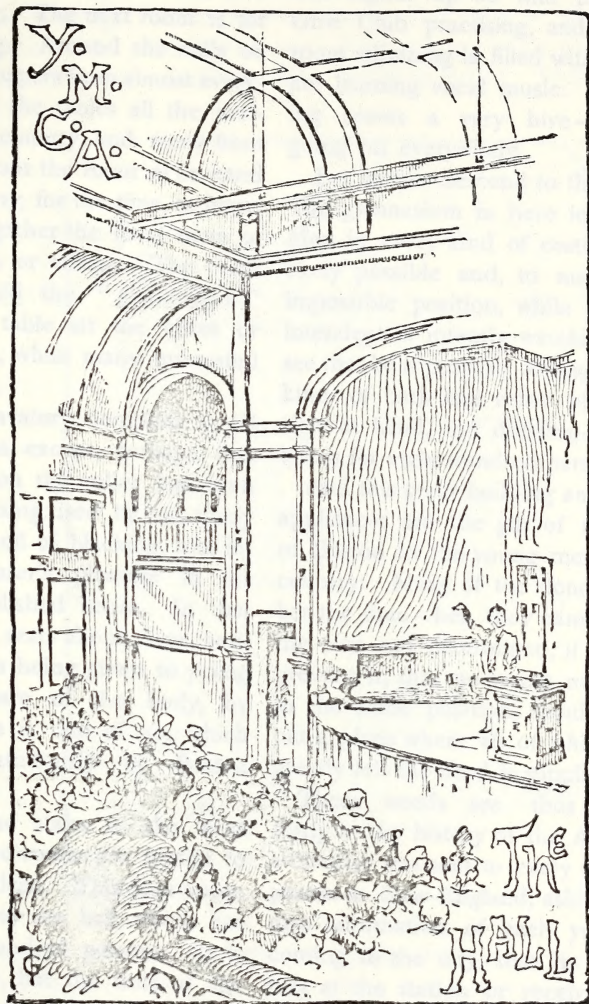
rallying-point and chief instrumentality in great revival movements, under the direction of the churches, and especially in that under Mr. Moody in the great Tabernacle. The Boston Association has never forgotten the chief object of its existence, nor, though not without some fluctuation, has it intermitted its religious work.

We have said that in London the work was at first wholly religious. In this country, however, the social and intellectual element in young men was immediately recognized and measures taken to satisfy them. Therefore pleasant rooms were at once secured, carpeted, furnished, hung with pictures, and supplied with papers, magazines, and books ; and, as the work enlarged and additional and more commodious rooms were obtained, the literary class and the occasional lecture in the room at the Tremont Temple building, expanded, in its first own building at the corner of Tremont and Eliot Streets, into evening classes, social gatherings, readings, and concerts ; and here first we were able to give to our members who wished them the advantages of the gymnasium and bathrooms. And when, through the munificence of the business men, the Association was enabled to take possession of its present building, certainly excelled by no other in the world, either in beauty of exterior or accommodation, every appliance for physical, social, intellectual and spiritual work has been made possible.

Visit the building with us. There it stands, at the corner of two broad streets, and in the midst of the finest public and private buildings in the city. Unique in architecture, simple in design, warm in color, and beautiful in its proportions, it is a building of which

Boston may well be proud, while every Christian man must rejoice in the thought that it is built for His glory whose blessed emblem crowns its topmost gable. By its broad stone stair-

hung with good paintings, are the two parlors. Here the members have with drawing-rooms equal to those even in this favored neighborhood. The few whom we find here certainly appreciate



case, under the motto of Associations, "Teneo et teneor," and through its vestibule, we enter the great reception-room. Immediately on the left, a white marble fountain supplies ice-cold water to all who wish it; beyond, richly carpeted and well furnished, the walls

their comfort. The pleasant room adjoining is that of the general secretary, where he is usually to be found, and where each member is cordially welcomed for converse or advice. Beyond, again, is the office, where three men find it no sinecure to attend

to the continuous stream of comers for welcome, membership, or information. The library is a large, handsome, sunny room, well furnished with shelves, *but not these so well with books*; and yet, from twenty to fifty men are here quietly reading. The next room is for general reading. Around the walls on every side are papers from almost everywhere, and on the tables all the periodicals of this country, and many from abroad. All about the room sit or stand the readers, many, for the time, at home again as they gather the local news of their own town or village. The room beyond is called the "game-room." At each little table sit the chess or draught-players, while many interested are looking on.

Here is the lavatory, complete in all its appointments, except, perhaps, that the long towel on the roller has been already this evening used by too many hands. The smell of blacking, too, indicates the wearer's pleasure in his cleaned and polished boots. In that little hall, which seats about three hundred, a lecture is being given to young men, on the care of the body, by Dr. —. This is one of six which are given gratuitously by Boston physicians.

We mount the stairs to the next story. These two rooms are rented to a commercial college. This door opposite admits you to the hall, which has seats for nine hundred persons. It is extremely simple, but the tints of the walls and ceiling are delightful, and you have only to listen to those members of the — Club, who have leased it for their concerts, to realize that its acoustic properties are perfect.

Still higher, we find the room of the board, where, once at least in each month, the directors sup at their own

expense, and manage the affairs of the Association. Here, too, its various committees meet. In the room adjoining, a French lesson is going on; in that, German; in this, penmanship. Still higher up we find the "Tech" Glee Club practising, and this large room adjoining is filled with those who are learning vocal music. The building seems a very hive—something going on everywhere.

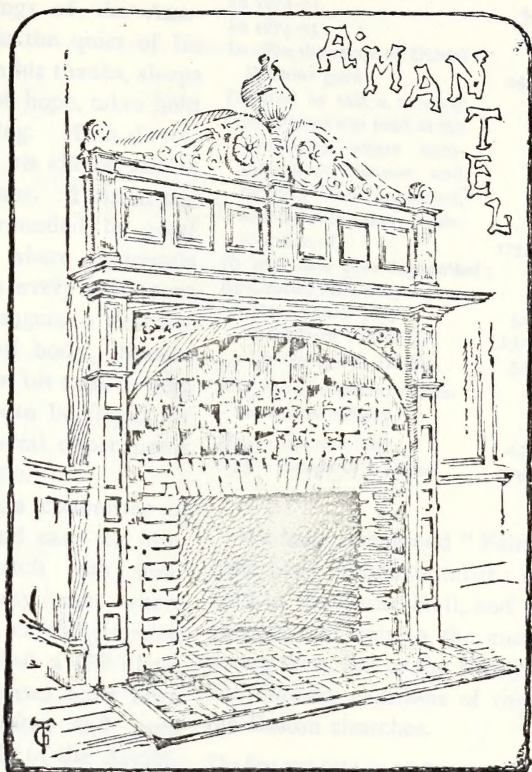
Let us now descend to the basement. The gymnasium is here in full blast. Men in every kind of costume and in every possible and, to many persons, impossible position, while the superintendent is intently watching each to see that he is properly *developing*; every kind of bath and many of them are right at hand, and dressing-rooms with boxes for eight hundred persons.

And this great building and all these appliances are the gift of the citizens of Boston to the young men from the country. Many of the donors remember the time when they came lonely to the city, and determined, if they could prevent it, that no young man, to-day, in the same position, should be without a place where all of which they so greatly felt the need is supplied.

These needs are thus supplied. Early in the history of the Association, a circular was sent to every evangelical pastor in New England, asking him to give information of each young man coming to the city, that he might be met at the station or received at the rooms.

Let us sketch a case: We have received word that John — is to arrive from G— by such a train. During the journey, thoughts of the dear ones he has left crowd upon him. He is already sick for home, as he looks about him and sees no familiar face.

He has left harbor for the first time. All before him is uncertain: all about him strange. He reaches the city; friends are there at the station to welcome this and that one of his fellow-travelers. He knows no one. No one cares for his coming. No one? Yes, there is a young man scanning closely the faces which pass. Suddenly his grand!" Here, too, is the electric light, but not baneful this, no wrecker's false gleam, but like the light upon the pier, showing safe entrance and anchorage. "This is our secretary. Mr. D., this is John —." "Glad to see you. Had you a pleasant journey? What can we do for you? You want a boarding-place! Well, here is the



eye encounters our traveler, and at once the question: "Are you John —?" 'Tis well. I am from the Association. We are expecting you." Together they go to the building, and, even before reaching it, our stranger is not quite a stranger. One man at least is interested in him. "This is the building." "What, this fine place ready to welcome me? Why, this is

book. What can you pay? Very well, Mrs. B. has a vacancy and it is just the place you want. I will send some one with you there. Your recommendation was such that we have found a situation for you, and they will be ready to see you to-morrow. We have an entertainment this evening, and I shall be glad to introduce you to several young men." Imagine, if you can, what such an intro-

duction to city life is to a young man, and what is his coming to the city without it. He is no stranger now. He has found comfort, companionship, sympathy, occupation. His heart goes home indeed, but it is in thankfulness that he writes and describes his surroundings, and glad is he at the close of the evening to join with others in prayer and thanksgiving to his mother's God, for the blessings of the Association; and later, in the quiet of his own room, he renews his thanks, sleeps peacefully, and, full of hope, takes hold of work in the morning. He is directed to the church of his choice and is introduced to the pastor. Thus, at the very first, he is surrounded by good influences in a city where thousands are on the watch with every allurements to tempt just such strangers to destruction of both soul and body. Should John — be ready, in his turn, to help others, work enough can be found for him in one of the several departments of social or spiritual life.

Should he fall sick, a committee of the Association visit and care for him, and, if necessary, watch with him. There have been many cases where young men have been carefully tended during a long illness, and a few where even the funeral expenses have been borne by the Association, and even burial given to the body in the Association lot at Forest Hills Cemetery. This is no fancy sketch. Many, many actual Johns are here pictured, and many souls will, by-and-by, be found thanking God that he put it into the hearts of his servants to establish the Young Men's Christian Association.

But whence this well-appointed building? Within the first year of its life, a building fund was projected, and, as far as we know, this was absolutely the first

step in this direction taken by any Association, either in this country or elsewhere. A library fund was also started at the same time.

A few subscriptions towards a building were obtained, which, in 1858, amounted to	\$1,200	
In 1859-60 were added	1,644	
In 1873 (for altering and furnishing),	5,700	
In 1873-74,	4,400	
In 1874-75,	7,800	
In 1882, the estate of Daniel P. Stone gave	25,000	
Inspired by this, a meeting of citizens was held at the Brunswick, where committees on finance and building were appointed, and the result was a subscription of	175,000	\$220,744
<i>By will have been bequeathed:</i>		
By Charles H. Cook,	300	
" Miss Nabby Joy,	5,000	
" J. Sullivan Warren,	13,059	
" Dr. George E. Hatton,	5,000	23,359
<i>And by subscriptions in connection with Fairs:</i>		
1859 — Chinese Fair,	4,787	
1873 — Bazaar of Nations,	12,246	17,033
		\$261,136

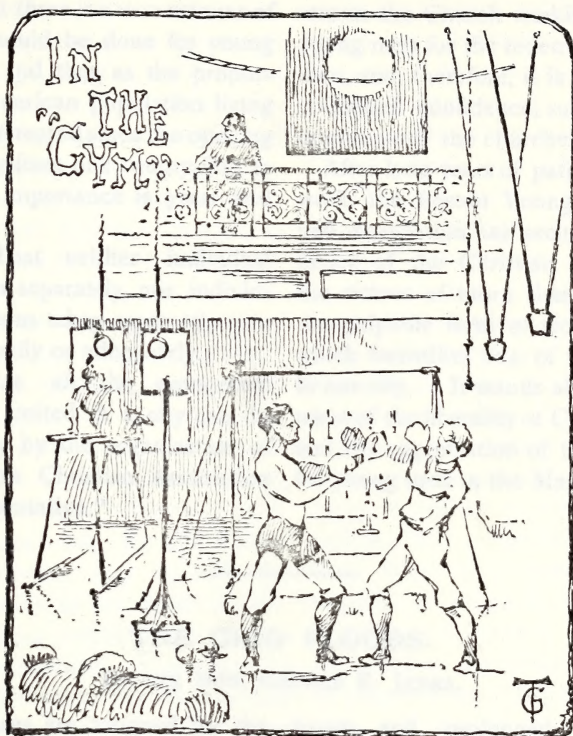
We have mentioned "Fairs." These have been three in number; each being held in the Music Hall, and owed their success, not only to the energy of the young men, but to the hearty sympathy and untiring exertions of the ladies of the Boston churches.

The first was held in 1858, and netted	\$9,650
The second was called the Chinese Fair, all the decorations being Chinese, — a pagoda reaching fifty-six feet to the very height of the hall, which netted	33,000
The third was the most elaborate — the Bazaar of the Nations; the Music Hall being made to represent a street of foreign houses, where, by persons in costume, the goods of the different nations were sold. It came in the spring and immediately after the fire, but netted	28,673
	\$71,323

It is certainly to the credit of the Association that up to 1882, when the large subscription of \$200,000 was secured, the amount raised through the exertions of the young men and the ladies exceeded by more than \$10,000 all moneys subscribed.

The influence of the Boston Association has not been merely local. Through Mr. L. P. Rowland, long its general

State committee, a present member of the board, and an ex-president is now chairman of the same. In national matters, also, the Boston Association has responded to every call. In the early days of the war a drill-club was organized by one of its board, and he, as well as a large number of his men, went into service. And at the call of Mr. Stuart, of Philadelphia, the committee



secretary, and now the veteran secretary of the United States, in his capacity of corresponding secretary of the international committee, the first State work was done and Associations formed in all parts of Massachusetts. The present Boston building is now the headquarters of the Massachusetts committee, where the State secretary may always be reached. The secretary of the Association is a member of the

of the Christian Commission was represented by an ex-president and an army committee formed in the Association, which sent the large sum in money of \$333,237.49, and immense stores of all kinds to the field.

The same committee acted as almoners at the time of Chicago's great fire, and also when the Western woods fires caused such suffering.

Without boasting, for much more

might have been done, the Boston Association has no cause to be ashamed of its history. Beginning with all ready to criticize, and many disapproving, the Association has worked itself into the confidence of the community; and the Reverend Joseph Cook, who was introduced as a lecturer to Boston under its auspices, thus speaks of the Association at the close of its quarter-century. He says:—

“First, That there is a vast amount of work which should be done for young men in cities, and that, as the proportion of the American population living in cities had increased since the opening of this century from one twenty-fifth to one fifth, the importance is great and growing.

“Second, That neither individual churches taken separately, nor individual denominations taken separately, can do this work easily or adequately.

“Third, That all the evangelical denominations united in a city can do this work easily by the organization of a Young Men’s Christian Association as their representative.”

A short time ago a committee of conference, made up of eight leading city clergymen and as many laymen, two of each denomination, unanimously passed the following resolutions:—

“*Resolved*, That the great and peculiar dangers to which young men are exposed in this, as in other cities, clearly calls for the work of the Young Men’s Christian Association.

“*Resolved*, That the Association represents the Church working through its young men for the redemption of young men, and, therefore, it is entitled to the continued confidence, support, and co-operation of the churches.”

After long years of patient and steady work, the Boston Young Men’s Christian Association has secured the confidence of the Christian community to the extent of more than \$300,000, in the palpable form of stone and brick, which beautifies one of the finest sites in our city. It stands also as a monument of the liberality of Christian Boston and her appreciation of this great work for young men in the Master’s name.

THE OHIO FLOODS.

BY THE HON. GEORGE E. JENKS.

SEVERAL causes are assigned for the excessive rise of water in the Ohio valley. This water-shed is accredited with an area of two hundred thousand square miles, and it lies upon the border-line of hot and cold temperatures. It is subject to heavy storms, and sometimes, in winter, to large accumulations of snow. It is presumable also, the rainfall is greater than the average of the country. When, following great deposits of snow, warm,

heavy, and prolonged rains occur, excessive floods must be the result. Add to these coincidents the fact that forests, once existing, are now so nearly annihilated that little protection is offered against a rapid dissolution of the snow, and the sudden freezing of the earth in an interval of the late storm preventing absorption of rain falling thereafter. The waters thus produced fall into the main streams without hindrance, like rain from roofs

of buildings. An aggregation of waters in this valley, rising from fifty to seventy-one feet, is of annual occurrence, intensified according to excesses and completeness of coincidents.

The damage arising from the Ohio flood of 1882 has been estimated at twelve millions of dollars; that of 1883 at thirty-five to forty millions of dollars. If these estimates are approximately correct, what must have been the damage from the flood of 1884!

There are other causes for the floods in the Ohio valley, and in all Southern streams, that have been but little considered, which exercise undoubted and immense influence in solving the peculiarities of the question under consideration, and afford striking contrasts in different sections of this country.

There are two water systems presented in North America. North of about the forty-first degree of latitude—probably the southern limit of the once glacial region—a *reservoir system* prevails toward the headwaters of all the streams. It includes New England, New York, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, and to the Rocky Mountains divide, and all of the British Provinces to the Arctic Circle. It also somewhat occurs on the western slope of the Rockies. This region is notable for the great lake system, and the immense number of smaller lakes and ponds—natural inland reservoirs, supposed to be largely of glacial formation—to hold back considerable portions of the cumulative waters upon any given water-shed, and serving to restrain the outflow, even after they are filled. These basins exercise a happy and protective influence in many ways.

South of the forty-first parallel, the rivers have no *reservoirs* to hold any

part of the flow from their water-shed. Within this vast area few lakes or ponds exist. The superabundance of water has no restraint, but at once takes to the bottom lands. To this southern system the Ohio River notably belongs, with all its tributaries. Within its two hundred thousand square miles of area, scarcely a natural reservoir is to be found. No other part of the country is so devoid of basins. Its feeders drain the western slopes of the Alleghany and Cumberland Mountains—Western Pennsylvania and West Virginia, representing sixty thousand square miles, the southern portions of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and most of Kentucky and Tennessee. These States are without lakes or ponds. Nothing intervenes to hold back any portion of the vast flow from these coincidents of nature before spoken of, and therefore the excessive floods of last year and this. Such results must continue to follow.

During the summer droughts the other extreme prevails. For lack of a reservoir system to withhold and control the flow of water, the river falls from flood-tide—seventy-one feet—to points so low as to seriously impede or prevent navigation. Sometimes even the smallest steamers and barges fail to pass between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, and coal famines have not been unfrequent, resulting from difficult navigation. An equable flow of this stream is impossible. It will always be subject to these extremes. Nothing but an extensive method of filling or diking is likely to prevent the inundation of cities and villages that are not seventy feet above low-water mark, with attending suffering and destruction of life and property. All Southern rivers are liable to like extremes.

In contrast, it may be noted that the St. Lawrence River but slightly varies its flow, above Montreal, because of the restraining power of the Great Lakes, its feeders. The upper Mississippi rises not to excess because of the thousands of lakes and lakelets in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Dakota, its sources. The floods occur in its southern portion, chiefly below St. Louis. But for this reservoir system its navigation in the upper portion would be seriously impeded in summer seasons.

Disastrous floods can scarcely occur on the St. John's, St. Croix, Penobscot, Kennebec, Androscoggin, Saco, Piscataqua, Merrimack, Connecticut, or Hudson Rivers, except from damming of the ice in winter or springtime (and that cause is of rare occurrence), such is the elaborate system of reservoirs about the headwaters of these streams. This northern country is greatly benefited by these excavations occurring from geological causes.

The Merrimack River has a watershed of about four thousand square miles — one fiftieth part of that of the Ohio. It has the Winnipiseogee, Squam, and Newfound Lakes, and hundreds of ponds to fill, that store a large amount of water, before any considerable rise can take place in the river, and then they restrain the flow. No excess of water comes through the Winnipiseogee River, though it is the outlet of a water-shed nearly as great as of the Pemigewasset. The freshets of the Merrimack come chiefly from the last-named stream and minor tributaries. Without these reservoirs, the manufacturing establishments at Lawrence, Lowell, and Manchester, would cease to be operated by water-power during the summer droughts. The highest flow of water in the Merrimack

known in forty-six years, as measured at the Lowell dam, was thirteen and seven-twelfths feet. This occurred in 1852. Only a few times have freshets exceeded ten feet rise over that dam.

The greatest fall of water and rise of the freshet, in this valley, known at Concord, New Hampshire, occurred in August, 1826. This storm notably caused the land-slide in the Saco valley, which buried the Willey family. The next was in early October, 1869, which caused the slide of seventy-five acres of land on the western side of Tri-Pyramid Mountain into Mad River, in Waterville.

Messrs. Rand, McNally, and Company, of Chicago, in their Atlas of the World, give data to illustrate the two river systems of the country spoken of. Names of sixty-seven lakes are given in Maine, and beside these are ponds almost innumerable. By census statistics given, her reservoir and land areas are as 1 to 13. New Hampshire is accredited with three hundred and sixty-two lakes and ponds, being as 1 acre to 41 of land. Vermont has forty-one lakes and ponds, including Lake Champlain, being as 1 acre to 24 of land. Massachusetts, forty-seven lakes and ponds; Rhode Island, forty-seven; Connecticut, eighteen; New York, two hundred and sixty, beside her great lakes; New Jersey, ten; Pennsylvania (chiefly north-eastern portion), fifty-eight; Michigan, ninety-eight lakes, and ponds in great number; Wisconsin, seventy-two lakes, and a large number of ponds; Minnesota, one hundred and forty-two lakes, and ponds innumerable; Dakota, fifteen lakes, and a great number of ponds; and Iowa, forty-eight lakes.

In contrast, Virginia has only Lake Drummond — really a part of the Dis-mal Swamp; West Virginia, Ohio,

Kentucky, and Tennessee, none ; Indiana, eleven lakes, and Illinois, eight, —all on northern water-shed. The Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama have no reservoirs. Lagoons exist in the States bordering the Mississippi River and the Gulf, which are filled by the overflow of the rivers.

A consultation of any good atlas of

our country will confirm these statements.

The two sections are thus contrasted. The Northern States have reason to be very thankful for their more equable system, for the motive power its reservoirs furnish, and for exemption from disastrous floods, as well as from cyclones and tornadoes.

THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

[This account of the Boston Tea-Party is taken, *verbatim*, from "The Boston Evening Post, Monday, December 20, 1773. Thomas and John Fleet, at the Heart and Crown, in Cornhill, Messrs Printers." It adds another link in the chain of evidence to prove that the patriots were disguised as Indians. — Ed.]

HAVING accidentally arrived at Boston upon a visit to a Friend the evening before the meeting of the Body of the People on the 29th of November, curiosity, and the pressing invitations of my most kind host, induced me to attend the Meeting. I must confess that I was most agreeably, and I hope that I shall be forgiven by the People if I say so unexpectedly, entertained and instructed by the regular, reasonable and sensible conduct and expression of the People there collected, that I should rather have entertained an idea of being transported to the British senate than to an adventurous and promiscuous assembly of People of a remote Colony, were I not convinced by the genuine and uncorrupted integrity and manly hardihood of the Rhetoricians of that assembly that they were not yet corrupted by venality or debauched by luxury.

The conduct of that wise and considerate body, in their several transactions, evidently tended to preserve the property of the East India Company. I must confess I was very disagreeably affected with the conduct of Mr. Hutchinson, their pensioned Governor,

on the succeeding day, who very unseasonably, and, as I am informed, very arbitrarily (not having the sanction of law), framed and executed a mandate to disperse the People, which, in my opinion, with a people less prudent and temperate would have cost him his head. The Force of that body was directed to effect the return of the Teas to Great Briton ; much argument was expended. Much entreaty was made use of to effect this desirable purpose. Mr. Rotch behaved, in my estimation, very unexceptionably ; his disposition was seemingly to comport with the desires of the People to convey the Teas to the original proprietors. The Consignees have behaved like Scoundrels in refusing to take the consignment, or indemnify the owner of the ship which conveyed this detestable commodity to this port. Every possible step was taken to preserve this property. The People being exasperated with the conduct of the administration in this affair, great pains were taken and much policy exerted to procure a stated watch for this purpose.*

* This watch consisted of 24 to 34 Men, who served as volunteers 19 Days and 23 Hours.

The body of the People determined the Tea should not be landed; the determination was deliberate, was judicious; the sacrifice of their Rights, of the Union of all the Colonies, would have been the effect had they conducted with less resolution: On the Committee of Correspondence they devolved the care of seeing their resolutions seasonably executed; that body, as I have been informed by one of their members, had taken every step prudence and patriotism could suggest, to effect the desirable purpose, but were defeated. The Body once more assembled, I was again present; such a collection of the people was to me a novelty; near seven thousand persons from several towns, Gentlemen, Merchants, Yeomen, and others, respectable for their rank and abilities, and venerable for their age and character, constituted the assembly; they decently, unanimously and firmly adhered to their former resolution, that the baleful commodity which was to rivet and establish the duty should never be landed; to prevent the mischief they repeated the desires of the Committee of the Towns, that the owner of the ship should apply for a clearance; it appeared that Mr. Rotch had been managed and was still under the influence of the opposite party; he resisted the request of the people to apply for a clearance for his ship with an obstinacy which, in my opinion, bordered on stubbornness—subdued at length by the peremptory demand of the Body, he consented to apply. a committee of ten respectable gentlemen were appointed to attend him to the collector; the Body meeting the same morning by adjournment, Mr. Rotch was directed to protest in form, and then apply to the Governor for a Pass by the Castle; Mr. Rotch executed his commission

with fidelity, but a pass could not be obtained, his Excellency excusing himself in his refusal that he should not make the precedent of granting a pass till a clearance was obtained, which was indeed a fallacy, as it had been usual with him in ordinary cases,—Mr. Rotch returning in the evening reported as above; the Body then voted his conduct to be satisfactory, and recommending order and regularity to the People, dissolved. Previous to the dissolution, a number of Persons, supposed to be the Aboriginal Natives from their complection, approaching near the door of the assembly, gave the War Whoop, which was answered by a few in the galleries of the house where the assembly was convened; silence was commanded, and prudent and peaceable deportment again enjoined. The Savages repaired to the ships which entertained the pestilential Teas, and had began their ravage previous to the dissolution of the meeting—they apply themselves to the destruction of the commodity in earnest, and in the space of about two hours broke up 342 chests and discharged their contents into the sea. A watch, as I am informed, was stationed to prevent embezzlement and not a single ounce of Teas was suffered to be purloined by the populace. One or two persons being detected in endeavouring to pocket a small quantity were stripped of their acquisitions and very roughly handled. It is worthy remark that, although a considerable quantity of goods of different kinds were still remaining on board the vessels, no injury was sustained; such attention to private property was observed that a small padlock belonging to the Captain of one of the ships being broke another was procured and sent to him. I cannot but express my admi-

ration of the conduct of this People. Uninfluenced by party or any other attachment, I presume I shall not be suspected of misrepresentation. The East India Company must console themselves with this reflection, that if they have suffered, the prejudice they sustain does not arise from enmity to them. A fatal necessity has rendered this catastrophe inevitable — the landing the tea would have been fatal, as it would have saddled the colonies with a duty imposed without their consent, and which no power on earth can effect. Their strength and numbers, spirit and illumination, render the experiment dangerous, the defeat certain: The Consignees must attribute to themselves the loss of the property of the East

India Company: had they seasonably quieted the minds of the people by a resignation, all had been well; the customhouse, and the man who disgraces Majesty by representing him, acting in confederacy with the inveterate enemies of America, stupidly opposed every measure concerted to return the Teas. — That Americans may defeat every attempt to enslave them, is the warmest wish of my heart. I shall return home doubly fortified in my resolution to prevent that deprecated calamity, the landing the teas in Rhode Island, and console myself with the happiest assurance that my brethren have not less virtue, less resolution, than their neighbours.

AN IMPARTIAL OBSERVER.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

WE give with this number of the Bay State a fac-simile reproduction, from a rare copy in our possession, of "An Oration, pronounced at Hanover, New Hampshire, the Fourth Day of July, 1800," by Daniel Webster. This oration was delivered when the future statesman was in his eighteenth year. It cannot fail to interest every reader of the Magazine, and will be a treat to every collector of Americana.

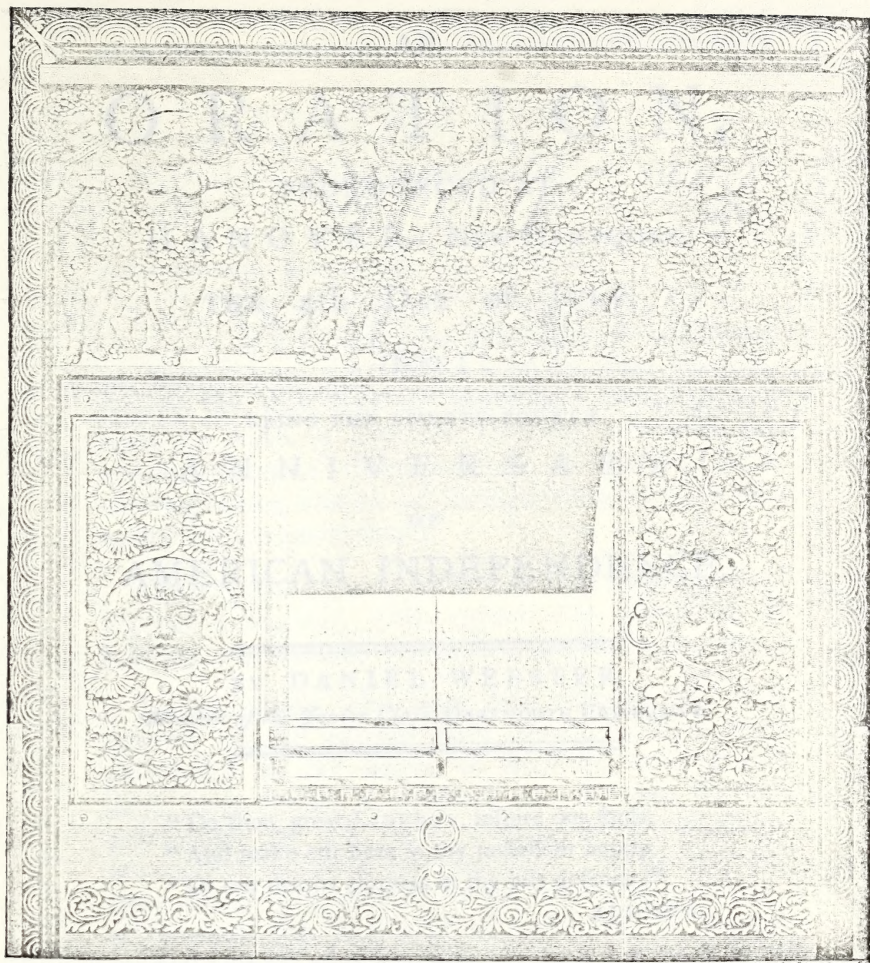
Our Lowell article in the March number of The Bay State Monthly has been severely criticized — especially the cuts. To the older residents of that city each picture was of interest from association. We should have given credit to the excellent History of Lowell, written by Charles Cowley, LL.D., and to the Year Book, published by the Mail.

A System of Rhetoric is the title of a book by C. W. Bardeen, published in 1884 by A. S. Barnes and Company, of New York.

The subject is divided into sentence-making, conversation, letter-writing, the essay, oratory, and poetry. The book under consideration is an able and exhaustive treatise and must become highly prized as a textbook.

A Brief History of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Peoples, with some account of their monuments, institutions, arts, manners, and customs, is the title of a book of six hundred pages, with two hundred and forty illustrations, issued by the same publishers.

There is a large amount of information crowded within its covers, made available by a thorough index.



ORNAMENTAL FIREPLACE. (Magee Fine-Art Castings.)

The unique designs, massive beauty, and artistic grace of Magee's fine-art castings place them in competition with the finest work in brass and bronze. From the antique suit of armor, platinum plated, to the light and graceful leaf, for holding the quill and pencil, their designs include a great variety of ornamental articles: tiles, shields, panels, sconces, brackets, plaques, arms, trays, fireplaces, and jewelry-boxes.

Their reproduction of the strange and fantastic hand-made studies of Chinese and Japanese artists would puzzle the Celestials, especially in the coloring and finish. Professional critics are often deceived as to the materials employed, so fine a finish will iron receive.

This class of work is in its infancy — its possibilities are very numerous.

NOTE. — By the delay of the artist, this page, designed for the Chelsea article in the February number of *The Bay State Monthly*, was not ready in season. — Ed.

AN
ORATION,

PRONOUNCED AT
HANOVER, NEW-HAMPSHIRE,
THE 4th DAY of JULY,

1800 ;

BEING THE TWENTY-FOURTH
ANNIVERSARY
OF
AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY DANIEL WEBSTER,

Member of the Junior Class, DARTMOUTH UNIVERSITY.

"Do thou, great LIBERTY, inspire our souls,
"And make our lives in thy possession happy,
"Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence !"

ADDISON.

==S==
(PUBLISHED BY REQUEST OF THE SUBSCRIBERS.)
==S==

PRINTED AT HANOVER,

BY MOSES DAVIS.

1800.

A N O R A T I O N.

COUNTRYMEN, BRETHREN, AND FATHERS,

WE are now assembled to celebrate an anniversary, ever to be held in dear remembrance by the sons of freedom. Nothing less than the birth of a nation, nothing less than the emancipation of three millions of people, from the degrading chains of foreign dominion, is the event we commemorate.

TWENTY FOUR years have this day elapsed, since United Columbia first raised the standard of Liberty, and echoed the shouts of Independence!

THOSE of you, who were then reaping the iron harvest of the martial field, whose bosoms then palpitated for the honor of America, will, at this time, experience a renewal of all that fervent patriotism, of all those indescribable emotions, which then agitated your breasts. As for us, who were either then unborn, or not far enough advanced beyond the threshold of existence, to engage in the grand conflict for Liberty, we now most cordially unite with you, to greet the return of this joyous anniversary, to hail the day that gave us Freedom, and hail the rising glories of our country!

ON occasions like this, you have heretofore been addressed, from this stage, on the nature, the origin, the expediency of civil government. — The field of political speculation has here been explored, by persons, possessing talents, to which the speaker of the day can have no pretensions.

Declining

Declining therefore a dissertation on the principles of civil polity, you will indulge me in slightly sketching on those events, which have originated, nurtured, and raised to its present grandeur the empire of Columbia.

As no nation on the globe can rival us in the rapidity of our growth, since the conclusion of the revolutionary war — so none, perhaps, ever endured greater hardships, and distresses, than the people of this country, previous to that period.

WE behold a feeble band of colonists, engaged in the arduous undertaking of a new settlement, in the wilds of North America. Their civil liberty being mutilated, and the enjoyment of their religious sentiments denied them, in the land that gave them birth, they fled their country, they braved the dangers of the then almost unnavigated ocean, and fought, on the other side the globe, an asylum from the iron grasp of tyranny, and the more intolerable scourge of ecclesiastical persecution. But gloomy, indeed, was their prospect, when arrived on this side the Atlantic. Scattered, in detachments, along a coast immensely extensive, at a remove of more than three thousand miles from their friends on the eastern continent, they were exposed to all those evils, and endured all those difficulties, to which human nature seems liable. Destitute of convenient habitations, the inclemencies of the seasons attacked them, the midnight beasts of prey prowled terribly around them, and the more portentous yell of savage fury incessantly assailed them! But the same undiminished confidence in Almighty God, which prompted the first settlers of this country to forsake the unfriendly climes of Europe, still supported them, under all
their

their calamities, and inspired them with fortitude almost divine. Having a glorious issue to their labors now in prospect, they cheerfully endured the rigors of the climate, pursued the savage beast to his remotest haunt, and stood, undismayed, in the dismal hour of Indian battle !

SCARCELY were the infant settlements freed from those dangers, which at first environed them, ere the clashing interests of France and Britain involved them anew in war. The colonists were now destined to combat with well appointed, well disciplined troops from Europe ; and the horrors of the tomahawk and the scalping knife were again renewed. But these frowns of fortune, distressing as they were, had been met without a sigh, and endured without a groan, had not imperious Britain presumptuously arrogated to herself the glory of victories, achieved by the bravery of American militia. Louisburgh must be taken, Canada attacked, and a frontier of more than one thousand miles defended by untutored yeomanry ; while the honor of every conquest must be ascribed to an English army.

BUT while Great-Britain was thus ignominiously stripping her colonies of their well earned laurel, and triumphantly weaving it into the stupendous wreath of her own martial glories, she was unwittingly teaching them to value themselves, and effectually to resist, in a future day, her unjust encroachments.

THE pitiful tale of taxation now commences — the unhappy quarrel, which issued in the dismemberment of the British empire, has here its origin.

ENGLAND, now triumphant over the united powers of France and Spain, is determined to reduce, to the condition of slaves, her American subjects.

WE

WE might now display the Legislatures of the several States, together with the general Congress, petitioning, praying, remonstrating ; and, like dutiful subjects, humbly laying their grievances before the throne. On the other hand, we could exhibit a British Parliament, assiduously devising means to subjugate America — disdainful of our petitions, trampling on our rights, and menacingly telling us, in language not to be misunderstood, “Ye shall be slaves !” — We could mention the haughty, tyrannical, perfidious GAGE, at the head of a standing army ; we could show our brethren attacked and slaughtered at Lexington ! our property plundered and destroyed at Concord ! Recollection can still pain us, with the spiral flames of burning Charleston, the agonizing groans of aged parents, the shrieks of widows, orphans and infants ! — Indelibly impressed on our memories, still live the dismal scenes of Bunker’s awful mount, the grand theatre of New-England bravery ; where *slaughter* stalked, grimly triumphant ! where relentless Britain saw her foldiers, the unhappy instruments of despotism, fallen, in heaps, beneath the nervous arm of injured freemen ! — There the great WARREN fought, and there, alas, he fell ! Valuing life only as it enabled him to serve his country, he freely resigned himself, a willing martyr in the cause of Liberty, and now lies encircled in the arms of glory !

Peace to the patriot’s shades — let no rude blast
Disturb the willow, that nods o’er his tomb.
Let orphan tears bedew his sacred urn,
And fame’s loud trump proclaim the hero’s name,
Far as the circuit of the spheres extends.

BUT, haughty Albion, thy reign shall soon be over, — thou shalt triumph no longer ! thine empire already reels and totters ! thy laurels even
now

now begin to wither, and thy fame decays! Thou hast, at length, roused the indignation of an insulted people — thine oppressions they deem no longer tolerable!

THE 4th day of July, 1776, is now arrived; and America, manfully springing from the torturing fangs of the British Lion, now rises majestic in the pride of her sovereignty, and bids her Eagle elevate his wings! — The solemn declaration of Independence is now pronounced, amidst crowds of admiring citizens, by the supreme council of our nation; and received with the unbounded plaudits of a grateful people!!

THAT was the hour, when heroism was proved, when the souls of men were tried. It was then, ye venerable patriots, it was then you stretched the indignant arm, and unitedly swore to be free! Despising such toys as subjugated empires, you then knew no middle fortune between liberty and death. Firmly relying on the patronage of heaven, unwarped in the resolution you had taken, you, then undaunted, met, engaged, defeated the gigantic power of Britain, and rose triumphant over the ruins of your enemies! — Trenton, Princeton, Bennington and Saratoga were the successive theatres of your victories, and the utmost bounds of creation are the limits to your fame! — The sacred fire of freedom, then enkindled in your breasts, shall be perpetuated through the long descent of future ages, and burn, with undiminished fervor, in the bosoms of millions yet unborn.

FINALLY, to close the sanguinary conflict, to grant America the blessings of an honorable peace, and clothe her heroes with laurels, CORNWALLIS, at whose feet the kings and princes of
Asia

Asia have since thrown their diadems, was compelled to submit to the sword of our father WASHINGTON. — The great drama is now completed — our Independence is now acknowledged ; and the hopes of our enemies are blasted forever ! — Columbia is now seated in the forum of nations, and the empires of the world are lost in the bright effulgence of her glory !

THUS, friends and citizens, did the kind hand of over-ruling Providence conduct us, through toils, fatigues and dangers, to Independence and Peace. If piety be the rational exercise of the human soul, if religion be not a chimera, and if the vestiges of heavenly assistance are clearly traced in those events, which mark the annals of our nation, it becomes us, on this day, in consideration of the great things, which the LORD has done for us, to render the tribute of unfeigned thanks, to that GOD, who superintends the Universe, and holds aloft the scale, that weighs the destinies of nations.

THE conclusion of the revolutionary war did not conclude the great achievements of our countrymen. Their military character was then, indeed, sufficiently established ; but the time was coming, which should prove their political sagacity.

No sooner was peace restored with England, the first grand article of which was the acknowledgment of our Independence, than the old system of confederation, dictated, at first, by necessity, and adopted for the purposes of the moment, was found inadequate to the government of an extensive empire. Under a full conviction of this, we then saw the people of these States, engaged in a transaction, which is, undoubtedly, the
greatest

greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet experienced; and which, perhaps, will forever stand on the history of mankind, without a parallel. A great Republic, composed of different States, whose interest in all respects could not be perfectly compatible, then came deliberately forward, discarded one system of government and adopted another, without the loss of one man's blood.

THERE is not a single government now existing in Europe, which is not based in usurpation, and established, if established at all, by the sacrifice of thousands. But in the adoption of our present system of jurisprudence, we see the powers necessary for government, voluntarily springing from the people, their only proper origin, and directed to the public good, their only proper object.

WITH peculiar propriety, we may now felicitate ourselves, on that happy form of mixed government under which we live. The advantages, resulting to the citizens of the Union, from the operation of the Federal Constitution, are utterly incalculable; and the day, when it was received by a majority of the States, shall stand on the catalogue of American anniversaries, second to none but the birth day of Independence.

IN consequence of the adoption of our present system of government, and the virtuous manner in which it has been administered, by a WASHINGTON and an ADAMS, we are this day in the enjoyment of peace, while war devastates Europe! We can now sit down beneath the shadow of the olive, while her cities blaze, her streams run purple with blood, and her fields glitter, a forest of bayonets! — The citizens of America can this day throng the temples of freedom, and renew their

oaths of fealty to Independence ; while Holland, our once sister republic, is erased from the catalogue of nations ; while Venice is destroyed, Italy ravaged, and Switzerland, the once happy, the once united, the once flourishing Switzerland lies bleeding at every pore !

No ambitious foe dares now invade our country. No standing army now endangers our liberty. — Our commerce, though subject in some degree to the depredations of the belligerent powers, is extended from pole to pole ; and our navy, though just emerging from nonexistence, shall soon vouch for the safety of our merchantmen, and bear the thunder of freedom around the ball !

FAIR Science too, holds her gentle empire amongst us, and almost innumerable altars are raised to her divinity, from Brunswick to Florida. Yale, Providence and Harvard now grace our land ; and DARTMOUTH, towering majestic above the groves, which encircle her, now inscribes her glory on the registers of fame ! — Oxford and Cambridge, those oriental stars of literature, shall now be lost, while the bright sun of American science displays his broad circumference in uneclipsed radiance.

PLEASING, indeed, were it here to dilate on the future grandeur of America ; but we forbear ; and pause, for a moment, to drop the tear of affection over the graves of our departed warriors. Their names should be mentioned on every anniversary of Independence, that the youth, of each successive generation, may learn not to value life, when held in competition with their country's safety.

WOOSTER, MONTGOMERY and MERCER, fell bravely in battle, and their ashes are now entombed

ed on the fields that witnessed their valor. Let their exertions in our country's cause be remembered, while Liberty has an advocate, or gratitude has place in the human heart.

GREENE, the immortal hero of the Carolinas, has since gone down to the grave, loaded with honors, and high in the estimation of his countrymen. The courageous PUTNAM has long slept with his fathers; and SULLIVAN and CILLEY, New-Hampshire's veteran sons, are no more numbered with the living!

WITH hearts penetrated by unutterable grief, we are at length constrained to ask, where is our WASHINGTON? where the hero, who led us to victory — where the man, who gave us freedom? Where is he, who headed our feeble army, when destruction threatened us, who came upon our enemies like the storms of winter; and scattered them like leaves before the Borean blast? Where, O my country! is thy political favour? where, O humanity! thy favorite son?

THE solemnity of this assembly, the lamentations of the American people will answer, "alas, he is now no more — the Mighty is fallen!"

YES, Americans, your WASHINGTON is gone! he is now consigned to dust, and "sleeps in dull, cold marble." The man, who never felt a wound, but when it pierced his country, who never groaned, but when fair freedom bled, is now forever silent! — Wrapped in the shroud of death, the dark dominions of the grave long since received him, and he rests in undisturbed repose! Vain were the attempt to express our loss — vain the attempt to describe the feelings of our souls! Though months have rolled away, since he left this terrestrial orb, and fought the shining worlds
on

on high, yet the sad event is still remembered with increased sorrow. The hoary headed patriot of '76 still tells the mournful story to the listening infant, till the loss of his country touches his heart, and patriotism fires his breast. The aged matron still laments the loss of the man, beneath whose banners her husband has fought, or her son has fallen. — At the name of WASHINGTON, the sympathetic tear still glistens in the eye of every youthful hero, nor does the tender sigh yet cease to heave, in the fair bosom of Columbia's daughters.

Farewel, O WASHINGTON, a long farewell!
 Thy country's tears embalm thy memory:
 Thy virtues challenge immortality;
 Impressed on grateful hearts, thy name shall live,
 Till dissolution's deluge drown the world!

ALTHOUGH we must feel the keenest sorrow, at the demise of our WASHINGTON, yet we console ourselves with the reflection, that his virtuous compatriot, his worthy successor, the firm, the wise, the inflexible ADAMS still survives. — Elevated, by the voice of his country, to the supreme executive magistracy, he constantly adheres to her essential interests; and, with steady hand, draws the disguising veil from the intrigues of foreign enemies, and the plots of domestic foes. Having the honor of America always in view, never fearing, when wisdom dictates, to stem the impetuous torrent of popular resentment, he stands amidst the fluctuations of party, and the explosions of faction, unmoved as Atlas,

" While storms and tempests thunder on its brow,
 " And oceans break their billows at its feet."

Yet, all the vigilance of our Executive, and all the wisdom of our Congress have not been sufficient to prevent this country from being in some degree

degree agitated by the convulsions of Europe. But why shall every quarrel on the other side the Atlantic interest us in its issue? Why shall the rise, or depression of every party there, produce here a corresponding vibration? Was this continent designed as a mere satellite to the other? — Has not nature here wrought all her operations on her broadest scale? Where are the Mississippi and the Amazons, the Alleghanies and the Andes of Europe, Asia or Africa? The natural superiority of America clearly indicates, that it was designed to be inhabited by a nobler race of men, possessing a superior form of government, superior patriotism, superior talents, and superior virtues. Let then the nations of the East vainly waste their strength in destroying each other. Let them aspire at conquest, and contend for dominion, till their continent is deluged in blood. But let none, however elated by victory, however proud of triumphs, ever presume to intrude on the neutral station assumed by our country.

BRITAIN, twice humbled for her aggressions, has at length been taught to respect us. But France, once our ally, has dared to insult us! she has violated her obligations; she has depredated our commerce — she has abused our government, and riveted the chains of bondage on our unhappy fellow citizens! Not content with ravaging and depopulating the fairest countries of Europe, not yet satiated with the contortions of expiring republics, the convulsive agonies of subjugated nations, and the groans of her own slaughtered citizens, she has spouted her fury across the Atlantic; and the stars and stripes of Independence have almost been attacked in our harbours! When we have demanded reparation, she has told us, “give us your money, and we will give you peace.” — Mighty Nation! Magnanimous Republic! —

Let

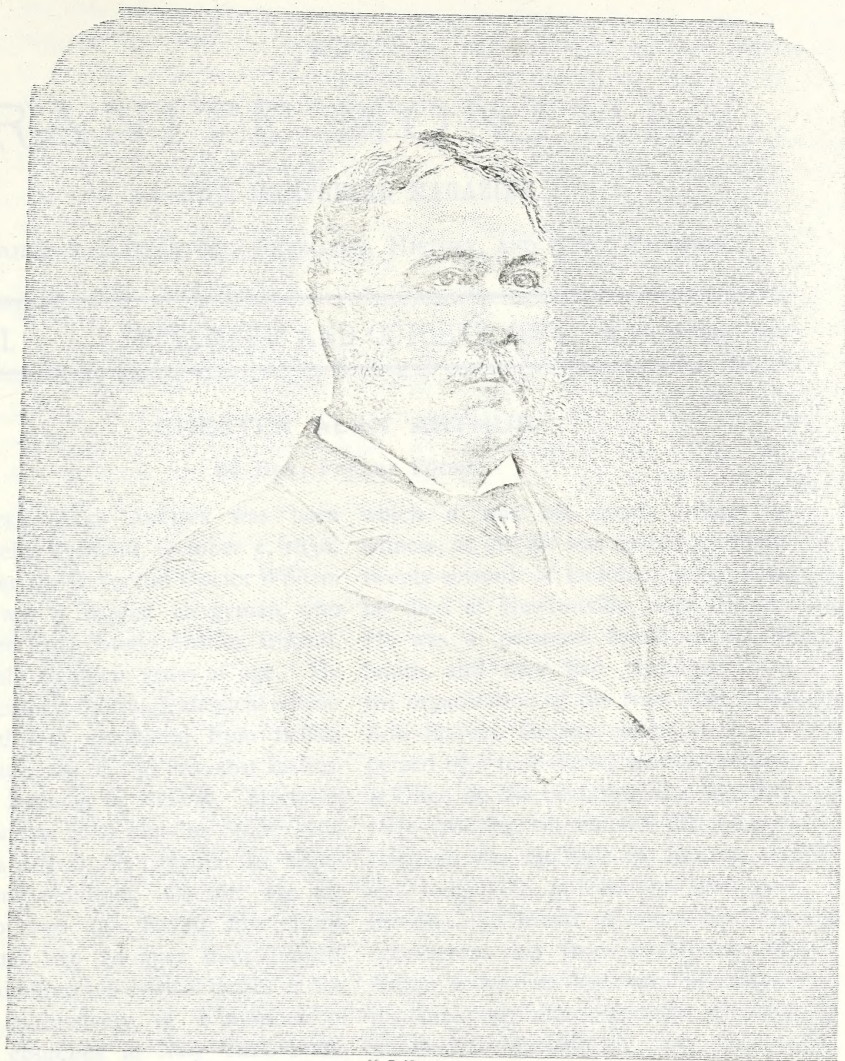
Let her fill her coffers from those towns and cities, which she has plundered ; and grant peace, if she can, to the shades of those millions, whose death she has caused.

BUT Columbia stoops not to tyrants ; her sons will never cringe to France ; neither a supercilious, five-headed Directory, nor the gasconading pilgrim of Egypt will ever dictate terms to sovereign America. The thunder of our cannon shall insure the performance of our treaties, and fulminate destruction on Frenchmen, till old ocean is crimsoned with blood, and gorged with pirates !

It becomes us, on whom the defence of our country will ere long devolve, this day, most seriously to reflect on the duties incumbent upon us. Our ancestors bravely snatched expiring liberty from the grasp of Britain, whose touch is *poison* ; shall we now consign it to France, whose embrace is *death* ? We have seen our fathers, in the days of Columbia's trouble, assume the rough habiliments of war, and seek the hostile field. Too full of sorrow to speak, we have seen them wave a last farewell to a disconsolate, a woe-strung family ! We have seen them return, worn down with fatigue, and scarred with wounds ; or we have seen them, perhaps, no more ! — For us they fought ! for us they bled ! for us they conquered ! Shall we, their descendants, now basely disgrace our lineage, and pusillanimously disclaim the legacy bequeathed us ? Shall we pronounce the sad valediction to freedom, and immolate liberty on the altars our fathers have raised to her ? NO ! *The response of a nation is, "NO !" Let it be registered in the archives of Heaven !* — Ere the religion we profess, and the privileges we enjoy, are sacrificed at the shrines of despots and demagogues, let the pillars of
creation

creation tremble ! let world be wrecked on world, and systems rush to ruin ! — Let the sons of Europe be vassals ; let her hosts of nations be a vast congregation of slaves ; but let us, who are this day FREE, whose hearts are yet unappalled, and whose right arms are yet nerved for war, assemble before the hallowed temple of Columbian Freedom, AND SWEAR, TO THE GOD OF OUR FATHERS, TO PRESERVE IT SECURE, OR DIE AT ITS PORTALS !





H. B. Hall, Jr.

Chester A. Atterton
Feb 15 1882

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CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR was born at Fairfield, Vermont, October 5, 1830. His father, the Reverend Doctor William Arthur, was a Baptist clergyman, who emigrated from county Antrim, Ireland, when only eighteen years of age. He had received a thorough classical education, and was graduated from Belfast University, one of the foremost institutions of learning in Ireland. Marrying an American, Miss Malvina Stone, soon after his arrival, he became the father of several children. Chester was the eldest of two sons, having four sisters older and two younger than himself. While fulfilling his clerical duties as the pastor, successively, of a number of Baptist churches in New York State, Dr. Arthur edited for several years *The Antiquarian*, and wrote a work on *Family Names*, which is highly prized by genealogists. Of Scotch-Irish descent, he was a man of great force of character, impatient of restraint, at home in a controversy, and frank in the expression of his opinions. He was a pronounced emancipationist, although he never expected to see the overthrow of slavery,

which it was his good fortune to witness, as his life was spared until the twenty-seventh of October, 1875, when he died at Newtonville, near Albany. He was a personal friend of Gerrit Smith, and they had participated in the organization of the New York State Anti-Slavery Society, which was dispersed by a mob during its first meeting at Utica, on the twenty-first of October, 1835 (the day on which William Lloyd Garrison was mobbed in Boston, and was lodged in jail for his own protection). A friend of the slave from conscience and from conviction, Dr. Arthur was never backward in expressing his convictions, and his children imbibed his teachings.

When a lad, young Arthur enjoyed at home the tutelage of his father, whose thorough knowledge of the classics enabled him to lay the foundation of his son's future education broad and deep. He entered Union College in 1845, when only fifteen years of age. His collegiate course was full of promise, and every successive year he was declared to be one of those who had

taken "maximum honors," although he was compelled to absent himself during two winters, when he taught school to earn the requisite funds for defraying his expenses, without drawing upon his father's means. Yet he kept up with his class, and when he was graduated in 1848, he was one of six out of a class of over one hundred, who were elected members of the Phi Beta Kappa, an honor only conferred on the best scholars.

Following the natural inclination of his mind, young Arthur began the study of law, supporting himself by teaching and by preparing boys for college. It so happened that two years after he was the preceptor of an academy at North Pownal, Vermont, a student from Williams College, named James A. Garfield, came there and taught penmanship in the same academy for several months.

In 1853, young Arthur went to New York City, by the invitation of the Honorable Erastus D. Culver, whose acquaintance he had made when that gentleman represented the Washington County district, and Dr. Arthur was the pastor of the Baptist Church at Greenwich. Mr. Culver had been noted in Congress as an advanced anti-slavery man, and he was prompted to take an interest in the son of a clergyman-constituent, who did not fear to express anti-slavery sentiments, at a time when the occupants of pulpits were generally so conservative that they were dumb upon this important question. Before the close of the year, young Arthur displayed such legal ability and business tact, that he was admitted into partnership, and became a member of the firm of Culver, Parker, and Arthur. The firm had numerous clients, and the junior partner soon became a successful

practitioner, uniting to a thorough knowledge of the law a vigorous understanding and an untiring industry which gained for him an enviable reputation.

Among other cases on the docket of Culver, Parker, and Arthur, was one known as the Lemon slave-case. A Virginian named Jonathan Lemon undertook to take eight slaves to Texas on steamers, by the way of New York. While in that city a writ of *habeas corpus* was issued, and the slaves were brought into the court before Judge Elijah Paine; Mr. Culver and John Jay appearing for the slaves, while H. D. Lapaugh and Henry L. Clifton were retained by Lemon. Judge Paine, after hearing long arguments, declared that the fugitive slave law did not apply to slaves who were brought by their masters into a free State, and he ordered their release. The Legislature of Virginia directed the attorney-general of that State to employ counsel to appeal from Judge Paine's decision to the Supreme Court of the State of New York. Mr. Arthur, who was the attorney of record in the case for the people, went to Albany, and after earnest efforts procured the passage of a joint resolution, requesting the governor to employ counsel to defend the interests of the State. Attorney-General Hoffman, E. D. Culver, and Joseph Blunt were appointed by the governor as counsel, and Mr. Arthur as the State's attorney. The Supreme Court sustained Judge Paine's decision. The slave-holder, unwilling to lose his "property," then engaged Charles O'Connor to argue the case before the State Court of Appeals. There the counsel for the State were again successful in defending the decision of Judge Paine, and from that day no

slave-holder dared to bring his slaves into the city of New York.

Mr. Arthur, who had naturally taken a prominent part in this case, was regarded by the colored people of New York as a champion of their interests, and it was not long before they sought his aid. At that time, colored people were not permitted to ride in the street-cars in New York City, with the exception of a few old and shabby cars set aside for their occupation. The Fourth-avenue line permitted them to ride when no other passenger made objection.

One Sunday, in 1855, Lizzie Jennings, a colored woman, returning from having fulfilled her duties as superintendent of a colored Sunday-school, entered a Fourth-avenue car, and the conductor took her fare. Soon after, a drunken white man objected to her presence, and insisted that she be made to leave the car. The conductor pulled the bell, and when the car stopped, told her that she must get out, offering to return her fare. She refused, and the conductor then offered to put her off by force. She made vigorous resistance, exclaiming: "I have paid my fare, and I have a right to ride." Finally, the conductor called in several policemen, and, by their joint efforts, she was removed from the car, her clothing having nearly all been torn from her in the struggle. When the leading colored people of the city heard of this, they sent a committee to the office of Culver, Parker, and Arthur, and requested them to make it a test case.

Mr. Arthur brought suit against the railroad company for Miss Jennings, in the Supreme Court, at Brooklyn. The case came on for trial before Judge Rockwell, who then sat upon the bench

there. He had just decided, in a previous case, that a corporation was not liable for the wrongful acts of its agent or servant, and when Mr. Arthur handed him the pleadings, he said that the railroad company was not liable, and was about to order a nonsuit. Mr. Arthur called his attention, however, to a recently revised section of the Revised Statutes, making certain railroad corporations which carried passengers liable for the acts of their conductors and drivers, whether wilful or negligent, under which the action had been brought. The judge was silenced, the case was tried, and the jury rendered a verdict of five hundred dollars damages in favor of the colored woman. The railroad company paid the money without further contest, and issued orders to its conductors to permit colored people to ride in its cars, an example that was followed by all the other street railroads in New York. The colored people, especially "The Colored People's Legal Rights Association," were very grateful to Mr. Arthur, and for years afterward they celebrated the anniversary of the day on which he won the case that asserted their rights in public conveyances.

When a lad, young Arthur had always taken a great interest in politics, and it is related of him that during the Clay-Polk campaign of 1844, while he and some of his companions were raising an ash pole in honor of Harry Clay, they were attacked by some Democratic boys, when young Arthur, who was the leader of the party, ordered a charge, and drove the young Democrats from the field with sore heads and subdued spirits. His first vote was cast in 1852 for Winfield Scott for President, and he identified himself with the Whigs of his ward when he located in New York

City. In those days the best citizens served as inspectors of elections at the polls, and for some years Mr. Arthur served in that capacity at a voting-place in a carpenter's shop, which occupied the site of the present Fifth Avenue Hotel. When, in 1856, the Republican party was formed, Mr. Arthur was a prominent member of the Young Men's Vigilance Committee, which advocated the election of Frémont and Dayton. It was during this campaign that he became acquainted with Edwin D. Morgan, and gained his ardent life-long friendship.

Animated by a military spirit, Mr. Arthur sought recreation by joining the volunteer militia of New York, and he was appointed judge-advocate-general on the staff of Brigadier-General Yates, who commanded the second brigade. The general was a strict disciplinarian, and required his field, line, and staff officers to meet weekly for drill and instruction. Mr. Arthur thus acquired the rudiments of a military education, and became acquainted with many of those who afterwards distinguished themselves as officers in the volunteer army of the Union.

General Arthur was married in 1859 to Ellen Lewis Herndon, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, a daughter of Captain William Lewis Herndon, of the United States Navy, who had gained honorable distinction when in command of the naval expedition sent to explore the river Amazon. His heroic death, in 1857, is recorded in history among those "names which will never be forgotten as long as there is remembrance in the world for fidelity unto death." In command of the steamer *Central America*, which went down, with a loss of three hundred and sixty lives, he stood at his post on the wheelhouse,

and succeeded in having the women and children safely transferred to the boats, remaining himself to perish with his vessel. General Sherman has characterized this grand deed of unselfish devotion as the most heroic incident in our naval history. Mrs. Arthur was a lady of the highest culture, and in the varied relations of life — wife, mother, friend — she illustrated all that gives to womanhood its highest charm, and commands for it the purest homage. She died in 1880, after an illness of but three days, leaving a son and a daughter, with a large number of mourning friends, not only in society, of which she was an ornament, but among the poor and the distressed, whose wants and whose sufferings she had tenderly cared for.

When the Honorable Edward D. Morgan was elected Governor of the State of New York, he appointed Mr. Arthur engineer-in-chief on his staff, and when Fort Sumter was fired upon, the governor telegraphed to him to go to Albany, where he received orders to act as state quartermaster-general in the city of New York. General Arthur at once began to organize regiments, — uniform, arm, and equip them, — and send them to the defence of the capital. His capacity for leadership and organization was soon manifest. There was no lack of men or of money, but it needed organizing powers like his to mould them into disciplined form, to grasp the new issues with a master-hand, and to infuse earnestness and obedience into the citizens, suddenly transformed into soldiers. His accounts were kept in accordance with the army regulations, and their subsequent settlement with the United States, without deduction for unwarranted charges, was an easy task. It was by his exertions,

to a great extent, that the Empire State was enabled to send to the front six hundred and ninety thousand men, nearly one fifth of the Grand Army of the Union.

There were, of course, many adventurers who sought commissions, and some of the regiments were recruited from the rough element of city life, who soon refused to obey their officers. General Arthur made short work of these cases, exercising an authority which no one dared to dispute. Neither would he permit the army contractors to ingratiate themselves with him by presents, returning everything thus sent him. Although a comparatively poor man when he entered upon the duties of quartermaster-general at New York, he was far poorer when he gave up the office. A friend describing his course at this period, says: "So jealous was he of his integrity, that I have known instances where he could have made thousands of dollars legitimately, and yet he refused to do it on the ground that he was a public officer and meant to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion."

When the rebel ironclad steamer Merrimac had commenced her work of destruction near Fortress Monroe, General Arthur, as engineer-in-chief, took efficient steps for the defence of New York, and made a thorough inspection of all the forts and defences in the State, describing the armament of each one. His report to the Legislature, submitted to that body in a little more than three weeks after his attention was called to the subject by Governor Morgan, was thus noticed editorially in the *New York Herald* of January 25, 1862:—

"The report of the engineer-in-chief, General Arthur, which appeared in

yesterday's *Herald*, is one of the most important and valuable documents that have been this year presented to our Legislature. It deserves perusal, not only on account of the careful analysis it contains of the condition of the forts, but because the recommendations, with which it closes, coincide precisely with the wishes of the administration with respect to securing a full and complete defence of the entire Northern coast."

Governor Morgan appointed General Arthur state inspector-general in February, 1862, and ordered him to visit and inspect the New York troops in the army of the Potomac. While there, as an advance on Richmond was daily expected, he volunteered for duty on the staff of his friend, Major-General Hunt, commander of the Reserve Artillery. He had previously, when four fine volunteer regiments had been organized under the auspices of the metropolitan police commissioners of the city of New York, and consolidated into what was known as the "Metropolitan Brigade," been offered the command of it by the colonels of the regiments, but on making formal application, based on a desire to see active service in the field, Governor Morgan was unwilling that he should accept, stating that he could not be spared from the service of the State, and that while he appreciated General Arthur's desire for war-service, he knew that he would render the country more efficient aid for the Union cause by remaining at his State post of duty.

When, in June, 1862, the situation had an unfavorable appearance, and there were apprehensions that a general draft would be necessary, Governor Morgan telegraphed General Arthur, then with the Army of the Potomac, to return to New York. The General did

so, and was requested, on his arrival, to act as secretary at a confidential meeting of the governors of loyal States, held at the Astor House, on the twenty-eighth of July, 1862. After a full and frank discussion of the condition of affairs in their respective States, the governors united in a request to the President to call for more troops. President Lincoln, on the first of July, issued a proclamation, thanking the governors for their patriotism, and calling for three hundred thousand three-years volunteers, and three hundred thousand nine-months militia-men. Private intimation that such a call was to be issued would have enabled army contractors to have made millions; but the secret was honorably kept by all until after the issue of the proclamation. The quota of New York was 59,705 volunteers, or sixty regiments, and it was desirable that they should be recruited and sent to the front without delay. General Arthur, by special request of Governor Morgan, resumed his duties as quartermaster-general and established a system of recruiting and officering the new levies, which proved wonderfully successful. In his annual report, made to the governor on the twenty-seventh of January, 1863, he said:—

“In summing up the operations of the department during the last levy of troops, I need only state as the result the fact that through the single office and clothing department of this department in the city of New York, from August 1 to December 1, the space of four months, there were completely clothed, uniformed, and equipped, supplied with camp and garrison equipage, and transported from this State to the seat of war, sixty-eight regiments of infantry, two battalions of cavalry,

and four battalions and ten batteries of artillery.”

In December, 1863, the incoming of the Democratic state administration deprived General Arthur of his office. His successor, Quartermaster-General Talcott, in a report to Governor Seymour, paid the following just tribute to his predecessor:—

“I found, upon entering on the discharge of my duties, a well-organized system of labor and accountability, for which the State is chiefly indebted to my predecessor, General Chester A. Arthur, who, by his practical good sense and unremitting exertion, at a period when everything was in confusion, reduced the operations of the department to a matured plan by which large amounts of money were saved to the government, and great economy of time secured in carrying out the details of the same.”

Resuming his professional duties, at first in partnership with Mr. Gardiner and afterward alone, he became counsel to the city department of taxes and assessments, with an annual salary of ten thousand dollars, but he abruptly resigned the position when the Tammany Hall city officials attempted to coerce the Republicans connected with the municipal departments.

When the next presidential election drew near, General Arthur entered enthusiastically into the support of General Grant, and was made chairman of the Grant Central Club, of New York. He also served as chairman of the executive committee of the Republican State Committee of New York. In 1871, he formed the afterwards well-known firm of Arthur, Phelps, Knevals, and Ransom.

President Grant, without solicitation and unexpectedly, appointed General

Arthur collector of the port of New York, on the twentieth of November, 1871. He accepted the position with much hesitation, but it met with the general approval of the business community, many of the merchants having become personally acquainted with his business ability during the war. He instituted many reforms in the management of the custom-house, all calculated to simplify the business and to divest it, to a great extent, of all the details and routine so vexatious to the mercantile classes. The number of his removals during his administration was far less than during the rule of any other collector since 1857, and the expense of collecting the duties was far less than it had been for years. So satisfactory was his management of the custom-house, that, upon the close of his term of service, December, 1875, he was renominated by President Grant. The nomination was unanimously confirmed by the Senate without reference to a committee, a compliment very rarely paid, except to ex-senators. He was the first collector of the port of New York, with one or two exceptions, who in fifty years ever held the office for more than the whole term of four years.

Two years later General Arthur was superseded as collector by General Merritt. The Honorable John Sherman, secretary of the treasury, on being questioned as to the cause of the removal of General Arthur as collector of customs at New York, said :—

“I have never said one word impugning General Arthur's honor or integrity as a man and a gentleman, but he was not in harmony with the views of the administration in the management of the custom-house. I would vote for him for Vice-President

a million times before I would vote for W. H. English, with whom I served in Congress.”

General Arthur, in a letter written by him to Secretary Sherman, on his administration of the New York custom-house, said :—

“The essential elements of a correct civil service I understand to be : First, permanance in office, which, of course, prevents removals, except for cause. Second, promotion from the lower to the higher grades, based upon good conduct and efficiency. Third, prompt and thorough investigation of all complaints and prompt punishment of all misconduct. In this respect I challenge comparison with any department of the Government, either under the present or under any past national administration. I am prepared to demonstrate the truth of this statement on any fair investigation.”

Appended to this letter was a table in which General Arthur showed that during the six years he had managed the office the yearly percentage of removals for all causes had been only two and three-quarters per cent. against an annual average of twenty-eight per cent. under his three immediate predecessors, and an annual average of about twenty-four per cent. since 1857, when Collector Schell took office. Out of nine hundred and twenty-three persons who held office when he became collector on December 1, 1871, there were five hundred and thirty-one still in office on May 1, 1877, having been retained during his entire term. Concerning promotions, the statistics of the office show that during his entire term the uniform practice was to advance men from the lower to the higher grades, and almost without exception on the recommendation

of heads of departments. All the appointments, excepting two, to the one hundred positions paying two thousand dollars salary a year, and over, were made on this method.

Senator George F. Edmunds, at a ratification meeting, held in Burlington, Vermont, on the twenty-second of June, 1880, said :—

"I have long known General Arthur. The only serious difficulty I have had with the present administration was when it proposed to remove him from the collectorship of New York. No one questioned his personal honor and integrity. I resisted the attempt to the utmost. Since that time it has turned out that all the reforms suggested had long before been recommended by General Arthur himself, and pigeon-holed at Washington."

Meanwhile General Arthur had rendered great services as a member, and subsequently a chairman, of the Republican State Committee, and had united his party from one success to another through all the mazes and intricacies which characterize the politics of New York City. Vice-President Wheeler said of him :—

"It is my good fortune to know well General Arthur, the nominee for Vice-President. In unsullied character and in devotion to the principles of the Republican party no man in the organization surpasses him. No man has contributed more of time and means to advance the just interests of the Republican party."

The National Republican Convention, which assembled at Chicago, in June, 1880, was an exemplification of the popular will. The respective friends of General Grant and of Mr. Blaine, equally confident of success, indulged during a night's session in prolonged

demonstrations of applause when the candidates were presented that were unprecedented and that will not probably ever be repeated. Neither side was successful until the thirty-sixth ballot, when the nomination of President was finally bestowed on General Garfield, who had, as a delegate from Ohio, eloquently presented the name of John Sherman as a candidate.

The convention then adjourned for dinner and for consultation. When it reassembled in the evening, the roll of States was called for the nomination for Vice-President. California presented E. B. Washburne; Connecticut, ex-Governor Jewell; Florida, Judge Settle; Tennessee, Horace Maynard. These successive names attracted little attention, but when ex-Lieutenant-Governor Woodford, of New York, rose, and, after a brief reference to the loyal support which New York had given to General Grant, presented the name of General Chester A. Arthur for the second place on the ticket, it was received with applause and enthusiasm. The nomination was seconded by ex-Governor Denison, of Ohio, Emory A. Storrs, of Illinois, and John Cessna, of Pennsylvania. A vote was then taken with the following result: Arthur, 468; Washburne, 19; Maynard, 30; Jewell, 44; Bruce, 8; Davis, 2; and Woodford, 1. The nomination of General Arthur was then made unanimous, and a committee of one from each State, with the presiding officer of the convention, Senator Hoar, as chairman, was appointed to notify General Garfield and General Arthur of their nomination. The convention then adjourned *sine die*.

Returning to New York, General Arthur was welcomed by a large and influential gathering of Republicans,

who greeted him with hearty cheers. That night he was serenaded by a large procession of Republicans, which assembled in Union Square and marched past his residence in Lexington Avenue, with music and fireworks. A few weeks later, a letter was addressed to him, signed by Hamilton Fish, Noah Davis, and upwards of a hundred other prominent Republicans, inviting him to dine with them at the Union League Club, and stating that, in common with all true Republicans, they rejoiced at the happy issue of the earnest struggle in the Chicago convention. They hailed the general approval of its work as an auspicious omen, and looked forward confidently to the labors of the canvass. They felt an especial and personal gratification in the fact that the ticket selected at Chicago bore his name. His faithfulness in public duties, his firmness and sagacity in political affairs, so well understood by his fellow-citizens in New York, had met with national recognition and won for him this well-deserved honor. Their efforts in his support would be prompted, not only by personal zeal and enthusiasm, but by the warmth and zeal of strong personal friendship and esteem. That they might have an opportunity more fully to express to him their sincere congratulations and hearty good wishes, they invited him to meet them at dinner at the Union League Club.

General Arthur, in acknowledging the receipt of this letter, expressed his sense of the kindness which had prompted both the invitation itself and the flattering assurances of confidence and regard by which it was accompanied. If circumstances had permitted, he should have been pleased to have accepted the proffered hospitality, and for that purpose no more congenial

spot could have been selected than the headquarters of the Union League Club, an association so widely famed for its patriotic zeal and energy, and so efficient in the support of the principles and policy of the Republican party. He was constrained, however, from considerations of a private nature known to many, to decline the invitation.

On the fifteenth of July, 1880, General Arthur formally accepted the position assigned to him by the Chicago convention, and expressed at length his own personal views on the election laws, public service appointments, the financial problems of the day, common schools, the tariff, national improvements, and a Republican ascendancy, saying, in conclusion, that he did not doubt that success awaited the Republican party, and that its triumph would assure a just, economical, and patriotic administration.

The political campaign of 1880 was earnestly contested by the great political parties. The Republicans were victorious, and their ticket bearing the names of Garfield and Arthur was triumphantly elected. On the fourth of March, 1881, General Arthur took the oath of office in the Senate Chamber as Vice-President of the United States, and half an hour later General Garfield was inaugurated on a platform before the east front of the Capitol, in the presence of the imposing military and civil procession which had escorted him with music and banners. When the ceremony was concluded, the distinguished personages around the new President tendered their congratulations, the assembled multitude cheered, and a salute fired by a light battery stationed near by was echoed by the guns at the navy

yard, the arsenal, and the forts around the metropolis.

Republicans congratulated each other on the indications of a vigorous administration, governed by a conscientious determination to promote harmony. But a few months had elapsed, however, before President Garfield was cruelly assassinated, in the full vigor of his manhood, and the Republican party was at first stricken with apprehensions. These gloomy doubts, however, soon disappeared as the incidents of Mr. Arthur's patriotic and useful life were recalled, and a generous confidence was soon extended to the new President.

President Arthur took the oath of office in New York immediately after the death of General Garfield, and he repeated it in the Capitol on the twenty-second of September, in the Vice-President's room. The members of General Garfield's cabinet, who had been requested by his successor to continue for the present in charge of their respective departments, were present, with General Sherman in full uniform, ex-Presidents Hayes and Grant, and Chief Justice Waite in his judicial robes, escorted by Associate Justices Harlan and Matthews. There were, also, present Senators Anthony, Sherman, Edmunds, Hale, Blair, Dawes, and Jones, of Nevada, and Representatives Amos Townsend, McCook, Errett, Randall, Hiscock, and Thomas. Ex-Vice-President Hamlin, of Maine, and Speaker Sharpe, of New York, were also present.

When President Arthur entered the room, escorted by General Grant and Senator Jones, he advanced to a small table, on which was a Bible, and behind which stood the Chief Justice, who raised the sacred volume, opened

it, and presented it to the President, who placed his right hand upon it. Chief Justice Waite then slowly administered the oath, and at its conclusion the President kissed the book, responding, "I will, so help me God." He then read the following address:—

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

For the fourth time in the history of the Republic its Chief Magistrate has been removed by death. All hearts are filled with grief and horror at the hideous crime which has darkened our land; and the memory of the murdered President, his protracted sufferings, his unyielding fortitude, the example and achievements of his life and the pathos of his death, will forever illumine the pages of our history. For the fourth time the officer elected by the people and ordained by the Constitution to fill a vacancy so created is called to assume the executive chair. The wisdom of our fathers, foreseeing even the most dire possibilities, made sure that the Government should never be imperiled because of the uncertainty of human life. Men may die, but the fabrics of our free institutions remain unshaken. No higher or more assuring proof could exist of the strength and permanence of popular government than the fact that, though the chosen of the people be struck down, his constitutional successor is peacefully installed without shock or strain except the sorrow which mourns the bereavement. All the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor which found expression in his life, the measures devised and suggested during his brief administration to correct abuses and enforce economy, to advance prosperity and promote the general welfare, to insure domestic security and maintain

friendly and honorable relations with the nations of the earth, will be garnered in the hearts of the people, and it will be my earnest endeavor to profit, and to see that the Nation shall profit, by his example and experience. Prosperity blesses our country; our fiscal policy is fixed by law, is well grounded, and generally approved. No threatening issue mars our foreign intercourse, and the wisdom, integrity, and thrift of our people may be trusted to continue undisturbed the present assured career of peace, tranquillity, and welfare. The gloom and anxiety which have enshrouded the country must make repose especially welcome now. No demand for speedy legislation has been heard. No adequate occasion is apparent for an unusual session of Congress. The Constitution defines the functions and powers of the executive as clearly as those of either of the other two departments of the government, and he must answer for the just exercise of the discretion it permits and the performance of the duties it imposes. Summoned to these high duties and responsibilities, and profoundly conscious of their magnitude and gravity, I assume the trust imposed by the Constitution, relying for aid on Divine guidance and the virtue, patriotism, and intelligence of the American people.

As President Arthur read his message his voice trembled, but his manner was impressive, and the eyes of many present were moistened with tears. The first one to congratulate him when he had concluded was Chief Justice Waite, and the next was Secretary Blaine. After shaking him by the hand, those present left the room, which was closed to all except the members

of the Cabinet, who there held their first conference with the President. At this cabinet meeting the following proclamation was prepared and signed by President Arthur, designating the following Monday as a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer:—

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION:

Whereas, in his inscrutable wisdom, it has pleased God to remove from us the illustrious head of the Nation, James A. Garfield, late President of the United States; and whereas it is fitting that the deep grief which fills all hearts should manifest itself with one accord toward the throne of infinite grace, and that we should bow before the Almighty and seek from him that consolation in our affliction and that sanctification of our loss which he is able and willing to vouchsafe:

Now, therefore, in obedience to sacred duty, and in accordance with the desire of the people, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States of America, do hereby appoint Monday next, the twenty-sixth day of September, on which day the remains of our honored and beloved dead will be consigned to their last resting-place on earth, to be observed throughout the United States as a day of humiliation and mourning; and I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship, there to render alike their tribute of sorrowful submission to the will of Almighty God and of reverence and love for the memory and character of our late Chief Magistrate.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord [SEAL.] 1881, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and sixth.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President:

JAMES G. BLAINE,
Secretary of State.

President Arthur soon showed his appreciation of the responsibilities of his new office. Knowing principles rather than persons, he subordinated individual preferences and prejudices to a well-defined public policy. While he was, as he always had been, a Republican, he had no sympathy for blind devotion to party; he had "no friends to reward, no enemies to punish;"—and he has been governed by those principles of liberty and equality which he inherited. His messages to Congress have been universally commended, and even unfriendly critics have pronounced them careful and well-matured documents. Their tone is more frank and direct than is customary in such papers, and their recommendations, extensive and varied as they have been, show that he has patiently reviewed the field of labor so sadly and so unexpectedly opened before him, and that he was not inclined to shirk the constitutional duty of aiding Congress by his suggestions and advice. An honest man, who believes in his own principles, who follows his own convictions, and who never hesitates to avow his sentiments, he has given his views in accordance with his deliberate ideas of right.

The foreign relations of the United States have been conducted by Secretary Frelinghuysen, under the Presi-

dent's direction, in a friendly spirit and when practicable with a view to mutual commercial advantages. He has taken a conservative view of the management of the public debt, approving all the important suggestions of the secretary of the treasury, and recognizing the proper protection of American industry. He is in favor of the great interests of labor, and opposed to such tinkering with the tariff as will make vain the toil of the industrious farmer, paralyze the arm of the sturdy mechanic, strike down the hand of the hardy laborer, stop the spindle, hush the loom, extinguish the furnace-fires, and degrade all independent toilers to the level of the poor in other lands. The architect of his own fortune, he has a strong and abiding sympathy for those bread-winners who struggle against poverty.

The reform of the civil service has met with President Arthur's earnest support, and his messages show that every department of the government has received his careful administration. Following the example of Washington, he has personally visited several sections of the United States, and has especially made himself acquainted with the great problem of Indian civilization.

President Arthur's administration has been characterized by an elevated tone at home and abroad. All important questions have been carefully discussed at the council table, at which the President has displayed unusual powers of analysis and comprehension. The conflicting claims of applicants for appointments to offices in his gift, have been carefully weighed, and no action has been taken until all parties interested have had a hearing. The President has a remarkable insight into men, promptly estimating character with an

accuracy that makes it a difficult matter to deceive him, or to win his favor either for visionary schemes, corrupt attacks upon the treasury, or incompetent place-hunters. He has shown that he has been guided by a wise experience of the past, and a sagacious foresight of the future, exhibiting sacrifices of individual friendship to a sense of public duty.

Possessing moral firmness and a just self-reliance, President Arthur did not hesitate about vetoing the "Chinese Bill" and the "Bill making appropriations for rivers and harbors" for reasons which he laid before Congress in his veto messages. The wisdom and sagacity which he has displayed in his management of national affairs has been especially acceptable to the business interests of the country. They have tested his administration by business principles, and they feel that, so long as he firmly grasps the helm of the ship of state, she will pursue a course of peace and prosperity.

In dispensing the hospitalities of the White House, President Arthur has exhibited the resources of a naturally generous disposition and a refined taste. His remembrance of persons

who call upon him, and whom he may not have seen for years, is remarkable, and his hearty, genial temperament enables him to make his visitors at home. His vigorous vitality of body and mind, his manly figure and expressive face, add to the dignity of his manner. A ready speaker, he at all times rises to the level of an emergency, and he invariably charms those who hear him by his courtesy of expression, which is the outward reflection of a large, kind heart.

President Arthur's numerous friends contemplate the prominent events of his eventful life without regret, and with a sincere belief that they will be sustained by the verdict of impartial history. Utility to the country has been the rule of his political life, and he has arrived at that high standard of official excellence which prevailed in the early days of the Republic, when honesty, firmness, patriotism, and stability of character were the characteristics of public men. Under his lead, the Republican party, disorganized and disheartened after the sad death of General Garfield, has gradually become strengthened and united on the eve of another presidential victory.

YESTERDAY.

BY KATE L. BROWN.

ADOWN the aisles of yesterday
What fairy notes are ringing,
And strange, sweet odors, rich and rare,
The western winds are bringing!

The deeds we counted poor and mean,
Now shine with added glory,
And like a romance, reads the page
Of life's poor, meagre story.

But vanished from our wistful sight,
Too late for vain regretting,
The joys, that the remorseful heart
With sacred gold is setting.

Ah! dearest of all earthly hopes
Within the soul abiding,
The lost, lost life of yesterday
The heart is ever hiding.

THE BOUNDARY LINES OF OLD GROTON. — I.

BY THE HON. SAMUEL ABBOTT GREEN, M.D.

THE original grant of the township of Groton was made by the General Court, on May 25, 1655, and gave to the proprietors a tract of land eight miles square; though during the next year this was modified so that its shape varied somewhat from the first plan. It comprised all of what is now Groton and Ayer, nearly all of Pepperell and Shirley, large parts of Dunstable and Littleton, smaller parts of Harvard and Westford, Massachusetts, and a portion of Nashua, New Hampshire. The grant was taken out of the very wilderness, relatively far from any other town, and standing like a sentinel on the frontiers. Lancaster, fourteen miles away, was its nearest neighbor in the southwesterly direction on the one side; and Andover and Haverhill, twenty and twenty-five miles distant, more or less, in the northeasterly direction on the other. No settlement on the north stood between it and the settlements in Canada. Chelmsford and Billerica were each incorporated about the same time, though a few days later.

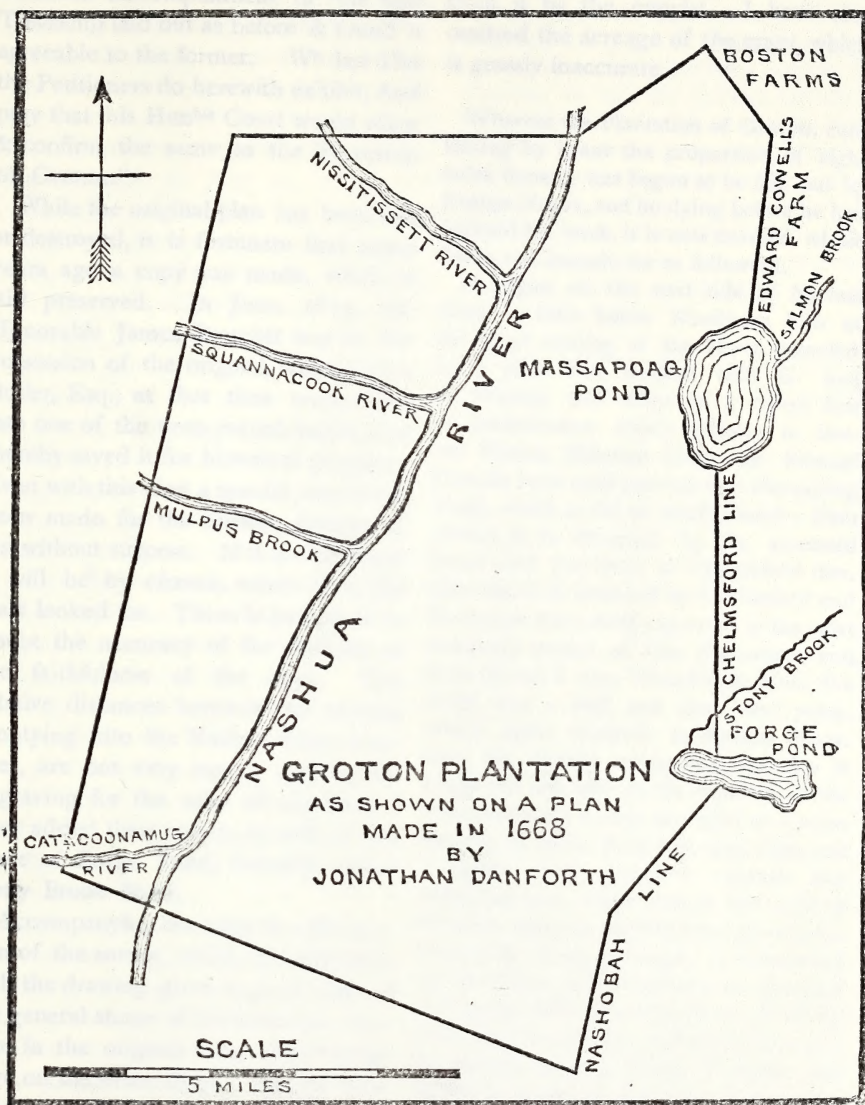
When the grant was made, it was expressly stipulated that Mr. Jonathan Danforth, of Cambridge, with such others as he might desire, should lay it out with all convenient speed in order to encourage the prompt settlement of a minister; and furthermore that the selectmen of the town should pay a fair amount for his services. During the next year a petition, signed by Deane Winthrop and seven others, was presented to the General Court asking for certain changes in the conditions, and among them the privilege to employ

another "artist" in the place of Mr. Danforth, as he was overrun with business. The petition was referred to a committee who reported favorably upon it, and the request was duly granted. Formerly a surveyor was called an artist, and in old records the word is often found with that meaning.

Ensign Peter Noyes, of Sudbury, was then engaged by the grantees and he began the survey; but his death, on September 23, 1657, delayed the speedy accomplishment of the work. It is known that there was some trouble in the early settlement of the place, growing out of the question of lands, but its exact character is not recorded; perhaps it was owing to the delay which now occurred. Ensign Noyes was a noted surveyor, but not so famous as Jonathan Danforth, whose name is often mentioned in the General Court records, in connection with the laying out of lands and towns, and many of whose plans are still preserved among the Archives in the State House. Danforth was the man wanted at first for the undertaking; and after Noyes's death he took charge of it, and his elder brother, Thomas, was associated with him. The plat or plan of the land, however, does not appear to have been completed until April, 1668. The survey was made during the preceding year. At a meeting of the selectmen of the town, held on November 23, 1667, it is recorded that a rate should be levied in order to pay "the Artest and the men that attended him and his diet for himself and his horse, and for two sheets of parchment, for him to make two platts

for the towne, and for Transportation of his pay all which amounts to about twenty pounds and to pay severall other town debts that appear to us to be due."

and the other for the Colony; but neither copy is now to be found. An allusion is made to one of them in a petition, presented to the General



A little further on in the records a charge of five shillings is made "for two sheats of Parchment." These entries seem to show that two plans were made, perhaps one for the town

Court on February 10, 1717, by John Shepley and John Ames. It is there mentioned that "the said Plat thō something defaced is with the Petitioner;" and is further stated "That in

the year 1713 Mr Samuel Danforth Surveyor & Son of the aforesaid Jonathan Danforth, at the desire of the said Town of Groton did run the Lines & make an Implatment of the said Township laid out as before & found it agreeable to the former. Wh^h last Plat the Petitioners do herewith exhibit, And pray that this Hon^{ble} Court would allow & confirm the same as the Township of Groton."

While the original plan has been lost or destroyed, it is fortunate that many years ago a copy was made, which is still preserved. In June, 1825, the Honorable James Prescott was in the possession of the original, which Caleb Butler, Esq., at that time transcribed into one of the town record-books, and thereby saved it for historical purposes. Even with this clew a special search has been made for the missing document, but without success. If it is ever found it will be by chance, where it is the least looked for. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of the outlines or the faithfulness of the copy. The relative distances between the streams emptying into the Nashua River, however, are not very exact; and in the engraving for the sake of clearness I have added their names, as well as the name of Forge Pond, formerly called Stony Brook Pond.

Accompanying the copy is a description of the survey, which in connection with the drawing gives a good idea of the general shape of the township. Perhaps in the original these two writings were on the same sheet. In the transcript Mr. Butler has modernized the language and made the punctuation conform to present usage. In the engraved cut I have followed strictly the outlines of the plan, as well as the course of the rivers, but I have omitted

some details, such as the distances and directions which are given along the margins. These facts appear in the description, and perhaps were taken from it by the copyist. I have also omitted the acreage of the grant, which is grossly inaccurate.

Whereas the Plantation of Groton, containing by grant the proportion of eight miles Square, was begun to be laid out by Ensign Noyes, and he dying before he had finished his work, it is now finished, whose limits and bounds are as followeth,

It began on the east side of Nashua River a little below Nissitisset hills at the short turning of the River bounded by a pine tree marked with G. and so running two miles in a direct line to buckmeadow which *pertains* to Boston Farms, Billerica land and Edward Cowells farm until you come to Massapoag Pond, which is full of small islands; from thence it is bounded by the aforesaid Pond until you come to Chelmsford line, after that it is bounded by Chelmsford and Nashoboh lines until you come to the most southerly corner of this Plantation, and from thence it runs West-North-West five miles and a half and sixty four poles, which again reacheth to Nashua River, then the former west-north-west line is continued one mile on the west side of the river, and then it runs one third of a point easterly of north & by east nine miles and a quarter, from thence it runneth four miles due east, which closeth the work to the river again to the first pine below Nissitisset hills, where we began: it is bounded by the Farms and plantations as aforesaid and by the wilderness elsewhere; all which lines are run and very sufficiently bounded by marked trees & pillars of stones: the figure or manner of the lying of it is more fully demonstrated by this plot taken of the same.

By JONATHAN DANFORTH,
Surveyor.

April 1668.

The map of Old Dunstable, between pages 12 and 13 in Fox's History of

that town, is very incorrect, so far as it relates to the boundaries of Groton. The Squannacook River is put down as the Nissitissett, and this mistake may have tended to confuse the author's ideas. The southern boundary of Dunstable was by no means a straight line, but was made to conform in part to the northern boundary of Groton, which was somewhat irregular. Groton was incorporated on May 25, 1655, and Dunstable on October 15, 1673, and no part of it came within the limits of this town. The eastern boundary of Groton originally ran northerly through Massapoag Pond and continued into the present limits of Nashua, New Hampshire.

On the southeast of Groton, and adjoining it, was a small township granted, in the spring of 1654, by the General Court to the Nashobah Indians, who had been converted to Christianity under the instruction of the Apostle Eliot and others. They were few in numbers, comprising perhaps ten families, or about fifty persons. During Philip's War this settlement was entirely deserted by the Indians, thus affording a good opportunity for the English to encroach on the reservation, which was not lost. These intruders lived in the neighboring towns, and mostly in Groton. Some of them took possession with no show of right, while others went through the formality of buying the land from the Indians, though such sales did not, as was supposed at the time, bring the territory under the jurisdiction of the towns where the purchasers severally lived. It is evident from the records that these encroachments gave rise to controversy. The following entry, under date of June 20, 1682, is found in the Middle-

sex County Court records at East Cambridge, and shows that a committee was appointed at that time to re-establish the boundary lines of Nashobah:—

Capt Thomas Hinchman, Lt. Joseph Wheeler, & Lt. Jno flynt surveyor, or any two of them are nominated & impowred a Committee to run the ancient bounds of Nashobah Plantation, & remark the lines, as it was returned to the geñall Court by said m^r flynt at the charge of the Indians, giving notice to the select men of Grotton of time & place of meeting, wch is referred to m^r flint, to appoint, & to make return to next Coun Court at Cambridge in order to a finall settlem^t

Again, under date of October 3, 1682 ("3. 8. 1682."), it is entered that —

The return of the committee referring to the bounds of Nashobey next to Grotton, was presented to this Court and is on file.

Approved

The "return" is as follows:

We Whose names are underwritten being appointed by ye Hon^d County Court June: 20th 1682. To ruñ the Ancient bounds of Nashobey, haue accordingly ruñ the said bounds, and find that the town of Groton by their Second laying out of their bounds have taken into their bounds as we Judge neer halfe Indian Plantation Seuerall of the Select men and other inhabitants of Groton being then with us Did See their Error therein & Do decline that laying out So far as they haue Inuaded the right of ye Indians.

Also we find yt the Norwest Corner of Nashobey is ruñ into ye first bounds of Groton to ye Quantity of 350 acres according as Groton men did then Show us their Said line, which they Say was made before Nashobey was laid out, and which bounds they Do Challenge as their Right. The Indians also haue Declared them Selves willing to forego that Provided they may haue it made up upon their West Line,

And we Judge it may be there added to their Convenience.

2: October: 1682.

Exhibited in Court 3: 8: 82:

& approved T D: R.

JOSEPH WHEELER
JOHN FLINT

A true Coppy of ye originall on file with ye Records of County Court for Middx.

Exd pr Sam^l: Phipps Cler

[Massachusetts Archives, cxii, 331.]

Among the Groton men who had bought land of the Nashobah Indians were Peleg Lawrence and Robert Robbins. Their names appear, with a diagram of the land, on a plan of Nashobah, made in the year 1686, and found among the Massachusetts Archives, in the first volume (page 125) of "Ancient Plans Grants &c." Lawrence and Robbins undoubtedly supposed that the purchase of this land brought it within the jurisdiction of Groton. Lawrence died in the year 1692; and some years later the town made an effort to obtain from his heirs their title to this tract, as well as from Robbins his title. It is recorded at a town meeting, held on June 8, 1702, that the town

did vote that they would give Peleg Larrance three acers of madow where they use to Improve and tenn acers of upland neare that madow upon the Conditions following that the aboue sd Peleg Larrances heirs do deliuer up that Indian titelle which thay now haue to the town

At the same meeting the town voted that

they would give to Robert Robbins Sener three acers of madow where he use to Improve: and ten acers of upland near his madow upon the Conditions following that he aboue sd Robert Robbins doth deliuer up that Indian titels which he now hath: to the town.

It appears from the records that no other business was done at this meeting, except the consideration of matters growing out of the Nashobah land. It was voted to have an artist lay out the meadow at "Nashobah line," as it was called, as well as the land which the town had granted to Walter and Daniel Powers, probably in the same neighborhood; and also that Captain Jonas Prescott be authorized to engage an artist at an expense not exceeding six shillings a day.

Settlers from the adjacent towns were now making gradual encroachments on the abandoned territory, and among them Groton was well represented. All the documents of this period relating to the subject show an increased interest in these lands, which were too valuable to remain idle for a long time. The following petition, undoubtedly, makes a correct representation of the case:—

To his Excellency Joseph Dudley Esqr Captain Gen^l & Governour in Chief in & over her Majesties Province of the Massachusetts Bay &c: together with the honourable Council, & Representatives in Great and Gen^l Court Assembled at Cambridge October 14th. 1702.

The Petition of the Inhabitants of Stow humbly sheweth.

That Whereas the honourable Court did pleas formerly to grant unto vs the Inhabitants of Stow a certain Tract of Land to make a Village or Township of, environed with Concord, Sudbury, Marlbury, Lancaster, Groton, & Nashoby: And Whereas the said Nashoby being a Tract of Land of four miles square, the which for a long time hath been and still is deserted and left by the Indians none being now resident there, and those of them who lay claim to it being desirous to sell said land; and some English challenging it to be theirs by virtue of Purchase; and besides the Town of Groton in particular,

hath of late extended their Town lyne into it, takeing away a considerable part of it; and Especially of Meadow (as wee are Well informed) Wherefore wee above all or Neighbour Towns, stand in the greatest need of Enlargement; having but a pent up smale Tract of Land and very little Meadow.

Whence we humbly Pray the great & Gen^l Court, that if said Nashoby may be sold by the Indians wee may have allowance to buy, or if it be already, or may be sold to any other Person or Persons, that in the whole of it, it be layed as an Addition to vs the smale Town of Stow, it lying for no other Town but vs for nighness & adjacency, together with the great need wee stand of it, & the no want of either or any of the above named Towns. Shall it Pleas the great & Gen^l Court to grant this or Petition, wee shall be much more able to defray Publick Charges, both Civil, & Ecclesiasticall, to settle or Minister amongst vs in order to or Injoyment of the Gospel in the fullness of it. Whence hoping & believing that the Petition of the Poor, & needly will be granted. Which shall forever oblige yor Petition^{rs} to Pray &c:

THO: STEEVENS. Cler:

In the Towns behalfe

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiii, 330.]

This petition was granted on October 21, 1702, on the part of the House of Representatives, but negatived in the Council, on October 24.

During this period the territory of Nashobah was the subject of considerable dispute among the neighboring towns, and slowly disappearing by their encroachments. Under these circumstances an effort was made to incorporate a township from this tract and to establish its boundaries. The following petition makes a fair statement of the case, though the signatures to it are not autographs:

To His Exceley: Joseph Dudley Esq:
Capt: Generall & Govr: in Chief in and

over Her Majties: Province of Massts: Bay in New-England, Together with ye Honble: the Council, & Representatives in Gen^l: Court Assembled on the 30th of May, In the Tenth Year of Her Majties: Reign Annoq Domi: 1711, — The Humble Petition of us the Subscribers Inhabitants of Concord, Chelmsford, Lancaster & Stow &c within the County of Midd^x in the Province Aforesd.

Most Humbly Sheweth

That there is a Considerable Tract of Land Lying vacant and unimproved Between the Towns of Chelmsford, Lancaster & Stow & Groton, as sd Groton was Survey'd & Lay'd out by Mr. Noyce, & the Plantation Call'd Concord Village, which is Commonly known by the Name of Nashoba, in the County of Midd^x: Aforesd. & Sundry Persons having Made Entrys thereupon without Orderly Application to the Government, and as we are Inform'd, & have reason to believe, diverse others are designing so to do.

We Yor Humble Petitioners being desirous to Prevent the Inconveniences that may arise from all Irregular Intrusions into any vacant Lands, and also In a Regular manner to Settle a Township on the Land aforesd, by which the frontier on that Side will be more Clos'd & Strengthened & Lands that are at Present in no wise beneficiall or Profitable to the Publick might be rendred Servicable for the Contributing to the Publick Charge, Most Humbly Address Ourselves to your Excy: And this Honourable Court.

Praying that your Petitioners may have a Grant of Such Lands Scituate as Aforesd. for the Ends & Purposes aforesd. And that a Committee may be appointed by this Honble: Court to View, Survey and Set out to Yor. Petitioners the sd. Lands, that so Yor. sd. Petitioners may be enabled to Settle thereupon with Such others as shall joyn them In an orderly and regular manner: Also Praying that Such Powers and Priviledges may be given and confere upon the same as are granted to other Towns, And Yor Petitioners shall be Most ready to attend Such Directions,

with respect to Such Part of the ^{sd.} Tract as has been formerly reserv'd for the Indians, but for a Long time has been wholly Left, & is now altogether unimprov'd by them, And all other things which this Hon^{ble}: Court in their Wisdom & justice Shall See meet to appoint for the Regulation of such Plantation or Town.

And Yor: Humble: Petitioners as in Duty Bound Shall Ever Pray &c.

Gershom Procter	Josiah Whitcomb
Sam ^l . Procter	John Buttrick
John Procter	Will ^m : Powers
Joseph Fletcher	Jonathan Hubbard
John Miles	W ^m Keen
John Parlin	John Heald
Robert Robins	John Bateman
John Darby	John Heywood
John Barker	Thomas Wheeler
Sam ^l : Stratton	Sam ^l : Hartwell, junr:
Hezekiah Fletcher	Sam ^l : Jones
	John Miriam

In the House of Representatives

June 6: 1711. Read & Comitted.

7 . . . Read, &

Ordered that Jo^a. Tyng Esqr: Thom^s: Howe Esqr: & Mr: John Sternes be a Comittee to view the Land mentioned in the Petition, & Represent the Lines, or Bounds of the severall adjacent Towns bounding on the ^{sd.} Lands and to have Speciall Regard to the Land granted to the Indians, & to make report of the quantity, & circumstances thereof.

Sent up for Concurrence.

JOHN BURRIL Speaker

In Council

June 7. 1711, Read and Concurr'd.

ISA: ADDINGTON, Secry.

[Massachusetts Archives, cxiii, 602, 603.]

The committee, to whom was referred this subject, made a report during the next autumn; but no action in regard to it appears to have been taken by the General Court until two years later.

THE NEW ENGLAND TOWN-HOUSE.

By J. B. SEWALL.

A RECOLLECTION of my boyhood is a large unpainted barnlike building standing at a point where three roads met at about the centre of the town. When all the inhabitants of the town were of one faith religiously, or at least the minority were not strong enough to divide from the majority, and one meeting-house served the purposes of all, this was the meeting-house. To this, the double line of windows all round, broken by the long round-topped window midway on the back side, and the two-storied vestibule on the front, and, more than all, the old pulpit still remaining within, with the sounding-board suspended above it, bore witness. Here assembled every spring, at the March meeting, the voters of the town, to elect their selectmen and other town

officers for the ensuing year, to vote what moneys should be raised for the repair of roads, bridges, maintaining the poor, etc., and take any other action their well-being as a community demanded; in the autumn, to cast their votes for state representative, national representative, governor of the State, or President of the United States, one or all together, as the case might be.

Many such town-houses, probably, are standing to-day in the New England States,—I know there are such in Maine,—and they are existing witnesses to what was generally the fact: towns, at the first, when young and small, built the meeting-house for two purposes; first, for use as a house of worship; second, for town meetings; and when in process of time a new church or churches

were built for the better accommodation of the people, or because different denominations had come into existence, or because the young people wanted a smarter building with a steeple, white paint, green blinds, and a bell, the old building was sold to the town for purely town purposes.

When the settlements were made, the first public building erected was generally the meeting-house, and this in the case of the earlier settlements was very soon. In Plymouth, the first building was a house twenty feet square for a storehouse and "for common occupation," then their separate dwellings.

The "common" building was used for religious and other meetings until the meeting-house with its platform on top for cannon, on Burial Hill, was built in 1622. "Boston seems to have had no special building for public worship until, during the year 1632, was erected the small thatched-roof, one-story building which stood on State Street, where Brazer's building now stands." * This was in the second year, the settlement having been made in the autumn of 1630. In Charlestown, "The Great House," the first building erected that could be called a house, was first used as the official residence of the governor, and the sessions of the Court of Assistants appear to have been held in it until the removal to Boston, but when the church was formed, in 1632, it was used for a meeting-house.

Dorchester had the first meeting-house in the Bay, built in 1631, the next year after settlement, and by the famous order passed "mooneday eighth of October, 1633," it appears that it was the regular meeting-place of the

inhabitants of the plantation for general purposes. The Lynn church was formed in 1632, and the meeting-house appears to have been built soon after, and was used for town meetings till 1806. It was the same in towns of later settlement. In Brunswick, Maine, which became a township in 1717, the first public building was the meeting-house, and this also was the town-house for almost one hundred years. Belfast, Maine, incorporated in 1773, held its first two town meetings in a private house, afterwards, for eighteen years, "at the Common on the South end of No. 26" (house lot), † whether under cover or in open air is not known, after that, in the meeting-house generally, till the town hall was built. In Harpswell, Maine, the old meeting-house, like that described, when abandoned as a house of worship, was sold to the town for one hundred dollars and is still in use as a town-house.

The town-house, therefore, though it cannot strictly be said to have been coëval with the town, was essentially so, the meeting-house being generally the first public building, and used equally for town meetings and public worship.

How early, then, was the town? When the settlement at Plymouth took place, in one sense a town existed at once. It was a collection of families living in neighborhood and united by the bonds of mutual obligation common in similar English communities. But it was a town as yet only in that sense. In fact, it was a state. The words of the compact signed on board the Mayflower were, in part: "We, whose names are underwritten . . . do by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another,

* Memorial History of Boston, vol. i, p. 119.

† Williamson's History of Belfast.

covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, . . . and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

These words were the constitution of more than a town government. They erected a democratic state—a commonwealth. It was a general government separate from and above the town governments which were afterwards instituted. It enacted general laws by an assembly of deputies in which the eight plantations in the colony, which afterwards became towns, were represented. These laws were executed by a governor and an assistant, and were of equal binding force in all the plantations after, as well as before, these plantations became towns.

The Massachusetts Colony came over as a corporation with a royal charter which gave power to the freemen of the company to elect a governor, deputy-governor, and assistants, and "make laws and ordinances, not repugnant to the laws of England, for their own benefit and the government of persons inhabiting their territory." The colonists divided themselves into plantations, part at Naumkeag (Salem), at Mishawum (Charlestown), at Dorchester, Boston, Watertown, Roxbury, Mystic, and Saugus (Lynn), and while the General Court, as the governor, deputy-governor, and assistants were called, made general "laws and ordinances" for the whole, the plantations were at liberty to manage their own particular affairs as they pleased. They called meetings and took action by themselves, as at Water-

town, when, in 1632, the people assembled and expressed their discontent with a tax laid by the court, and at Dorchester as previously referred to. To Dorchester, however, belongs the honor of leading the way to that form of town government which has prevailed in New England ever since. It came about in this way. The settlement was begun in June, 1630, and for more than three years the people seem to have managed their affairs under the administration of the Court of Assistants by means of meetings. At such a meeting, held October 8, 1633, it was ordered "for the generall good and well ordering of the affaires of the plantation," that there should be a general meeting of the inhabitants at the meeting-house every Monday morning before the court, which was four times a year, or became so the next year, "to settle & sett downe such orders as may tend to the general good as aforesayd, & every man to be bound thereby without gainsaying or resistance." This very interesting order is given entire in the Memorial History of Boston.* There were also appointed *twelve selectmen*, "who were to hold monthly meetings, & whose orders were binding when confirmed by the Plantation."

Here was our New England town almost exactly as it is to-day. The inhabitants met at stated times and voted what seemed necessary for their own local order and welfare, and committed the execution of their will to twelve selectmen, who were to meet monthly. Our towns now have an annual meeting for the same purpose, and elect generally three selectmen, who meet at stated times,—sometimes as often as once a week. Watertown

* Vol. i, p. 427.

followed, about the same time, selecting three men "for the ordering of public affairs." Boston appears to have done the same thing in 1634, and Charlestown in the following year, the latter being the first to give the name *Selectmen* to the persons so chosen, a name which soon was generally adopted and has since remained.

The reason of this action it is easy to conjecture, but it is fully stated in the order of the inhabitants of Charlestown at the meeting in which the action for the government of the town by selectmen was taken: "In consideration of the great trouble and charge of the inhabitants of Charlestown by reason of the frequent meeting of the townsmen in general, and that, by reason of many men meeting, things were not so easily brought into a joint issue; it is therefore agreed, by the said townsmen, jointly, that these eleven men . . . shall entreat of all such business as shall concern the townsmen, the choice of officers excepted; and what they or the greater part of them shall conclude of, the rest of the town willingly to submit unto as their own proper act, and these eleven to continue in this employment for one year next ensuing the date hereof."

Town government, thus instituted, was recognized the next year — 1636 — by the General Court, and thereafter the towns were corporations lawfully existing and endowed with certain fixed though limited powers.

The plantations of the Plymouth Colony followed the example. In 1637, Duxbury was incorporated, and at the General Court of the colony, in 1639, deputies were in attendance from seven towns.

"Thus," says Judge Parker,* "there

*Origin, Organization, etc., of the Towns of New England.

grew up a system of government embracing two jurisdictions, administered by the same people; the Colonial government, having jurisdiction over the whole colony, administered by the great body of the freemen, through officers elected and appointed by them; and the town governments, having limited local jurisdiction, such as was conceded to them by the Colonial government, administered by the inhabitants, through officers and agents chosen by them."

By this change, — the invention of the colonists themselves without copy or pattern, — the colonies were transformed from pure democracies into a congeries of democratic republics; and each town-house, or whatever building was used for such, became the state-house of a little republic. And this is what it is in every New England town to-day.

Was not, then, the New England town-house a thing of inheritance at all? Yes, so far as it was a building for the common meeting of the inhabitants of the town, and so far as it was a place for free discussion and the ordering of purely local affairs. The colonists came from their English homes already familiar with the town-hall and its uses so far. If one will turn to any gazetteer or encyclopædia which gives a description of Liverpool, England, he will find the town-hall described as one of the noble edifices of that town. The present structure was opened in 1754, but it was the successor of others, the first of which must have dated back somewhere near the time when King John gave the town its charter — 1207. Or he may turn to the town of Hythe in the county of Kent. In its corporation records, it is said, is the following entry,

bearing date in the year 1399: "Thomas Goodeall came before the jurats in the common hall on the 10th day of October, and covenanted to give for his freedom 20*l.*, and so he was received and sworn to bear fealty to our Lord the King and his successors, and to the commonalty and liberty of the port of Hethe, and to render faithful account of his lots and scots* as freeman there are wont." In another entry, in the same year, the building is mentioned again as the "Common House."

We may go further back than this. History tells us that "the boroughs (towns) of England, during the period of oppression, after the Norman invasion, led the way in the silent growth and elevation of the English people; that, unnoticed and despised by prelate and noble, they had alone preserved the full tradition of Teutonic liberty; that, by their traders and shopkeepers, the rights of self-government, of free speech in free meeting, of equal justice by one's equals, were brought safely across the ages of Norman tyranny."† The rights of self-government and free speech in free meeting, then, were rights and practices of our Anglo-Saxon ancestry, and we are to go back with them across the English channel to their barbarian German home, and to the people described by Tacitus in his *Germania*, for the origin, as far as we can trace it, of this part of our inheritance. These people were famed for their spirit of independence and freedom. The mass are described as freemen, voting together in the great assemblies of the tribe, and choosing

their own leaders or kings from the class of nobles, who were nobles not as constituting a distinct and privileged caste. "It was their greater estates and the greater consequence which accompanied these that marked their rank." When we first learn of these assemblies, they are out-of-doors, under the broad canopy of heaven alone, but the time came, as the rathhaus of the German town to-day attests, when they built the common hall or town-house; and we, to-day, in this remote and then unknown and un conjectured land of the West, are in this regard their heirs as well as descendants.‡

In what, then, is the New England town-house more than, or different from, the English town-house? In this, that it is the state-house of a little democratic republic which came into existence of and by itself of a natural necessity, and not merely governs itself, making all the laws of local need and executing them—levying taxes, maintaining schools, and taking charge of its own poor, of roads, bridges, and all matters pertaining to the health, peace, and safety of all within its bounds, in a word, all things which it can do for itself,—but also in confederation with other little democratic republics has called into being, and clothed with all the power it has for those matters of common need which the town cannot do, the State. The State of Massachusetts, from the day that the people created the General Court the body it still is, by electing deputies from the towns,—representatives we now call them,—to sit instead of the whole body of freemen, with the governor and

* The "lot" was the obligation to perform the public services which might fall to the inhabitants by due rotation. "Scot" means tax.

† Green's *Short History of the English People*, chap. ii, sec. 6.

‡ The present rathhaus of the quaint old city of Nuremberg, built in 1619, is a notable building, much visited by travelers. Around the wall of the hall within runs the legend: "Eins manns red ist eine halbe red, man soll die teyl verhören bed,"—"One man's talk is a half talk; one should hear both sides."

council, for the performance of all acts of legislation for the common good, is the outgrowth of and exists only by virtue of the towns. The towns created it, compose it, send up to it its heart-and-life blood. This it is which makes the New England town unique, attracting the attention and interest of intelligent foreigners who visit our shores. Judge Parker says: "I very well recollect the curiosity expressed by some of the gentlemen in the suite of Lafayette, on his visit to this country in 1825, respecting these town organizations and their powers and operations." In the same connection he adds that "a careful examination of the history of the New England towns will show that," instead of being modeled after the town of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, or the free cities of the continent of the twelfth century, "they were not founded or modeled on precedent" at all. Mr. E. A. Freeman, however, puts it more truthfully in saying: "The circumstances of New England called the primitive assembly (that is, the Homeric agora, Athenian ekklesia, Roman comitia, Swiss landesgemeinde, English folk-moot) again into being, when in the older England it was well-nigh forgotten. What in Switzerland was a *survival* was in New England rather a *revival*."*

Our New England town-house, therefore, is a symbol of institutions, partly original with our fathers, partly a priceless inheritance from Old England the land of our fathers, and nearly in the whole, if not quite, a regermination and new growth of old race instincts and practices on a new soil.

The New England town is not an institution of all the States, but its

principle has invaded the majority. To the West and Northwest it has been carried by the New Englander himself, and is being carried by him both directly and indirectly into the South and Southwest, and will show there in no great length of time its prevailing and vitalizing power.

It was Jefferson, himself a Virginian, reared in the midst of another system, aristocratical and central in its character, who said: "These wards, called townships in New England, are the vital principle of their governments, and have proved themselves the wisest invention ever devised by the wit of man for the perfect exercise of self-government and for its preservation."

The New England town-house, therefore, is significant of more than its predecessor in England or Germany. While with them it means freedom in the management of local affairs, beyond them it means a relation to the State and the National government which they did not. It means not merely a broad basis for the general government in the people, that the people are the reason and remote source of governing power, but that they are themselves the governors. Every man who enters a New England town-house and casts his vote knows that that expression of his will is a force which reaches, or may reach, the Legislature of his State, the governor in his chair, the National Congress, and the President in the White House at Washington. He feels an interest therefore, and a responsibility which the voter in no other land in the world feels, and the town-house is an education to him in the art of self-government which no other country affords, and because of it the town is an institution teaching how to maintain government, local,

*Introduction to American Institutional History. Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.

state, and general, and so bases that government in self-interest and beneficial experience, that it is a pledge of security and perpetuity as regards socialism, communism, and as it would seem every other revolutionary influence from within. It is in strong contrast with the commune of France. France is divided for the purposes of local government into departments; departments into arrondissements; and arrondissements into communes, the commune being the administrative unit. The department is governed by a préfet and a conseil-général, the préfet being appointed by the central government and directly under its control, and the conseil-général an elective body. The arrondissement is presided over by a sous-préfet and an elective

council. The commune is governed by a maire and a conseil-municipal. The conseil-municipal is an elective body, but its duties "consist in assisting and to some extent controlling the maire, and in the management of the communal affairs," but the maire is appointed by the central government and is liable to suspension by the préfet.

The relation of the citizen to the general government in France is therefore totally different from that of the citizen of the United States to his general government, and the town organization is a school of free citizenship which the commune is not, and so far republican institutions in America have a guaranty which in France they have not.

BUNKER HILL.

BY HENRY B. CARRINGTON, U.S.A., LL.D.

Author of *The Battles of the American Revolution.*

[(a) The occupation of Charlestown Heights on the night of June 16, 1775, was of strategic value, however transient, equalizing the relations of the parties opposed, and projecting its force and fire into the entire struggle for American Independence. (Pages 290-302.)

(b) The Siege of Boston, which followed, gave to the freshly organized Continental army that discipline, that instruction in military engineering, and that contact with a well-trained enemy which prepared it for immediate operations at New York and in New Jersey. (Pages 37-44.)

(c) The occupation and defence of New York and Brooklyn, so promptly made, was also an immediate strategic necessity, fully warranted by the existing conditions, although alike temporary. (Pages 154-161.)]

AN exhaustless theme may be so outlined that fairly stated data will suggest the possibilities beyond.

Waterloo is incidentally related to the crowning laurels of Wellington; but, primarily, to the downfall of Napoleon, while rarely to the assured growth of genuine popular liberty.



No battle during the American Rebellion of 1861-65 was so really decisive as was the first battle of Bull's Run. As that Federal failure enforced the issue which freed four millions of

people from slavery, and had its sequence and culmination, through great struggle, in a perpetuated Union, so did the battle of Bunker Hill open wide the breach between Great Britain and the Colonies, and render American Independence inevitable.

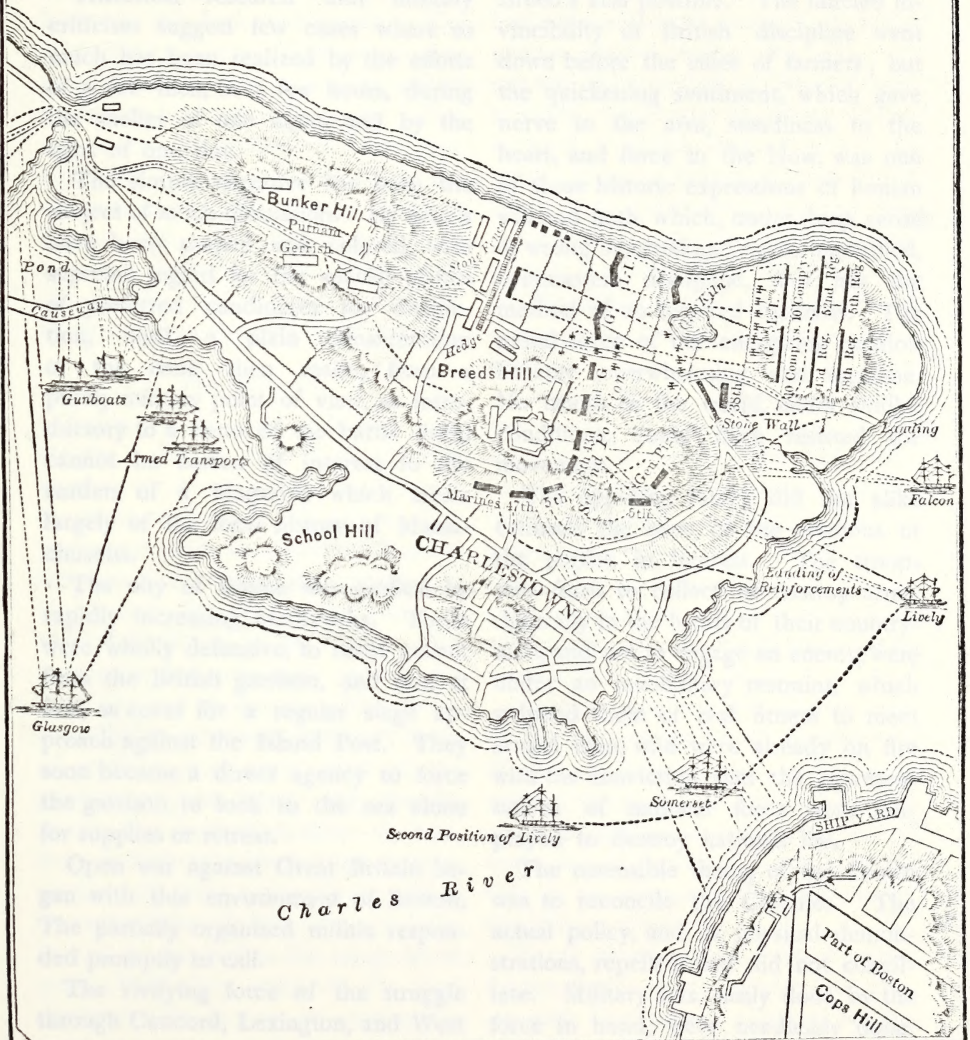
The repulse of Howe at Breed's Hill practically ejected him from Boston, enforced his halt before Brooklyn, delayed him at White Plains, explained his hesitation at Bound Brook, near Somerset Court-House, in 1777, as well

THE BATTLE OF BREEDS HILL, OR BUNKER HILL.

Compiled and Drawn by Col. Carrington.

 British
 American

Scale of 20 Rods.
20 40 60 80



as his sluggishness after the battle of Brandywine, and equally induced his inaction at Philadelphia, in 1778.

Just as a similar resistance by Totten at Sevastopol during the Crimean War prolonged that struggle for twelve months, so did the hastily constructed earthworks on Breed's Hill forewarn the assailants that every ridge might serve as a fortress, and every sand-hill become a cover, for a persistent and earnest foe.

Historical research and military criticism suggest few cases where so much has been realized by the efforts of a few men, in a few hours, during the shelter of one night, and by the light of one day.

The simple narrative has been the subject of much discussion. Its details have been shaped and colored, with supreme regard for the special claims of preferred candidates for distinction, until a plain consideration of the issue then made, from a purely military point of view, as introductory to a detail of the battle itself, cannot be barren of interest to the readers of a Magazine which treats largely of the local history of Massachusetts.

The city of Boston was girdled by rapidly increasing earthworks. These were wholly defensive, to resist assault from the British garrison, and not, at first, as cover for a regular siege approach against the Island Post. They soon became a direct agency to force the garrison to look to the sea alone for supplies or retreat.

Open war against Great Britain began with this environment of Boston. The partially organized militia responded promptly to call.

The vivifying force of the struggle through Concord, Lexington, and West

Cambridge (Arlington now), had so quickened the rapidly augmenting body of patriots, that they demanded offensive action and grew impatient for results. Having dropped fear of British troops, as such, they held a strong purpose to achieve that complete deliverance which their earnest resistance foreshadowed.

Lexington and Concord were, therefore, the exponents of that daring which made the occupation and resistance of Breed's Hill possible. The fancied invincibility of British discipline went down before the rifles of farmers; but the quickening sentiment, which gave nerve to the arm, steadiness to the heart, and force to the blow, was one of those historic expressions of human will and faith, which, under deep sense of wrong incurred and rights imperilled, overmasters discipline, and has the method of an inspired madness. The moral force of the energizing passion became overwhelming and supreme. No troops in the world, under similar conditions, could have resisted the movement.

The opposing forces did not alike estimate the issue, or the relations of the parties in interest. The troops sent forth to collect or destroy arms, rightfully in the hands of their countrymen, and not to engage an enemy, were under an involuntary restraint, which stripped them of real fitness to meet armed men, who were already on fire with the conviction that the representatives of national force were employed to destroy national life.

The ostensible theory of the Crown was to reconcile the Colonies. The actual policy, and its physical demonstrations, repelled, and did not conciliate. Military acts, easily done by the force in hand, were needlessly done.

Military acts which would be wise upon the basis of anticipated resistance were not done.

Threats and blows toward those not deemed capable of resistance were freely expended. Operations of war, as against an organized and skilful enemy, were ignored. But the legacies of English law and the inheritance of English liberty had vested in the Colonies. Their eradication and their withdrawal were alike impossible. The time had passed for compromise or limitation of their enjoyment. The filial relation toward England was lost when it became that of a slave toward master, to be asserted by force. This the Americans understood when they envired Boston. This the British did not understand, until after the battle of Bunker Hill. The British worked as against a mob of rebels. The Americans made common cause, "liberty or death," against usurpation and tyranny.

THE OUTLOOK.

Reference to map, "Boston and vicinity," already used in the January number of this Magazine to illustrate the siege of Boston, will give a clear impression of the local surroundings, at the time of the American occupation of Charlestown Heights. The value of that position was to be tested. The Americans had previously burned the lighthouses of the harbor. The islands of the bay were already miniature fields of conflict; and every effort of the garrison to use boats, and thereby secure the needed supplies of beef, flour, or fuel, only developed a counter system of boat operations, which neutralized the former and gradually limited the garrison to the range of its guns. This close grasp of the land approaches to Boston, so persistently

maintained, stimulated the Americans to catch a tighter hold, and force the garrison to escape by sea. The capture of that garrison would have placed unwieldy prisoners in their hands and have made outside operations impossible, as well as any practical disposition of the prisoners themselves, in treatment with Great Britain. Expulsion was the purpose of the rallying people. General Gage fortified Boston Neck as early as 1774, and the First Continental Congress had promptly assured Massachusetts of its sympathy with her solemn protest against that act. It was also the intention of General Gage to fortify Dorchester Heights. Early in April, a British council of war, in which Clinton, Burgoyne, and Percy took part, unanimously advised the immediate occupation of Dorchester, as both indispensable to the protection of the shipping, and as assurance of access to the country for indispensable supplies.

General Howe already appreciated the mistake of General Gage, in his expedition to Concord, but still cherished such hope of an accommodation of the issue with the Colonies that he postponed action until a peaceable occupation of Dorchester Heights became impossible, and the growing earthworks of the besiegers already commanded Boston Neck.

General Gage had also advised, and wisely, the occupation of Charlestown Heights, as both necessary and feasible, without risk to Boston itself. He went so far as to announce that, in case of overt acts of hostility to such occupation, by the citizens of Charlestown, he would burn the town.

It was clearly sound military policy for the British to occupy both Dorchester and Charlestown Heights, at the

first attempt of the Americans to invest the city.

As early as the middle of May, the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, as well as the council, had resolved "to occupy Bunker Hill as soon as artillery and powder could be adequately furnished for the purpose," and a committee was appointed to examine and report respecting the merits of Dorchester Heights, as a strategic restraint upon the garrison of Boston.

On the fifteenth of June, upon reliable information that the British had definitely resolved to seize both Heights, and had designated the eighteenth of June for the occupation of Charlestown, the same Committee of Safety voted "to take immediate possession of Bunker Hill."

Mr. Bancroft states that "the decision was so sudden that no fit preparation could be made." Under the existing conditions, it was indeed a desperate daring, expressive of grand faith and self-devotion, worthy of the cause in peril, and only limited in its immediate and assured triumph by the simple lack of powder.

Prescott, who was eager to lead the enterprise and was entrusted with its execution, and Putman, who gave it his most ardent support, were most urgent that the council should act promptly; while Warren, who long hesitated to concur, did at last concur, and gave his life as the test of his devotion. General Ward realized fully that the hesitation of the British to emerge from Boston and attack the Americans was an index of the security of the American defences, and, therefore, deprecated the contingency of a general engagement, until ample supplies of powder could be secured.

The British garrison, which had been

reinforced to a nominal strength of ten thousand men, had become reduced, through inadequate supplies, especially of fresh meat, to eight thousand effectives, but these men were well officered and well disciplined.

THE POSITION.

Bunker Hill had an easy slope to the isthmus, but was quite steep on either side, having, in fact, control of the isthmus, as well as commanding a full view of Boston and the surrounding country. Morton's Hill, at Moulton's Point, where the British landed, was but thirty-five feet above sea level, while Breed's Pasture (as then known) and Bunker Hill were, respectively, seventy-five and one hundred and ten feet high. The Charles and Mystic Rivers, which flanked Charlestown, were navigable, and were under the control of the British ships-of-war.

AMERICAN POLICY.

To so occupy Charlestown, in advance, as to prevent a successful British landing, required the use of the nearest available position that would make the light artillery of the Americans effective. To occupy Bunker Hill, alone, would leave to the British the cover of Breed's Hill, under which to gain effective fire and a good base for approach, as well as Charlestown for quarters, without prejudice to themselves.

When, therefore, Breed's Hill was fortified as an advanced position, it was done with the assurance that reinforcements would soon occupy the retired summit, and the course adopted was the best to prevent an effective British lodgment. The previous reluctance of the garrison to make any effective demonstration against the thin lines of environment strengthened the belief

of the Americans that a well-selected hold upon Charlestown Heights would securely tighten the grasp upon the city itself.

BRITISH POLICY.

As a fact, the British contempt for the Americans might have urged them as rashly against Bunker Hill as it did against the redoubt which they gained, at last, only through failure of the ammunition of its defenders; but, in view of the few hours at disposal of the Americans to prepare against a landing so soon to be attempted, it is certain that the defences were well placed, both to cover the town and force an immediate issue before the British could increase their own force.

It is equally certain that the British utterly failed to appreciate the fact that, with the control of the Mystic and Charles Rivers, they could, within twenty-four hours, so isolate Charlestown as to secure the same results as by storming the American position, and without appreciable loss. This was the advice of General Clinton, but he was overruled. They did, ultimately, thereby check reinforcements, but suffered so severely in the battle itself that fully two thirds of the Americans retired safely to the main land.

The delay of the British to advance as soon as the landing was effected was bad tactics. One half of the force could have followed the Mystic and turned the American left wing, long before Colonel Stark's command came upon the field. The British dined as leisurely as if they had only to move any time and seize the threatening position, and thereby lost their chief opportunity.

One single sign of the recognition of any possible risk to themselves was the opening of fire from Boston Neck and

such other positions as faced the American lines, as if to warn them not to attempt the city, or endanger their own lives by sending reinforcements to Charlestown.

THE MOVEMENT.

It is not the purpose of this article to elaborate the details of preparation, which have been so fully discussed by many writers, but to illustrate the value of the action in the light of the relations and conduct of the opposing forces.

Colonel William Prescott, of Pepperell, Massachusetts, Colonel James Frye, of Andover, and Colonel Ebenezer Bridge, of Billerica, whose regiments formed most of the original detail, were members of the council of war which had been organized on the twentieth of April, when General Ward assumed command of the army. Colonel Thomas Knowlton, of Putnam's regiment, was to lead a detachment from the Connecticut troops. Colonel Richard Gridley, chief engineer, with a company of artillery, was also assigned to the moving columns.

To ensure a force of one thousand men, the field order covered nearly fourteen hundred, and Mr. Frothingham shows clearly that the actual force as organized, with artificers and drivers of carts, was not less than twelve hundred men.

Cambridge Common was the place of rendezvous, where, at early twilight of June 16, the Reverend Samuel Langdon, president of Harvard College, invoked the blessing of Almighty God upon the solemn undertaking.

This silent body of earnest men crossed Charlestown Neck, and halted for a clear definition of the impending duty. Major Brooks, of Colonel

Dodge's regiment, joined here, as well as a company of artillery. Captain Nutting, with a detachment of Connecticut men, was promptly sent, by the quickest route, to patrol Charlestown, at the summit of Bunker Hill. Captain Maxwell's company, of Prescott's regiment, was next detailed to patrol the shore in silence and keenly note any activity on board the British men-of-war.

The six vessels lying in the stream were the Somerset, sixty-eight, Captain Edward Le Cross; Cerberus, thirty-six, Captain Chads; Glasgow, thirty-four, Captain William Maltby; Lively, twenty, Captain Thomas Bishop; Falcon, twenty, Captain Linzee, and the Symmetry, transport, with eighteen guns.

While one thousand men worked upon the redoubt which had been located under counsel of Gridley, Prescott, Knowlton, and other officers, the dull thud of the pickaxe and the grating of shovels were the only sounds that disturbed the pervading silence, except as the sentries' "All's well!" from Copp's Hill and from the warships, relieved anxiety and stimulated work. Prescott and Putnam alike, and more than once, visited the beach, to be assured that the seeming security was real; and at daybreak the redoubt, nearly eight rods square and six feet high, was nearly complete.

Scarcely had objects become distinct, when the battery on Copp's Hill and the guns of the Lively opened fire, and startled the garrison of Boston from sleep, to a certainty that the Colonists had taken the offensive.

General Putnam reached headquarters at a very early hour, and secured the detail of a portion of Colonel Stark's regiment, to reinforce the first

detail which had already occupied the Hill.

At nine o'clock, a council of war was held at Breed's Hill. Major John Brooks was sent to ask for more men and more rations. Richard Devens, of the Committee of Safety, then in session, was influential in persuading General Ward to furnish prompt reinforcements. By eleven o'clock, the whole of Stark's and Reed's New Hampshire regiments were on their march, and in time to meet the first shock of battle. Portions of other regiments hastened to the aid of those already waiting for the fight to begin.

The details of men were not exactly defined, in all cases, when the urgent call for reinforcements reached headquarters. Little's regiment of Essex men; Brewer's, of Worcester and Middlesex, with their Lieutenant-Colonel Buckminster; Nixon's, led by Nixon himself; Moore's, from Worcester; Whitcomb's, of Lancaster, and others, promptly accepted the opportunity to take part in the offensive, and challenge the British garrison to a contest-at-arms, and well they bore their part in the struggle.

THE AMERICAN POSITION.

The completion of the redoubt only made more distinct the necessity for additional defences. A line of breastworks, a few rods in length, was carried to the left, and then to the rear, in order to connect with a stone fence which was accepted as a part of the line, since the fence ran perpendicularly to the Mystic; and the intention was to throw some protection across the entire peninsula to the river. A small pond and some spongy ground were left open, as non-essential, considering the value of every moment; and

every exertion was made for the protection of the immediate front. The stone fence, like those still common in New England, was two or three feet high, with set posts and two rails; in all, about five feet high, the top rail giving a rest for a rifle. A zigzag "stake and rider fence" was put in front, the meadow division-fences being stripped for the purpose. The fresh-mown hay filled the interval between the fences. This line was nearly two hundred yards in rear of the face of the redoubt, and near the foot of Bunker Hill. Captain Knowlton, with two pieces of artillery and Connecticut troops, was assigned, by Colonel Prescott, to the right of this position, adjoining the open gap already mentioned. Between the fence and the river, more conspicuous at low tide, was a long gap, which was promptly filled by Stark as soon as he reached the ground, thus, as far as possible, to anticipate the very flanking movement which the British afterward attempted.

Putnam was everywhere active, and, after the fences were as well secured as time would allow, he ordered the tools taken to Bunker Hill for the establishment of a second line on higher ground, in case the first could not be maintained. His importunity with General Ward had secured the detail of the whole of Reed's, as well as the balance of Stark's, regiment, so that the entire left was protected by New Hampshire troops. With all their energy they were able to gather from the shore only stone enough for partial cover, while they lay down, or kneeled, to fire.

The whole force thus spread out to meet the British army was less than sixteen hundred men. Six pieces of artillery were in use at different times,

but with little effect. The cannon cartridges were at last distributed for the rifles, and five of the guns were left on the field when retreat became inevitable.

Reference to the map will indicate the position thus outlined. It was evident that the landing could not be prevented. Successive barges landed the well-equipped troops, and they took their positions, and their dinner, under the blaze of the hot sun, as if nothing but ordinary duty was awaiting their leisure.

THE BRITISH ADVANCE.

It was nearly three o'clock in the afternoon when the British army formed for the advance. General Howe was expected to break and envelop the American left wing, take the redoubt in the rear, and cut off retreat to Bunker Hill and the mainland. The light infantry moved closely along the Mystic. The grenadiers advanced upon the stone fence, while the British left demonstrated toward the unprotected gap which was between the fence and the short breastwork next the redoubt. General Pigot with the extreme left wing moved directly upon the redoubt. The British artillery had been supplied with twelve-pound shot for six-pounder guns, and, thus disabled, were ordered to use only grape. The guns were, therefore, advanced to the edge of an old brick-kiln, as the spongy ground and heavy grass did not permit ready handling of guns at the foot of the hill slope, or even just at its left. This secured a more effective range of fire upon the skeleton defences of the American centre, and an eligible position for a direct fire upon the exposed portion of the American front, and both breastwork and redoubt.

The advance of the British army was like a solemn pageant in its steady headway, and like a parade for inspection in its completeness. This army, bearing knapsacks and full campaign equipment, moved forward as if, by the force of its closely knit columns, it must sweep every barrier away. But, right in the way was a calm, intense love of liberty. It was represented by men of the same blood and of equal daring.

A strong contrast marked the opposing Englishmen that summer afternoon. The plain men handled plain firelocks. Oxhorns held their powder, and their pockets held their bullets. Coatless, under the broiling sun, unincumbered, unadorned by plume or service medal, pale and wan after their night of toil and their day of hunger, thirst, and waiting, this live obstruction calmly faced the advancing splendor.

A few hasty shots, quickly restrained, drew an innocent fire from the British front rank. The pale, stern men behind the slight defence, obedient to a strong will, answer not to the quick volley, and nothing to the audible commands of the advancing columns, — waiting, still.

No painter can make the scene more clear than the recital of sober deposition, and the record left by survivors of either side. History has no contradictions to confuse the realities of that momentous tragedy.

The British left wing is near the redoubt. It has only to mount a fresh earthbank, hardly six feet high, and its clods and sands can almost be counted, — it is so near, so easy — sure.

Short, crisp, and earnest, low-toned, but felt as an electric pulse, are the words of Prescott. Warren, by his side, repeats. The words fly through the impatient lines. The eager fingers

give back from the waiting trigger. "Steady, men." "Wait until you see the white of the eye." "Not a shot sooner." "Aim at the handsome coats." "Aim at the waistbands." "Pick off the commanders." "Wait for the word, every man, — *steady*."

Those plain men, so patient, can already count the buttons, can read the emblems on the breastplate, can recognize the officers and men whom they had seen parade on Boston Common. Features grow more distinct. The silence is awful. The men seem dead — waiting for one word. On the British right the light infantry gain equal advance just as the left wing almost touched the redoubt. Moving over more level ground, they quickly made the greater distance, and passed the line of those who marched directly up the hill. The grenadiers moved firmly upon the centre, with equal confidence, and space lessens to that which the spirit of the impending word defines. That word waits behind the centre and left wing, as it lingers at breastwork and redoubt. Sharp, clear, and deadly in tone and essence, it rings forth, — *Fire !*

THE REPULSE.

From redoubt to river, along the whole sweep of devouring flame, the forms of men wither as in a furnace heat. The whole front goes down. For an instant the chirp of the cricket and grasshopper in the fresh-mown hay might almost be heard; then the groans of the wounded, then the shouts of impatient yeomen who spring forth to pursue, until recalled to silence and duty. Staggering, but reviving, grand in the glory of their manhood, heroic in restored self-possession, with steady step in the face of fire, and over the

bodies of the dead, the British remnant renew battle. Again, a deadly volley, and the shattered columns, in spite of entreaty or command, speed back to the place of landing, and the first shock of arms is over.

A lifetime, when it is past, is but as a moment. A moment, sometimes, is as a lifetime. Onset and repulse. Three hundred lifetimes ended in twenty minutes.

Putnam hastened to Bunker Hill to gather scattering parties in the rear and urge coming reinforcements across the isthmus, where the fire from British frigates swept with fearful energy, but nothing could bring them in time. The men who had toiled all night, and had just proved their valor, were again to be tested.

The British reformed promptly, in the perfection of their discipline. Their artillery was pushed forward nearer the angle made by the breastwork next the redoubt, and the whole line advanced, deployed as before, across the entire American front. The ships of-war increased their fire across the isthmus. Charlestown had been fired, and more than four hundred houses kindled into one vast wave of smoke and flame, until a sudden breeze swept its quivering volume away and exposed to view of the watchful Americans the returning tide of battle. No scattering shots in advance this time. It is only when a space of hardly five rods is left, and a swift plunge could almost forerun the rifle flash, that the word of execution impels the bullet, and the entire front rank, from redoubt to river, is swept away. Again, and again, the attempt is made to rally and inspire the paralyzed troops; but the living tide flows back, even to the river.

Another twenty minutes, — hardly

twenty-five, — and the death angel has gathered his sheaves of human hopes, as when the Royal George went down beneath the waters with its priceless value of human lives.

At the first repulse the thirty-eighth regiment took shelter by a stone fence, along the road which passes about the base of Breed's Hill; but at the second repulse, supported by the fifth, it re-organized, just under the advanced crest of Breed's Hill for a third advance.

It was an hour of grave issues. Burgoyne, who watched the progress from Copp's Hill, says: "A moment of the day was critical."

Stedman says: "A continuous blaze of musketry, incessant and destructive."

Gordon says: "The British officers pronounced it downright butchery to lead the men afresh against those lines."

Ramsay says: "Of one company not more than five, and of another not more than fourteen, escaped."

Lossing says: "Whole platoons were lain upon the earth, like grass by the mower's scythe."

Marshall says: "The British line, wholly broken, fell back with precipitation to the landing-place."

Frothingham quotes this statement of a British officer: "Most of our grenadiers and light infantry, the moment they presented themselves, lost three fourths, and many nine tenths, of their men. Some had only eight and nine men to a company left, some only three, four, and five."

Botta says: "A shower of bullets. The field was covered with the slain."

Bancroft says: "A continuous sheet of fire."

Stark says: "The dead lay as thick as sheep in a fold."

It was, indeed, a strange episode in British history, in view of the British assertion of assured supremacy, whenever an issue challenged that supremacy.

Clinton and Burgoyne, watching from the redoubt on Copp's Hill, realized at once the gravity of the situation, and Clinton promptly offered his aid to rescue the army.

Four hundred additional marines and the forty-seventh regiment were promptly landed. This fresh force, under Clinton, was ordered to flank the redoubt and scale its face to the extreme left. General Howe, with the grenadiers and light infantry, supported by the artillery, undertook the storming of the breastworks, bending back from the mouth of the redoubt, and so commanding the centre entrance.

General Pigot was ordered to rally the remnants of the fifth, thirty-eighth, forty-third, and fifty-second regiments, to connect the two wings, and attack the redoubt in front.

A mere demonstration was ordered upon the American left, while the artillery was to advance a few rods and then swing to its left, so as to sweep the breastwork for Howe's advance.

THE ASSAULT.

The dress parade movement of the first advance was not repeated. A contest between equals was at hand. Victory or ruin was the alternative for those who so proudly issued from the Boston barracks at sunrise for the suppression of pretentious rebellion. Knapsacks were thrown aside. British veterans stripped for fight. Not a single regiment of those engaged had passed such a fearful ordeal in its whole history as a single hour had witnessed. The power of discipline, the energy of experienced

commanders, and the pressure of honored antecedents, combined to make the movement as trying as it was momentous.

The Americans were no less under a solemn responsibility. At the previous attack, some loaded while others fired, so that the expenditure of powder was great, almost exhaustive. The few remaining cannon cartridges were economically distributed. There was no longer a possibility of reinforcements. The fire from the shipping swept the isthmus. There were less than fifty bayonets to the entire command.

During the afternoon Ward sent his own regiment, as well as Patterson's and Gardner's, but few men reached the actual front in time to share in the last resistance. Gardner did, indeed, reach Bunker Hill to aid Putnam in establishing a second line on that summit, but fell in the discharge of the duty. Febiger, previously conspicuous at Quebec, and afterward at Stony Point, gathered a portion of Gerrishe's regiment, and reached the redoubt in time to share in the final struggle; but the other regiments, without their fault, were too late.

At this time, Putnam seemed to appreciate the full gravity of the crisis, and made the most of every available resource to concentrate a reserve for a second defence, but in vain.

Prescott, within the redoubt, at once recognized the method of the British advance. The wheel of the British artillery to the left after it passed the line of the redoubt, secured to it an enfilading fire, which insured the reduction of the redoubt and cut off retreat. There was no panic at that hour of supreme peril. The order to reserve fire until the enemy was within twenty yards was obediently regarded, and it

was not until a pressure upon three faces of the redoubt forced the last issue, that the defenders poured forth one more destructive volley. A single cannon cartridge was distributed for the final effort, and then, with clubbed guns and the nerve of desperation, the slow retreat began, contesting, man to man and inch by inch. Warren fell, shot through the head, in the mouth of the fort.

The battle was not quite over, even then. Jackson rallied Gardner's men on Bunker Hill, and with three companies of Ward's regiment and Febiger's party, so covered the retreat as to save half of the garrison. The New Hampshire troops of Stark and Reed, with Colt's and Chester's companies, still held the fence line clear to the river, and covered the escape of Prescott's command until the last cartridge had been expended, and then their deliberate, well-ordered retreat bore testimony alike to their virtue and valor.

THE END.

Putnam made one final effort at Bunker Hill, but in vain, and the army retired to Prospect Hill, which Putnam had already fortified in advance.

The British did not pursue. Clinton urged upon General Howe an immediate attack upon Cambridge; but Howe declined the movement. The gallant Prescott offered to retake Bunker Hill by storming if he could have three fresh regiments; but it was not deemed best to waste further resources at the time.

Such, as briefly as it can be clearly outlined, was the battle of Bunker Hill.

Nearly one third of each army was left on the field.

The British loss was nineteen officers killed and seventy wounded, itself a

striking evidence of the prompt response to Prescott's orders before the action began. Of rank and file, two hundred and seven were killed and seven hundred and fifty-eight were wounded. Total, ten hundred and fifty-four.

The American loss was one hundred and forty-five killed and missing, and three hundred and four wounded. Total, four hundred and forty-nine.

Such is the record of a battle which, in less than two hours, destroyed a town, laid fifteen hundred men upon the field, equalized the relations of veterans and militia, aroused three millions of people to a definite struggle for National Independence, and fairly opened the war for its accomplishment.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. The hasty organization of the command is marked by one feature not often regarded, and that is the readiness with which men of various regiments enlisted in the enterprise. Washington, in his official report of the casualties, thus specifies the loss :—

Colonel of Regiment.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Frye,	10	38	4
Little,	7	23	—
Brewer,	12	22	—
Gridley,	—	4	—
Stark,	15	45	—
Woodbridge,	—	5	—
Scammon,	—	2	—
Bridge,	17	25	—
Whitcomb,	5	8	2
Ward,	1	6	—
Gerrishe,	3	5	—
Reed,	3	29	1
Prescott,	43	46	—
Doolittle,	6	9	—
Gardner,	—	7	—
Patterson,	—	1	1
Nixon,	3	—	—

NOTE 2. The record, brief as it is, shows that hot controversies as to the question of precedence in command are beneath the merits of the struggle, because all worked just where the swift transitions of the crisis best commanded presence and influence.

NOTE 3. As both the Morton and Moulton families had property near the British landing-place, it is immaterial whether hill or point bear the name of one or the other. Hence the author of this sketch, in a memorial examination of this battle, elsewhere, deemed it but just to recognize both, without

attempt to harmonize differences upon an immaterial matter.

NOTE 4. The occupation of Lechmere Point, Cobble Hill, Ploughed Hill, and Prospect Hill, as shown upon the map of Boston and vicinity, rendered the British occupation of Bunker Hill a barren victory, silenced the activity of a thousand men, vindicated the wisdom of the American occupation, however transient, rescued Boston, and projected the spirit of the battle of Bunker Hill into all the issues which culminated at Yorktown, October 19, 1781.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

BY RUSSELL STURGIS, JR.

IN the sketch of the Boston Association, which appeared in the April number of this Magazine, mention was made of the work of Mr. L. P. Rowland, corresponding member of Massachusetts of the international committee, in establishing kindred associations throughout the State. This article is to give a brief history of the spread and work of these associations, and I am largely indebted to Mr. Sayford, late state secretary, for the data. It was natural that as soon as it was known that an organization had been formed in Boston to do distinctive work for young men, that in other places where the need was realized the desire for a like work should spring up; but, in the absence of organized effort to promote this, very little was done, and in 1856, five years after the parent association was formed, there were only six in all, that is, in Boston, Charlestown, Worcester, Lowell, Springfield, and Haverhill.

In December, 1866, the Boston Association called a convention, when twelve hundred delegates met and sat for two days at the Tremont Temple. General Christian work was discussed, but the distinctive work for young men was earnestly advocated.

When Mr. Rowland undertook the work, as an officer of the international committee, it spread rapidly, and in 1868 there were one hundred and two, and in 1869, one hundred and nine, associations in Massachusetts. This number was, later, somewhat further increased.

Up to 1867 there had been no conference of the state associations, but at the international convention, at Montreal, in that year, it was strongly urged upon the corresponding members of the various States and provinces that they should call state conventions, and thus the first Massachusetts convention of Young Men's Christian Associations

was held at Springfield, October 10 and 11. The Honorable Whiting Griswold, of Greenfield, was president, and among the prominent men present were Henry F. Durant and ex-Vice-President Wilson. In 1868, the convention met at Worcester; in 1869, at Lowell. At this time there were fifty associations reporting reading-rooms, and thirty were holding *open-air meetings*, which means, that, since there are many persons who never enter a building to hear the gospel, it should be taken to them. Since these services are almost peculiarly a characteristic of association work, let me describe them. One or two men, clergymen or laymen, are appointed to take charge of the meeting, while from six to ten men go with them to lead the singing. Having reached the common or public square where men and women are lounging about, the group start a familiar hymn and sing, perhaps, two or three, by which time many have drawn near and most are listening; then mounting a bench or packing-box, the leader says he proposes to pray to the God of whom they have been singing, and asks them to join with him; then with uncovered head he speaks to God and asks him to bless the words that shall be spoken. Another hymn, and then some Bible scene or striking incident is read and commented upon, and when interest is fairly roused the gospel is *preached in its simplicity* and a *direct appeal* made to the people. There is a wonderful fascination in this service—a naturalness in all the surroundings, so like the circumstances of our Lord's discourses, that makes God's nearness felt, and inspires great faith for results. Great have been these results—how great we shall know by-and-by. Many a soul has thus been born by the sea, in the grove, on the village green, at the place where

streets meet in the busy city. How can we reach the masses? is the earnest question of the church. *Go to them!* To the association is due the fact that thousands of laymen are to-day proclaiming the gospel in all parts of the world, successful through their simple study of the Word and the encouragement and training which they have received in this school.

The fourth convention was held in Chelsea, in 1870, on which occasion the Honorable Cephas Brainard, chairman of the international executive committee, said: "To promote the permanency of associations, our labor must be chiefly for young men; increasing as rapidly as possible edifices of our own; and cultivating frequent fraternal intercourse with the eight hundred associations in the land." Up to 1881 no agents had been appointed by the state convention to superintend its work. Mr. Rowland was taking time, given him for rest, to visit associations and towns needing them.

At the international convention, in 1868, at Detroit, two Massachusetts men met, who were to be largely instrumental in carrying on the work in the State so dear to them; and in 1871, in far-off Illinois, these two men—K. A. Burnell, and he who has almost without a break served on the Massachusetts committee to this day—met again, prayed for Massachusetts, consulted together, and the result was that at the convention of 1871, at Northampton, a state executive committee was appointed.

At this time calls from many parts of the State were coming to the association workers from pastors of churches for lay help and they felt that these calls must be met. Mr. Burnell was engaged to conduct the work, and with the help of the committee individually, meetings

of two and three days were held in from forty to sixty towns each year for three years. This work was continued by paid secretaries, still largely aided by the committee, till 1879.

During this time but little was done to strengthen existing associations, and nothing in establishing new ones, therefore, while the influence of the convention of associations was greatly felt throughout the State, the associations themselves suffered. Very many were doing nothing, and many had ceased to exist.

We should not dare to say that the associations did wrong in thus giving themselves to the evangelistic work, while the calls for it were greater than the committee could meet. This work engrossed them till the calls began to slacken, and then they awoke to the fact that they were neglecting their true work, a special instrumentality in which they believed and for which they existed — that is, “A work for young men by young men through physical, social, mental, and spiritual appliances.”

This led to a series of resolutions at the Lowell convention, in 1879, directing the committee to confine their efforts to the strengthening and organizing of associations, and to appoint a secretary to give his whole time to the work.

Mr. Sayford was called from New York, appointed general secretary, and began to work in January, 1880.

At this time there were thirty-five associations in the State, only four of which had general secretaries, paid men who gave all their time to the work.

In October, the number of secretaries had more than doubled, nine being at work. The total membership at this time was, in round numbers, six thousand, with property amounting to about two hundred and ten thousand dollars.

The thirty-three associations which reported at this time at the Lynn convention represented somewhat more than five hundred active working men, and they conducted one hundred and ten religious meetings a week.

In 1881, the only addition of note was the beginning of the railway work in the State, when a general secretary was employed, and rooms opened at Springfield by the Boston and Albany Railroad Company. This important work, carried on most vigorously at various railway centres in other States, had for some time been pressed upon the state committee, but they had been unable to obtain any footing till now. At the convention of this year, at Spencer, the advantage of association work in colleges was brought out in an able paper by our present state secretary, then a representative of Williams College.

At this convention the committee on executive committee's report said: “It is evident from the reports of executive committee and state secretary, that, while the process of the last two years has decreased the number of the associations in the State, it has greatly increased their efficiency. Some associations were found to have been long since privately buried, though the name was allowed to remain upon the door. These have been removed. Others had been left to die uncared for in the field. These have been decently buried. Some were found so sick as to be past hope, and their last days were made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. Others were found to be more or less seriously ill, and have been skilfully treated. The result is that at least twenty-four associations are well, and could do much more work if they chose; while ten, in robust condition, and under the management and inspiration of skilled general secretaries, are

doing grand work for young men in their several localities."

The reduction here spoken of is from one hundred and nine associations in 1869 to thirty-four in 1881; yet the work was being better done by the smaller number, and it is thus accounted for: Few dreamed to what this work would grow, therefore their aim was extremely vague, and the methods were inadequate. Seeing the need, — deeply interested in the salvation of young men, — the *idea* of the association took everywhere. They sprang up all over the State. Organization followed organization in rapid succession, and then they waited to be told what to do, or flung themselves into the first seeming opening with no thought whether it was the work for which they were formed; and we remember of hearing of one Young Men's Christian Association whose whole energies were concentrated upon a mission Sunday-school in a deserted district, — a good work, but not a proper Young Men's Christian Association's work, when it represented all that was being done.

Two things, however, were accomplished, even in those early days, for which we must always be very grateful, and in themselves are a sufficient *raison d'être*. *Young men were trained to work*, and the reflex influence upon their minds was very great, and the real unity of the church of Christ was manifested as never before. The Young Men's Christian Association in town and village formed the natural rallying-point for all united work. A third great blessing should be mentioned. Not only has the unity of Christ's church been manifested, but also its distinctive standing upon the great Bible doctrines of the cross, which vitally separate it from all other religious bodies.

Gradually the greatness of this work for young men has been appreciated, as the strong opposing forces have been met. The association is intended to influence those who are in the energy and full flush of young manhood, when the desires are strong, most responsive, and least guarded. The social instinct then is very strong. It is natural, and must be met in some form. Sinful allurements of every kind invite the young man, hurtful companionship welcomes him, the ordinary appliances of the church have no attraction for him. The association must see to it that his social craving is met by that which is interesting enough to attract him, and yet is safe. To counteract baleful attractions, others which call forth strong sympathy, and appliances which *cost*, in every sense of the word, must be furnished.

This means pleasant rooms, books, papers, good companionship, classes, lectures, concerts, the hall, and the gymnasium; but more important than all, a trained man who shall give his whole time and heart to the work, and be amply remunerated.

Since these things are more or less necessary to successful effort for young men, it will readily be seen why so many associations have ceased to exist.

The committee have come to the conclusion that every town in the State where rooms can be kept open in charge of a general secretary should have a Young Men's Christian Association, and where these cannot be furnished we are not anxious to establish it.

At the convention of 1882, in Charlestown, it became apparent that, to meet the calls for evangelistic work and push the distinctive association work, two men were required. Two, therefore, were appointed: one to give his time

largely to evangelistic work, the other wholly to that of the association. In the following year, 1883, the evangelistic secretary decided to do the same work independently of the committee, and the whole energy of the state secretary has been devoted to the organization of association work.

We may safely say that, although numerically small, never before has this work been so efficiently organized as now, and never has there been so much done as now for young men. At the convention of 1881, a constitution was adopted which binds the different state associations in organic union. These hold an annual convention of three days, at which time one half of the executive committee is chosen, thus making it a perpetual body. This committee represents every section of the State, and meets monthly for consultation; while the individual members are means of communication between headquarters in Boston and other respective sections. There is a further subdivision into three districts, each of which holds a quarterly conference of one day, under the management of the district committee.

The associations now number 35.

Membership, about 11,300.

Employing general secretaries, 19.

Having buildings, 7.

Value of buildings, say, \$490,000.

Value of building funds and lots, \$50,000.

Having rooms, 23.

Having gymnasiums, 8.

Annual expenses, about \$65,000.

This is only a beginning. This work for young men is far too important to remain within such limits. Every town in the Commonwealth of seven thousand inhabitants should have a fully equipped association. Some smaller towns already have.

My excuse for this sketch is: first, the importance of the subject; second, the ignorance concerning it of a large portion of the Christian community; third, that the blessings of the work and its support may be shared by far greater numbers; and, lastly, that the courtesy of the editors of *The Bay State Monthly* afforded altogether too good an opportunity for making this work known, to be lost.

TOWN AND CITY HISTORIES.

BY ROBERT LUCE.

THE United States government has now in press two volumes of the census of 1880, entitled *The Social Statistics of Cities*. These statistics have been in process of preparation for some four years, under direction of Colonel George E. Waring, jr., the eminent sanitary engineer, of Newport, Rhode Island. They will fill two large quarto volumes of something over six hundred pages each; and as each page will average over one thousand words, it will be

seen that the work will, at least, be massive and imposing, like most government publications. Unlike many of these, however, it will not be dull, unintelligible, or valueless. The fact that one half of it is devoted to the history of the cities of our land is well-nigh sufficient proof that these epithets cannot be applied to it, and the question is settled beyond a doubt when it is learned that the greater part of the labor has been performed by people

who are well known in the literary world, and who brought to their task experience and ability, — rare qualifications to be found combined in government employees. Colonel Waring himself, though a clear thinker and good writer, furnished comparatively little manuscript to the volumes, but he has revised them thoroughly, and has stamped them with his individuality.

It was Colonel Waring's original design to embrace in his work the statistics of the twenty largest cities of the country, and these happened to be the cities that in 1880 had more than one hundred thousand inhabitants. Then it was decided to allow the smaller cities to be represented if they chose, and early in the work steps were taken to induce them to furnish the necessary material. Over two hundred of the largest were given all the opportunities for representation that could be asked for, and, as a consequence, nearly every community in the land containing more than ten thousand inhabitants has a more or less full account. Each one of these is prefaced by a small outline plan, on which is marked the direction in which the surrounding cities lie, and the distance to each. Accompanying this plan are tables of the population at different decades, and of the sex, color, and nativity of the present population. Then comes an historical sketch, and then an account of the present condition of the community. This last describes the location and topography fully; gives the principal features of the country immediately tributary; details the facilities for communication given by railroads and by water; gives statistics about the climate; describes the public buildings and public works, including water and gas works; gives

figures about the streets, horse railroads, and markets; touches upon the places and methods of amusement, and the parks and pleasure-grounds; the sewers, the cemeteries, sanitary organization (boards of health), and the system, or lack of system, of municipal cleansing, — all receive especially full treatment, as would naturally be expected when a sanitary engineer of Colonel Waring's stamp had charge of the work; the police department gets its share of the space; and in some cases the schools, fire department, and commerce are represented. The material from which these accounts were compiled was, in the main, obtained by sending schedules of questions to the various town and city officials; in the case of some of the largest cities the material was secured by special agents, but in general, the desire of the cities to be represented was considered sufficient guaranty that the schedule would be filled out fully and accurately, and this generally proved to be the case.

The historical sketches of the smaller cities and towns were compiled from information obtained in the same way, and from gazetteers, encyclopædias, town and city histories, and all other sources available at the headquarters of the bureau. To the preparation of the sketches of the twenty largest cities, especial attention was devoted, and the results have been correspondingly valuable. Perhaps the most important, both from the historical and literary point of view, will be the sketch of the history of New Orleans, written by George W. Cable, who is better known as a novelist, but who has no mean abilities as an historian. His familiarity with the Creole element in New Orleans past and present, together with

a very happy style of writing, have made for him more than a national reputation, from which this sketch will not detract. Originally his work was intended to occupy some ninety pages of the report, but later, unfortunately, it had to be condensed into fifty. Luckily it will not be found necessary to omit a number of interesting maps that accompany it.

Next in value, perhaps from the purely historical point of view the most valuable, or at least the most complete, of all, comes the sketch of the early history of St. Louis, by Professor Waterhouse. The author became greatly interested in his task, and spent a vast amount of time in collecting materials for it. From the care bestowed on the work, it may be taken for granted that this will be as full and accurate an account of the settlement and early history of the "Philadelphia of the West" as can possibly be compiled. It is expected that it will occupy fifty or sixty pages of the report, and even then it will only bring the history down to 1823, when the first city government was organized.

The largest of the Eastern cities furnish little chance for original work in an historical line, but yet the sketch of New York by Martha J. Lamb, of Philadelphia by Susan Coolidge, and of Boston by Colonel Waring, will be acceptable additions to the very scanty stock of American historical literature.

The words "very scanty" are used most advisedly, for in very truth the American *historian* is a *rara avis*. Of American compilers-of-facts, to be sure, there have been and are very many, but an aggregation of details is not a history, nor can a man who makes a book out of local gossip and the biographies of local heroes and heroines be called

an historian. The truth of this fact has been most forcibly impressed on the writer in the course of preparing for the Census Bureau historical sketches of many of the leading cities of the country, and he has become thoroughly convinced that of all the vulnerable portions of American literature that which pertains to the history of American towns and cities is the most vulnerable.

In the first place, American town and city *histories* are few. In the second place, the books that pretend to be such are many, and as a rule historically worthless. In the third place, both the real and the sham are intensely dull.

Real histories are few, evidently because there is not demand enough to encourage historians to enter the field, and not because material is lacking. With the exception of the Atlantic seaboard, our country has been developed in an age pre-eminent for records and statistics; and there is scarcely a town or city in the land that has not its records and its public documents, its newspaper files and its Fourth-of-July orations, — all replete with information waiting for the historian. Nearly every State has its Historical Society, and Pioneer Associations are as plenty in our glorious West as was the fever and ague with which their members were baptized. If the golden opportunities of autobiography are lost, the American historian of the future will have to be satisfied, as must be satisfied the New England historian of to-day, with the meagre, lifeless information given by records, and the hyperbolical, untrustworthy knowledge to be obtained from local tradition and gossip.

We need go no farther to find the

first reason why American histories are so meagre and dull. They are not pictures from life. The fact is, that the historian might as well try to write a valuable and interesting history from the materials which our older cities possess, as a painter might try to paint the battle of Crécy from the details given by Froissart. To be sure we have all seen such pictures, but who has more than admired them?

The absence of contemporaneous literature has been the greatest misfortune of all history. Every student knows how great and deplorable are the breaks constantly met with in tracing the thread of past events. Shall we, then, let the students of posterity remain in the dark on such questions as these: why Providence became the second city of New England; why she left Newport so badly in the race for prosperity; why Buffalo and Cincinnati went up, while Black Rock and North Bend went down; why Chicago became the largest manufacturing city on the continent; why New England kept the town-meeting, and the West preferred the township and the county; and why a thousand and one other important things happened. To be sure we have had Bancroft, and Sparks, and Hildreth, but these and their brethren have told us as little about the history of the people as Lingard, Hume, Hallam, and all the rest of them told England. Within a very few years historians have begun to see this defect, and such men as Green, Lodge, and MacMaster have undertaken to give us histories of the people, the first and last taking the lead on their respective sides of the Atlantic. MacMaster's work is excellent as far as it goes. His first volume is deep and scholarly, and does credit to American literature. It is clear that

the task of its preparation was immense, and more time must have been spent in merely collecting authorities than has been bestowed altogether on more pretentious histories. Where Mr. MacMaster found all these authorities is a puzzle, for even such libraries as those in Boston and Cambridge have not all the materials for such an undertaking. Yet even he leaves many points untouched, or cursorily disposed of. Among the subjects referred to, of which we would like to learn more, may be mentioned: the township system of the West, the development of American municipal institutions, and, above all, the origin and rise of the various centres of population and business which we call cities.

The history of a nation should be compiled in the same way that the French people of the *ancien régime* compiled their lists of grievances to be presented to the king. In the early States-generals the deputies of all the orders received from the electors mandates of instructions containing an enumeration of the public grievances of which they were to demand redress. From the multitude of these *cahiers* (or codices), the three estates, that is, the clergy, the nobility, and the third estate (the people), compiled each a single cahier to serve as the exponent of its grievances and its demands. When this complex process had been completed and the three residual cahiers had been given to the king, the States-general, the only representative body of France, was dissolved.

Thus it should be with our national history. Already the clergy have presented their cahiers in the shape of church histories and theological essays innumerable. The nobles, that is, the statesmen and politicians, have

formulated their lists of grievances in such works as *Thirty Year's View*, *The Great Conflict*, *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America*, etc. But where is the cahier of the third estate? The States-general has met and the *tiers état* is not ready. What excuse have they? Quick comes the answer: "Our electors have sent in but few cahiers, and these are defective. We cannot tell our king, the nation, what the people were and what they are, what they have and what they want, until they tell us. Our cahier must wait the pleasure of the people." Meanwhile, the regent, irreverently called Uncle Sam, who rules the land while his master is away in Utopia, reads the cahiers of the nobles, laughs in his sleeve at that of the clergy, and forgets all about that of the third estate. Or if he thinks of it at all, it is only to try to fill its place with twenty-four-volume Census Reports and massive tomes from the other departments.

The cahiers of the third estate are, in truth, few and defective, yet there are some communities that have done their work well. For example, there is *The Memorial History of Boston* which does credit even to the Hub of American historical literature. It was the work of cultivated men, and although the cooks were many, the broth is excellent. That the people were a-hungering for just such broth is shown by the fact that the net profits from it in the first twelve months after publication, as it is said, were over fifty thousand dollars.

Boston is almost the only city in the land that has been the subject of a full, accurate, and interesting history. *The History of New York*, by Martha J. Lamb, is not so full as might have been wished, but is otherwise unexception-

able. New York is fortunate in having the most graphic and humorous history of its early days that any city in the world ever had, but nobody except Diedrich Knickerbocker himself ever claimed a great amount of accuracy and truthfulness for his unrivaled work.

It was to be expected that our older cities, — those whose seeds were planted by Puritans, Dutch traders, Catholic fugitives, Quakers, Cavalier spendthrifts and rogues, Huguenot exiles, and in general the motley crowd that sought the land of milk and honey in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries, — it was to be expected that these cities would have historians *ad nauseam*. The very nature of the early colonization of America, the elements of romance and adventure so conspicuous in the history of early days on the Atlantic coast, gave warrant to such expectations, and the event has justified them. But where the romance and adventure end, the historian lays down his pen. It is left to the census enumerator to complete the work, and the brazen age of statistics follows the golden age of history.

As the cities in the heart of the continent have very little of the picturesque in their history, the same line of reasoning would lead us to expect that the historian would carefully avoid them, or else write only of their earliest days, when Dame Fortune was yet coquetting on the boards with Mr. Yankee Adventurer. Again we are not mistaken, for we find that what few critics are present when the curtain is rung up, leave the house when the first act ends with the death of the aforesaid adventurer. How the fickle dame flirts with all the neighboring young men, and at last, at the end of the second act, has her

attention led by Captain Location to the hero of the piece as a suitable mate for her wayward daughter, Miss Prosperity, — all this is usually written up from hearsay. For the third act, wherein the twin brothers Steamboat Navigation and Railroad Communication help the hero to press his suit, the imagination often suffices. The grand finale, however, brings back some of the old set of critics, together with a host of new ones, who describe in glowing language the setting of the act, the costumes, the music, etc., and tell minutely how young Miss Prosperity blushing yet boldly promises to be forever true to the gallant hero, now known under his rightful name of Mr. Metropolis. According to the critic, this grand drama always ends happily for all concerned; the acting is always perfect, — the best ever seen on the stage; the scenery has seldom been equaled, never excelled. And this is the way the public hears about every "greatest drama ever produced on any stage."

Do you think the critic too harshly criticized? Look for yourself. Take Cleveland, if you want a good city with which to begin your explorations among the histories of Western cities. Here is one of the loveliest places in all the basin of the Great Lakes — rich, prosperous, beautiful. It was the one city which all the travelers through the West in the second quarter of this century united in declaring to be attractive. For instance, J. S. Buckingham, who visited America forty-three years ago, complimented Cleveland as follows, in a book called *The Eastern and Western States of America*: "The buildings of Cleveland are all remarkably clean and neat, many of them in excellent architectural style,

and, like the dwellings we saw at Cincinnati and other towns of Ohio, all evincing more taste, love of flowers, and attention to order and adornment than in most of the States of the Union." Mrs. Pulzky, who accompanied Kossuth in his journey through America, in 1852, wrote in her diary: "Cleveland is a neat, clean, and agreeable city, on Lake Erie. Americans call it the 'Forest City,' though the original forests have disappeared. Cleveland has a most lovely aspect; with the exception of the business streets, every house is surrounded by a garden. It was for the first time that I found love of nature in an American population. On the journey, until here, I had always missed pleasure-grounds and trees around the cottages."

The growth of Cleveland was steady and healthy. Although foreigners came to it in large numbers, it has been and is a representative American city. The spirit of public improvement early made itself felt here, as has been intimated by the above quotations; wide avenues, beautiful dwellings, pleasure-grounds, both public and private, — all the attractions that a lavish expenditure of money can secure were bestowed upon it. The oil discoveries of a quarter of a century ago made many of its citizens wealthy, and their city was so pleasant to live in, that, unlike most Western people who have gained sudden wealth, they stayed at home to spend their money.

From the history of the rise of such a community, much might be learned. Yet in the large libraries of the East we find only one book on the subject, and Poole's mammoth Index — that "Open, sesame," of the literary man — refers us to not a single magazine article

of any sort on Cleveland. The book referred to is entitled *Early History of Cleveland*, with *Biographical Notices of the Pioneers and Survivors*; its author was Colonel Charles Whittlesey. As is the case in almost all such histories, the biographical notices form a very considerable portion of the book, and, as usual, its value is diminished in an exactly equivalent degree; for the biographies of Western pioneers are fully as tedious and valueless as the catalogue of ships in the second book of Homer. And, oh! the garrulity of the biographers, the minuteness of detail, the petty incidents, the host of dates! With these we are inflicted because some adventurous Yankee happened, by sheer luck, to build the first shanty on what became the site of a great city, or chanced there to be a pioneer victim of the "shakes" or the jaundice!

Whittlesey's book contains four hundred and eighty-seven pages. Of these he uses up seventy-six before he gets a civilized man in what became Cuyahoga County, and fifty more before he gets any actual settlers to the mouth of the Cuyahoga River. The history of the next thirteen or fourteen years, down to the War of 1812, fills the mass of the book, details being here given that really have historical value. The last forty pages are devoted to the history of the two or three following decades. Nothing is told us about the actual development of a great city,—the haps and mishaps, the successes and failures, in short, the growth, of the community.

This same Colonel Whittlesey, in a volume entitled *Fugitive Essays*, published a sketch of the history of Cleveland covering the same ground more concisely, and also giving a few extra

details about the history between 1812 and 1840.

These constituted the sum total of works solely devoted to Cleveland which were accessible to a writer in the East. The Ohio Historical Collections, by Henry Howe, a series of sketches of the counties, cities, and towns of the State, added a little to the meagre stock of information. For further knowledge, the public must be thankful that the argus-eyed tourist has not left the place unnoticed, and that the mathematically-inclined gazetteer has told us from time to time the number of Cleveland's churches, banks, and city councilmen, and other equally important facts!

Take another lake city — Buffalo. The growth of this city has been rapid. Its sudden rise to the dignity of a metropolis was largely due to that most interesting of the many important internal improvements of the first half of the century, — the Erie Canal. With the development of Buffalo was identified the rise of lake navigation and the grain elevator. Its population has been increased by the addition of a large foreign element, which has had its due influence on manners, morals, and public life. It appears from the report of the board of health for 1879, that, in 1878, of the children born in Buffalo, nineteen hundred and seventy-five were of German descent; of all other descents, two thousand and fifty-six, — a difference of only eighty-one. The city has indeed been thoroughly Germanized, if we may coin the word.

Here are things of which we would know more. Yet what do we find about them? Save in meagre or verbose pamphlets, nothing. To be sure, there was a book written which claimed to be about Buffalo, but a microscopic

examination would fail to find in it anything worth knowing about the history of this community. The author of that book, William Ketchum, had the audacity to name it, as we read on the title-page, "An Authentic and Comprehensive History of Buffalo, with some account of its early inhabitants, both savage and civilized." It was published in Buffalo in 1864, in two octavo volumes, containing respectively four hundred and thirty-two and four hundred and forty-three pages. To comprehend the utter absurdity of the thing, we shall have to glance at history a bit.

It will be remembered that during and for some time after the Revolutionary War the country about the Niagara River remained in the possession of the British. The Seneca Indians, who sided against the Colonies in that war, and who were driven from their homes by the expedition of General Sullivan in 1779, gathered around Fort Niagara and became such a nuisance that the English had to set up anew in house-keeping these faithful allies and disagreeable neighbors. One of the villages they started was at Buffalo Creek. Our historian, Ketchum, has twenty-five chapters in the first volume of his *Authentic and Comprehensive History of Buffalo*. He gets the Senecas settled at Buffalo Creek in the twenty-fourth!

During the rest of the century the inhabitants of this Indian village on the ground where Buffalo was to stand, consisted of redskins and semi-redskins, a few Indian traders who doled out the firewater, and a settler or two. The present city of Buffalo, according to the encyclopædia (and for once that mass of condensed wisdom is correct about the date of settlement of a West-

ern city), was founded in 1801, by the Holland Land Company, which opened a land office here in January of that year. The notice of this event may be found in the region of page 146, in vol. ii, of Ketchum's book,—the uniform lack of concise statement, the huge amount of irrelevant matter, and the absence of lucid summaries and intelligent comment, making more exact reference impossible.

The rest of this "comprehensive history" is occupied with the course of events down to December 30, 1813, when the British burnt the town, leaving but two houses standing—a dwelling-house and a blacksmith's shop. Here, having brought his Phoenix to ashes, our comprehensive historian brings his narrative to an abrupt end. This is at page 304. Then follows the "appendix," an invariable feature of city histories, which makes of every one of them a huge anti-climax. In this instance, one hundred and thirty-nine pages of appendix contain, according to the author, "for the purpose of preservation, a mass of papers not absolutely necessary to the elucidation of the history contained in the body of the work. Most of them consist of original papers and letters never before published, and which are now, for the first time, placed in an accessible and permanent form." To compare small things with great, these documents are made just about as "accessible" as are the State papers to which Carlyle devotes so much paper and bile in his book on Oliver Cromwell.

In short, this book contains much valuable information, which is very hard to extract, and when extracted is not germane to the history of the city of Buffalo.

Some information about Buffalo's

history was found in a pamphlet on the Manufacturing Interests of the City of Buffalo, published in 1866. In it were historical sketches, covering about twenty-five pages, — verbose, with little meat, written in the flowery style so dear to the heart of the American editor or “Honorable” when extolling the virtues of his constituency. Turner’s History of the Holland Purchase, published in 1849, and containing six hundred and sixty-six pages, would have been more useful, had it not been composed for the greater part of the biographies of insignificant pioneers, and had not the rest related in the main to the early history of the section. A book promising much on the outside was Hotchkiss’s History of Western New York. An examination of the title-page, however, dampened our expectations, for there was added the rest of the title, namely, “And of the Rise, Progress, and Present State of the Presbyterian Church.” The book proved indeed a delusion and a snare, for of its six hundred pages more than nine tenths pertained to church affairs, — were part and parcel of the cahiers of the clergy. As for the magazine articles on Buffalo, they are few and, from the historical point of view, insignificant.

Of far more interest than the histories of either Cleveland or Buffalo, though perhaps no more important, is that of their nearest common neighbor of equal rank, — Pittsburgh. In very many respects this is one of the most interesting cities in the Union, which is mostly due to the fact that it has such a remarkable location, and that its topography is picturesquely unique. Here we have the strange combination of the blackest, smuttiest, dirtiest hole in the United States, — at night, as Par-ton said: “All hell with the lid taken

off,” — with surroundings half rural, half urban, which for loveliness can scarcely be rivaled by any other city in the land. Sir Henry Holland, who was of the Prince of Wales’s suite, when he visited Pittsburgh, remarked to one of the committee of reception that he had, in 1845, spent a week in an equestrian exploration of the suburbs of Pittsburgh; that he had traveled through all the degrees of the earth’s longitude, and had not elsewhere found any scenery so diversified, picturesque, and beautiful as that around Pittsburgh. He likened it to a vast panorama, from which, as he rode along, the curtain was dropping behind and rising before him, revealing new beauties continually. “If the business portion of Pittsburgh is a city, half enchanted, of fire and smoke, inhabited by demons playing with fire, the surrounding portion is also under enchantment, of a different kind, and smiles a land of beauty, brightness, and quiet. The one section might be a picture by Tintoretto, and the other by Claude Lorraine.”

On the twenty-fourth of November, 1753, no human habitation stood on the peninsula between the Alleghany and Monongahela Rivers. On that day Washington recorded in his journal: “I think it extremely well situated for a fort, as it has absolute command of both rivers.” In the following spring the English began the erection of a stockade here, which, on the twenty-fourth of April, was surrendered to the French under Captain Contrecoeur who at once proceeded to the erection of Fort Du Quesne.

Round this name centres a wealth of incident, romance, and history, but no one has risen to do it justice. Braddock’s ill-starred expedition was followed by the abandonment of the

fort by the French, in November, 1758, and its subsequent rebuilding as Fort Pitt. The fate of the little hamlet which sprang up around it was for a long time most dubious, but its position as a frontier post on the line of the ever westward-retreating Indians, and on the edge of the vast unknown wilderness, just beginning to allure adventurous pioneers, kept it from falling into the oblivion with which it was threatened by the dismantling of the fort and the troublous Revolutionary times. Yet as late as 1784 so experienced a man as Arthur Lee, the Virginian, who had been a commissioner at the court of Versailles with Franklin and Deane, and who visited this hamlet in December of this year, said of it: "Pittsburgh is inhabited almost entirely by Scots and Irish, who live in paltry log-houses, and are as dirty as in the north of Ireland, or even in Scotland. There is a great deal of small trade carried on, the goods being brought at the vast expense of forty-five shillings per cwt. from Philadelphia and Baltimore. They take in the shops money, flour, and skins. There are in the town four attorneys, two doctors, and not a priest of any persuasion, nor church, nor chapel; so that they are likely to be damned without the benefit of clergy. *The place, I believe, will never be considerable.*"

This "small trade" which Lee speaks of was to develop in a very few years to gigantic proportions, and was to make Pittsburgh for the while the commercial metropolis of the West. She maintained this position until the westward march of civilization had left her far in the rear; and then the garrison which the vast army of pioneers left here found in the coal and iron under their very feet a Fortunatus's

purse. Thus, far different was the fate of Pittsburgh from that of Marietta, Portsmouth, Lexington, and the like, which sank into comparative obscurity as soon as they had ceased to be outposts of Uncle Sam's army of emigrants.

Here, then, do we lack materials for history? What historian could ask for a more romantic starting-point than Old Fort Du Quesne? a more interesting topic for a chapter than Fort Pitt? a more picturesque subject than the batteurs and voyageurs of the Ohio? What more fruitful themes can there be than the rise of the iron, the glass, the oil industry, the steamboat commerce of our interior, the subjection of the Monongahela, the combination of a city which reminds the traveler of Hades, with suburbs which suggest metaphors about Paradise? And can he not find food for inquiry and thought in the great riots of 1877?

Yet the only historian of Pittsburgh is Neville B. Craig, whose short and not over-attractive history ends with the middle of this century, if we remember rightly. His subject is neither thoroughly nor ably treated, and it is not presented to the public in an agreeable form. The book is one of the past generation, and we publish better histories than did our fathers. In 1876, Samuel H. Thurston presented the public with a small volume, entitled Pittsburgh and Alleghany in the Centennial. It contained a little history and a great deal of bombast; and, moreover, the greater part of it was filled with statistical details pertaining to the Centennial year alone. Yet from this book had to be taken most of the historical sketch which will be found in the Census Report. Egle's History of Pennsylvania tells us something about Pittsburgh, and magazine articles are

plenty, though historically of little value.

St. Louis is more plentifully supplied with histories than any other Western city, and these histories are as much worse as they are more numerous. One of these deserves notice, from the fact that its title-page so ridiculously and exasperatingly misrepresents its contents. This page reads as follows: "Edwards's Great West and her Commercial Metropolis; embracing a complete History of St. Louis, from the landing of Liguette, in 1764, to the present time; with portraits and biographies of some of the old settlers, and many of the most prominent business men. By Richard Edwards and M. Hopewell, M.D. Splendidly illustrated. 1860. \$5." This seemed to promise well, but when we turned the page and read the introduction, our expectations were, to say the least, somewhat shaken, and our sense of the eternal fitness of things somewhat shocked, when we found the citizens of St. Louis called "a powerful Mæcenas." Shade of Virgil! What a profanation!

Any book that is preceded by a dedication, a preface, an introduction, and a full-page portrait of the author (with a big A), must, in the very nature of things, be a monstrosity. But, leaving these anomalies out of account, in the present instance, the composition of the book is sufficient proof that the epithet is not undeserved. "And this is so, for," — as Herodotus would say, — in a book called Edwards's Great West, the "Great West" is summarily and mercilessly disposed of in just five pages. Then follow eighty-two pages of biographies and portraits, ingeniously defended by the author as follows: "Biographies of those who have become identified with the progress of

the great city, who have guarded and directed its business currents year by year, swelling with the elements of prosperity, and who have left the impress of their genius and judgment upon the legislative enactments of the State, must be sought after with avidity, and must be fraught with useful instruction." There is no question that these biographies are fraught with useful instruction — all biographies are; but to assert that they must be sought after with avidity is a little too much to be swallowed. Such assertions show either deplorable ignorance or unwarrantable misrepresentation of human nature, and in this case we are convinced it must be the latter. Edwards knew perfectly well — for he seems to have been sane — that nobody but the subjects of these biographies would seek them "with avidity," and he made these plausible, bombastic assertions to excuse himself for having sprung such a trap on an unsuspecting public. That he tries to palliate the offence is sufficient proof of his guilt.

Mark what he says about the "splendidly illustrated" portion of his book. "It will be a source of satisfaction to the reader," says he, "that the engravings of individuals who adorn this work are not drawn by the flighty imagination from airy nothingness, but represent the lineaments of men," etc. "Airy nothingness" is refreshing!

Part II, also, is almost wholly devoted to biographies, one batch being introduced with this sage remark: "Biography is the most important feature of history; for the record of the lives of individuals appears to be invested with more vitality and interest than the dry details of general historical narrative." Q. E. D. — of course. With Part III we reach the history of

St. Louis, contained in one hundred and eighty pages, and worth more or less as a history. Then come one hundred and seventy pages more of biographies, an appendix of fifteen pages, and about thirty pages of views of manufacturing establishments. And this book is called *The Great West*. No further comment seems necessary.

Of all the many rich and racy things the writer has run across in his explorations in the literature of American cities, the richest and raciest is a book called *St. Louis: The Future Great City of the World*, by L. U. Reavis. The very title-page gives an inkling of the nature of the contents by its motto, savoring somewhat of cant: "Henceforth St. Louis must be viewed in the light of the future — her mightiness in the empire of the world — her sway in the rule of states and nations." This book, strangely enough, was "published by order of the St. Louis County Court," in 1870, on the petition of forty-five of the leading citizens and firms of the city, who were represented before the court by a committee headed by Captain James B. Eads, the renowned engineer, and containing one captain, five honorables, and two esquires. The first edition consisted of one hundred and six pages, which were as vainglorious and boastful, as crowded with laudatory adjectives, glowing periods, and bombastic prophecies, as ever one hundred and six published pages were.

However, it evidently suited the St. Louis palate, for a second edition bears date of the same year, and in 1871 a third appeared in a considerably enlarged form. This last one is the most interesting, for it contains a preface and a finis which for pure, undiluted presumption have never been excelled.

The former is entitled "Explanatory," and is worth quoting entire: "A presentation of Causes in Nature and Civilization which, in their reciprocal action tend to fix the position of the FUTURE GREAT CITY OF THE WORLD in the central plain of North America, showing that the centre of the world's commerce and civilization will, in less than one hundred years, be organized and represented in the Mississippi Valley, and by St. Louis, occupying as she does the most favored position on the continent and the Great River; also a complete representation of the great railway system of St. Louis, showing that in less than ten years she will be the greatest railway centre in the world." Even the most arrogant citizen of St. Louis would hardly have the boldness to maintain that ten years after this prophecy was made, in 1881, St. Louis was "the greatest railway centre in the world," or even that she was one of the greatest. As to the one-hundred years prophecy nothing can as yet be affirmed, for it has eighty-seven years more to run, but if the last thirteen can be taken as a criterion, St. Louis has a big contract on her hands.

The last page is the most curious in the book, and in its way is certainly unique. It is called "A Closing Word," and, being printed in italics, has an air of emphasis and force peculiarly appropriate. The author begins: "Thus have I written a new record — a new prophecy of a city central to a continent of resources;" and so he goes on for half a page of ridiculous bombast until he finishes the climax of epithets by calling this "the Apocalyptic City—

'The New Jerusalem, the ancient seer
Of Patmos saw.'

"All hail! mistress of nations and
beautiful queen of civilization! I view

thee in the light of thy destiny. Thou art transfigured before me from thy present state to one infinitely more grand, and which overshadows and dwarfs all civic forms in history.

"The influence of thy empire will pervade the world with invisible and electric force. Yet, vivifying and benignant capital,—emporium of trade and industry, seat of learning and best-applied labor, pivotal point in history, supreme and superb city of all lands,—I behold thy majesty from afar, and salute thee reverently as the consummation of all that the best human energies can accomplish for the elevation and happiness of our race.

"All hail! Future Great City of the World, and 'Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace, Good-will toward Men.'"

This reminds one equally of Walt Whitman and Artemas Ward. Yet it is not burlesque. It appears to have been written in good faith, and for this reason the incongruity of such a grandiloquent rhapsody on such a prosaic subject is all the more noticeable. As an example of "fine writing" it has seldom been surpassed, and for sheer nonsense it is unequaled in American literature.

These books on St. Louis call to mind a history of Milwaukee of a somewhat similar nature—similar in its magnificent pretensions to the last-described work, and in its biographical characteristics to Edwards's *Great West*. The book referred to was published in Chicago, in 1881, by the Western Historical Company, A. T. Andreas, proprietor. Holy Herodotus! To think of history becoming a thing of "companies"—on a par with life insurance, railroads, gas-works, and cotton factories! And an "historical company" with a proprietor, too!

But let us look into this monumental tome. (Do not think that adjective hyperbolic, for surely monumental is not too strong a word to describe a book which would just about balance in weight an unabridged dictionary.) Some idea of the immensity of the undertaking can be obtained when, as the preface says, "it is known that nearly one year's time was consumed and an average force of twenty-five men employed in the labor of obtaining information and preparing the manuscript for the printer's hands. The result of this vast effort is the presentation of a History which stands unparalleled in the experience of publishers." The book is a quarto and contains sixteen hundred and sixty-three pages. The letter-press is unexceptionable; each page is surrounded by a neat border; the paper is good; the binding is excellent.

And yet the actual history of this city dates back little more than half a century—not a lifetime. Here is history with a vengeance! The riddle, however, is solved the instant we glance over the pages, for we find the mass of the book made up of biographies,—biographies in front, biographies to the right, biographies to the left, everywhere biographies,—to the grand sum total of nearly four thousand. A book much like this would have been made had the Crown published the Giant Petition trundled into Parliament on a wheelbarrow in the times of George the Third, when Lord George Gordon was the hero of the day. About as valuable, about as readable, about as bulky, about as good for kindling fires!

But let the perpetrator plead his cause in his own words—and it must be conceded he does it well. "The plan of the History of the city of

Milwaukee, which is here with presented to the public," he says in his preface, "possesses the merit of originality. It is based upon the fact that in all older regions, a serious deficiency exists even in the most exhaustive histories which it is possible now to compile through the absence of personal and detailed records of pioneer men and deeds. The primary design of this work is to preserve for future historians as complete an encyclopædia of early events in Milwaukee, and the actors therein, as patient labor and unstinted financial expenditure can procure."

We thank the Western Historical Company, or Mr. Andreas, for this benevolent and philanthropic spirit, but really he must not expect us to believe that pecuniary profit is only a *secondary* design of this work. But supposing for a moment that the primary design was as philanthropic and unselfish as Mr. Andreas would have us think, let us consider its worth; for, if we grant this premise, we must admit the truth of the conclusion reached, and then must give unstinted praise to the fruits of such a conclusion, a volume like the one before us. But the premise is specious and false. The deficiency that exists through the absence of personal and detailed records of *pioneer* men and deeds is not serious: on the contrary, in most cases, we should be devoutly thankful that it exists. Of the generations after that of the pioneers we would know much; of that of the pioneers themselves, something. But who is there, or will there be, that cares a picayune whether the third cobbler in Milwaukee (this history would call him the third manufacturer of shoes) was born in April or June, 1806, or whether he came from Tipperary or Heidelberg,

or whether his wife died of the pneumonia or the whooping-cough? To be sure we would be glad to know whether the early settlers of Milwaukee were mainly young or mainly old when they came here, whether they were mainly German or Irish, and what where the prevalent diseases in different localities at an early period, but to ask an intelligent being to wade through nearly four thousand "personal histories" in order ascertain these facts is, to say the least, somewhat of an imposition on his good nature.

Later on in his preface the author contradicts himself in this regard, for he shows us how far from philanthropic were the publisher's motives and how little he thought of posterity in inserting these biographies, by writing the following well-turned and suggestive sentences: "It may be asked, Why have the biographical sketches of comparatively obscure men been inserted? The reasons are obvious to business men and should be to all. None but citizens are represented. Whatever Milwaukee is her citizens have made her. Shall the publisher exercise a power higher than the law, and erect a caste distinction or estimate each man's work from some fictitious standard of his own? Assuredly not. If, in the preparation of this work, a citizen has shown commendable pride, and aided its publisher by his patronage, he is entitled to mention in its pages. Such men and women have received a sketch, but the fact of pecuniary assistance has not biased the character of the book."

This is a very specious attempt to throw a glamour of respectability over a very unpleasant and repugnant fact, namely: that a mass of "biographical sketches of comparatively obscure men" has been given to the public

under the guise of a history of a city, with the sole object of making money. It is indeed consoling to know that "none but citizens have been represented," but why this statement should be coupled with the platitude that follows it would be hard to say. And then the utter ridiculousness of the nonsense about the publisher exercising a power higher than the law and erecting a caste distinction! "What fools these mortals be!"

But whatever may be said of the historical value of such books as the above, there can be little doubt that they are remunerative business enterprises,*for the country has of late years been flooded with them. Perhaps we ought to be thankful for any history at all of these new Western cities, even though the wheat therein be so scarce and the chaff so plenty. The prevalence of this same affliction—the biographical history—in literary New England seems more anomalous than it does in the West, but it is even more widespread. A fair type of the Eastern species is the *Quarter-Centennial History of Lawrence, Massachusetts*, compiled by H. A. Wadsworth, in 1878. It contained seventy-five very poor wood-engravings, called portraits by courtesy, which, with the accompanying biographies, were inserted to represent the leading (?) men of the city at an entrance fee of five or ten dollars apiece.

Next in number below the biographical histories, but far above them in value, come what may be called the chronological histories, that is, those which make little or no attempt to group the important facts of a city's history in homogeneous chapters, but which, diary-like, give all facts, important as well as insignificant, in the order

of their occurrence. Fortunately most local historians of this sect have made more or less attempt at bringing like to like, although they have generally preserved the purely chronological order within their groups, whether these be of subjects or periods. Among the histories of the larger cities, Scharf's *Chronicles of Baltimore* comes to mind as typical of this class. This work, published in 1874, is an octavo of seven hundred and fifty-six pages. The author tells the truth when he says in his preface: "The only plan in the work that has been followed has been to chronicle events through the years in their order; beginning with the earliest in which any knowledge on the subject is embraced, and running on down to the present." The book is printed "solid," with not a single chapter-heading from one end to the other, so it is not strange that it contains such an immense amount of material.

The great fault of this book, as of all books of this class, is the lack of the proper classification, the scholarly reflection and comment, the thoughtful contrast and comparison, the exercise of intelligent judgment in forming conclusions,—all which are necessary to make history palatable, not to say valuable. Nowhere is this lack shown more forcibly than in this book in the treatment of the subject of riots and mob violence. It may not be generally known, especially among the younger portion of the community, that no American and but few European cities have such an unenviable and disgraceful record on this head as Baltimore. The accounts of its riots remind one too forcibly of the worst days of the French Revolution, and all of them read more like the incidents so plentiful

in the sensational stories of the day, than like the cold, dispassionate record of history. And this, mind you, is the record of a city famed far more for monuments, pleasure-grounds, and beautiful women, than for lawlessness and sans-culottism, a city proud of its families and its culture, a city one of the oldest and richest in the land. However unpleasant it may be to look at the black side of such a city's history, yet the study must be profitable if by it we Americans, proud of our tolerance and our humanity, jealous of aught past or present that may blot our escutcheon, wondering at and scornfully pitying nations that could have had Lord George Gordon riots and blood-thirsty land-leagues, a reign of terror and a commune, — if we may learn not to be quite so arrogant in our righteousness, quite so boastful in our Pharisaism; if we may learn how much reason we of the New World have to bear in mind, when we read about the past and present of the Old World, the divine command: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Yet Scharf gives merely the bare details of these, the most vivid scenes in Baltimore's history, and goes little into causes or results, leaving us almost wholly in the dark as to how a civilized city in the most enlightened country on earth could have grafted on its history such anomalous things as these riots. This feature of Baltimore's history seems to us to be the feature most peculiar to itself, and, therefore, like that feature of a human face peculiar to the person we are studying, the most interesting; but our historian gives it no distinctive treatment, puts no emphasis on it, forces the reader to compare, contrast, account for, explain,

and draw conclusions for himself. That he should slide over this side of Baltimore's history would be natural enough, but of this he cannot be accused. His treatment of this subject is characteristic of the whole book.

As a good example of an even more disappointing type of chronological histories we may take the *History of Lynn*, including *Lynnfield*, *Saugus*, *Swampscott*, and *Nahant*, by Alonzo Lewis and James R. Newhall, an octavo of six hundred and twenty pages, published in 1865. The book seems to have been condensed from a series of very poor diaries, and the mass of detail under the year-headings is ridiculous in its minuteness and laughable in its absurdity. Every year has its paragraphic entries, more or less full. The narrative of one year may here be quoted to show the nature of the whole, and, for that matter, the nature of fifty similar town histories.

1758. "Thomas Mansfield, Esquire, was thrown from his horse on Friday, January 6, and died the next Sunday.

"A company of soldiers, from Lynn, marched for Canada, on the twenty-third of May. Edmund Ingalls and Samuel Mudge were killed.

"In a thunder-shower, on the fourth of August, an ox belonging to Mr. Henry Silsbee was killed by lightning.

"A sloop from Lynn, commanded by Captain Ralph Lindsay, was cast away on the fifteenth of August, near Portsmouth."

In this pretended "History," the whole of the eighteenth century receives but sixty-two pages, and that part of the nineteenth which had elapsed at the time of publication receives only one hundred and seventeen. In the latter an average entry is the following, under date of 1856: —

"Patrick Buckley, the 'Lynn Buck,' ran five miles in twenty-eight minutes and thirty-eight seconds, at the Trotting Park, for a belt valued at fifty dollars. And on the fourth of December, William Hendley ran the same distance in twenty-eight minutes and thirty seconds."

The "Lynn Buck," seems to have been an important personage in those days, for we read under date of 1858:—

"The 'Lynn Buck,' so called, walked a plank at Lowell, in February, a hundred and five consecutive hours and forty-four minutes, and with but twenty-nine minutes' rest. A strict watch was kept on him."

We are very glad to know about the "strict watch," but really it was too bad of the authors not to let us know if those forty-four minutes, also, were not consecutive. They might, too, have told us to advantage something about the *modus operandi* of "walking a plank." It has been the general impression that the man who walks a plank performs the operation in an unpleasant hurry—unpleasant for him; and that he will take all the rest he can get—before he begins; and that he has an eternal rest, or unrest, after he has finished. But perhaps this has been a wrong impression. If the authors are alive, it is due to the public that they should rise and explain.

Enough of pleasantry. Let us examine the book with serious mind, if we can. Everybody knows that shoes have been the making of Lynn, that they are and have been for years the backbone of its prosperity, the life of its business. To say that Lynn is the greatest shoe-manufacturing city in the country, and, for that matter, in the world, may be an exaggeration, but

it is a very common one. In a history of Lynn we might expect this fact to be at least recognized. Let us see how that is in the present case.

The shoe business was not unknown in Lynn before 1750, but in that year it first got a firm footing here. So we are not surprised to find the fact mentioned, but we are somewhat disappointed to find only half a page given to it. Beyond this, mention of the shoe trade in the last century is very slight, as, no doubt, was the trade itself. Since 1800, however, the trade has been rapidly increasing, and has gradually assumed enormous proportions. Yet in this precious volume we find the subject mentioned just once in the chronological annals, *three lines* being devoted to it under the head of 1810: "It appeared, by careful estimation, that there were made in Lynn, this year, one million pairs of shoes, valued at eight hundred thousand dollars. The females (!) earned some fifty thousand dollars by binding." To be sure, the burning of two shoe factories received, respectively, two and three lines; the formation of an ineffective board of trade by shoemakers, ten lines; and of an equally fruitless union by journeymen shoemakers, ten lines. A page and a quarter (*mirabile dictu*) is devoted to a shoemakers' strike with no definite result. In a biography, the connection of its subject with the shoe business is mentioned in a quoted letter. A quick job by a shoemaker receives six lines, and one by another, four; and the death of a third is mentioned.

In an appendix the state of the shoe business in 1864 is discussed at length in a third of a half-page! All we learn from it is that by the State returns in the year ending June 1, 1833, there

were made 9,275,593 pairs of shoes valued at \$4,165,529. In the year ending September 1, 1864, about ten million pairs of shoes were made, valued at fourteen million dollars (probably paper, not gold, value), and the number of shoe manufacturers was 174; of men and women employed, 17,173. As the total population of Lynn at that time was little if anything over twenty-three thousand, it will be seen that even these figures are untrustworthy, or else the shoe business played even a greater part in Lynn affairs than is generally supposed.

And this is all the mention to be found in a History of Lynn concerning the backbone of the city—that great industry to which it almost wholly owed its population of 38,274 in 1880. Can any one maintain that this sort of a book is a history?

And so we might go on, finding history after history of the towns and cities scattered through New England and the Middle States, most of them on a par with those last mentioned, in all styles of print and binding, some decrepit and musty with age, others fresh and enticing, with gaudy covers and scores of illustrations; some like Sewall's History of Woburn with no table of contents or index, and so practically useless; a few like Staples's Annals of Providence, scholarly and creditable; yet none of them ideal histories. But occasionally we meet an oasis in this vast waste, and though it may not be a paradise, yet we are too grateful for the water that nourishes the palms and the grass, that refreshes our parched mouths and wearied bodies, to think that in other climes we might call it brackish and unclean.

Such is the effect that the History of Pittsfield, Massachusetts has on us,

Here is a book that might well be taken as a standard by town historians. The very history of the History will show its merits.

At a town meeting held in the Town Hall, in Pittsfield, August 25, 1866, so the preface says, Mr. Thomas Allen rose, and stated that on the centennial of the First Congregational Church and parish, namely, April 18, 1864, he had been requested by a vote of the parish to prepare an historical memoir of that parish and church, embodying substantially, but extending, the remarks he made at that meeting. He stated that, in looking over the records of the town and parish, he found them intimately connected, so that a history of the one would also be a history of the other; and he had found the history of the town highly interesting, and honorable to its inhabitants. True, there were no classic fields in Pittsfield, consecrated by patriotic blood spilled in battle in defence of the country, as in Lexington and Concord, simply because no foreign foe in arms ever invaded its soil; but it was not the less true that Pittsfield had always promptly performed her part, and furnished her quota of men and means, in every war waged in defence of the country and the Union; and that in the intellectual contests through which the just principles of republican government, and civil and religious freedom, have been established in this country, the men of Pittsfield, on their own ground and elsewhere, have ever borne a part creditable alike to their wisdom, their sagacity, and their patriotism. Pittsfield, therefore, had a history which deserved to be written. The first settlers had all passed away; and their immediate descendants, witnesses of their earlier

struggles, were whitening with the frosts of age, and were also rapidly disappearing. If the records of their history were to be gathered together, and preserved in a durable form, it was time that the duty be undertaken. He was satisfied that an honorable record would appear, and worthy of the place to which God had given so much that is beautiful in nature.

These remarks were so sensible, their spirit was so noble, their form so forcible, that at once a committee of five was appointed to compile, write, and supervise the publication of a history of the town, and an appropriation was made to defray the expense. This committee chose Mr. J. E. A. Smith to aid them, and, according to the title-page, he compiled and wrote the book under their general direction. It was published in two octavo volumes: the first contained five hundred and eighteen pages, and appeared in 1868, bringing the history from 1734 down to 1800; the second, containing seven hundred and twenty-five pages, was not published until eight years later. The second volume brought the history down to date, and with the first formed an unbroken, readable narrative, written in perhaps as good a style as town history could warrant us in expecting. Not the least deserving of praise are the indexes, the lack of which found in most books of the sort does more to lower their value than any other defect. The man who writes a history without indexing it thereby shows his utter lack of the most essential requisite in an historian—a knowledge of the art of codification. He also calls down upon his head the curses of every student who tries to use his book.

An abundance of illustrations is not rare enough in town histories to merit

applause, but they are so seldom worth looking at that the presence of such admirable ones as we find here attracts more than passing notice. If American art were to be judged by the generality of such illustrations, we would do well to say as little as possible about the slurs and sneers of foreign critics. In such case silence would be the better plan.

The preface to the second volume contained the following suggestive sentences:—

“The original plan of the work was to make the earlier portions more full than the later: indeed, to give but a brief skeleton of recent affairs: it being exceedingly difficult to make contemporary history satisfactory to those who have taken part in it. We have, in a few instances, departed from this course, for reasons which will suggest themselves to the reader.”

In these sentences may be found the germ of almost the only idea in the making of this truly admirable book which deserves severe criticism, and most certainly the severest condemnation should be given to this and all similar ideas. The notion that history should be written in a way that will be *satisfactory* to those engaged in it is radically wrong, unless perchance by a *satisfactory* way is meant a way that in point of truth, accuracy, and fulness, will suit those who have a more or less personal share in the events to be recorded. But here it is evident that the word has not this meaning, or at least has a great deal more than this meaning. In this connection it seems to be a euphemism for *pleasant*. Certainly no one will dispute that an historian of contemporary events would find very difficult even the attempt to make his work pleasant to his contemporaries.

It is the endeavor to do this which has vitiated all the histories so far written of the late Civil War. The same principle made Thiers's French Revolution an almost worthless book as a history. To come down to lesser things, the same principle underlying and pervading all American local histories has done more toward making them worthless than any other single defect. In the name of truth and justice we ask, "Why should the writing of history be made satisfactory, pleasant, to those who aid in the making of it?" We want the *truth* about the near, as well as the far, past. Let us do unto our descendants as we would that our ancestors had done by us, and tell them the truth about ourselves.

Perhaps we ought to be more lenient in the case of this history of Pittsfield, in consideration of the fact that this was a *public* work, and, therefore, more caution had to be exercised than we would otherwise have expected. Of course no employee would like to displease even a single member of the corporation that employed him. Possibly the same argument might be raised in defence of any historian, in that the public is virtually his employer. Here, however, reasoning by analogy fails, for the public is a very large body, and will seldom take up the cudgel in defence of any single individual. This is a question, however, which should be settled on the ground of right, not of expediency. But even if the right be left out of account, the expedient in this case is not necessarily opposed to truth and accuracy. This is well shown by the phenomenal success of *The Memorial History of Boston*, mentioned above. It may be well just here to say a little more about this admirable work, for it is even more typical of what

an ideal city history should be, than that of Pittsfield is of the ideal town history.

From the title-page we learn that *The Memorial History of Boston*, including Suffolk County, Massachusetts, 1630-1880, was edited by Justin Winsor, and issued under the business superintendence of the projector, Clarence F. Jewett, in 1880. The nature of the book is learned from the preface, which says: "The history is cast on a novel plan: not so much in being a work of co-operation, but because, so far as could be, the several themes, as sections of one homogeneous whole, have been treated by those who have some particular association and, it may be, long acquaintance with the subject. In the diversity of authors there will, of course, be variety of opinions, and it has not been thought ill-judged, considering the different points of view assumed by the various writers, that the same events should be interpreted sometimes in varying and, perhaps, opposite ways. The chapters may thus make good the poet's description:

'Distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea,'—

and may not be the worse for each offering a reflection, according to its turn to the light, without marring the unity of the general expanse."

Among those who contributed one or more chapters to this work were Justin Winsor (the editor), Charles Francis Adams, Jr., R. C. Winthrop, T. W. Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, H. E. Scudder, F. W. Palfrey, Phillips Brooks, Andrew P. Peabody, Henry Cabot Lodge, Josiah P. Quincy, and Edward Atkinson. Such names as these are more than enough to insure the truth, accuracy, and historical value of the book. Each one of them dis-

cussed one or more topics, and then their work with that of the less famous contributors was arranged chronologically, making a logically consecutive series of essays complete in themselves. The whole was published in four elegantly printed volumes, containing, in all, twenty-five hundred and seventy-seven pages.

This is the kind of a history which is of value, not only for immediate use, but also for future reference; and this is the kind that gladdens the heart and cheers the labors of the student and the writer. It is the lack of such histories which makes incomplete and unsatisfactory such works as the one in the hands of the government which called forth this article. For it must not be supposed that the historical part of *The Social Statistics of Cities of 1880* will be either complete in every part or wholly satisfactory. Yet perhaps it will be complete enough to answer its end, which is to afford an opportunity for seeing why the cities and towns described have reached their present condition. It is on the accounts of their present condition that the value of the work must chiefly rest.

To the historians in succeeding generations these accounts will be invaluable, for they will give information about the cities as they were in the year 1880, which is not likely to be embodied in any other permanent form. It has been shown how large a proportion of the local histories of America have been found wanting in these things. It is not to be expected that the immediate future will see any decided reformation. Then it is clear of how great value to the "future historian of recent events," to quote one of Daniel Webster's phrases, will be such work as this that has been undertaken by the National government. It

will be of so great value because, as we can say with little exaggeration, the history of the cities is the history of the nation. The city to-day plays a most important part in national affairs. It is, indeed, and for aught we can see must continue to be, the Hamlet of the play. Few people realize this. Few people know that over one fifth of the population of the land is gathered in the large towns and cities. At the beginning of the century the ratio of the urban population to the rural was only as one to fifteen. No reason is apparent why the increase in the ratio should not be equally steady and rapid for many generations. That this same change has taken place in all *civilized* portions of the world is, in truth, most significant. In England the progress of the cities has been in the same direction, and, as nearly as can be judged, in the same ratio as that of wealth, learning, and happiness.

Call to mind what Macaulay said, nearly half a century ago, in chapter iii of his *History of England*: "Great as has been the change in the rural life of England since the Revolution (1688), the change which has come to pass in the cities is still more amazing. At present, a sixth part of the kingdom is crowded into provincial towns of more than thirty thousand inhabitants. In the reign of Charles II, no provincial town in the kingdom contained thirty thousand inhabitants, and only four provincial towns contained so many as ten thousand inhabitants." Since this was written, the change, if not so marvelous, has been equally important.

As to our own country, the change can in no way be shown more clearly than by the following table, which will be published in the *Census Report*: —

TABLE SHOWING THE GROWTH OF UNITED STATES CITIES
FROM 1800 TO 1880.

	1800.		1820.		1830.		1840.	
Population of the United States.	5,308,483		9,633,822		12,866,020		17,069,453	
Cities.	Aggregate Population.	Per cent. to Total Population.	Aggregate Population.	Per cent. to Total Population.	Aggregate Population.	Per cent. to Total Population.	Aggregate Population.	Per cent. to Total Population.
10,000 to 49,999.	161,134	.03	214,270	.021	316,360	.025	461,671	.027
50,000 to 99,999.	24,945	.0047	43,997	.0046	83,960	.0065	150,682	.0088
100,000 to 499,999.	60,989	.011	186,293	.019	278,067	.021	504,016	.029
Over 500,000.	104,113	.019	194,683	.02	289,980	.0225	447,078	.025
Grand total,	351,181	.068	639,243	.069	968,367	.075	1,563,487	.091

	1850.		1860.		1870.		1880.	
Population of the United States.	23,191,876		31,433,321		38,558,371		50,155,783	
Cities.	Aggregate Population.	Per cent. to Total Population.	Aggregate Population.	Per cent. to Total Population.	Aggregate Population.	Per cent. to Total Population.	Aggregate Population.	Per cent. to Total Population.
10,000 to 49,999.	990,080	.043	1,654,183	.052	2,526,432	.066	3,479,658	.069
50,000 to 99,999.	314,182	.013	446,575	.014	676,990	.017	917,918	.019
100,000 to 499,999.	933,039	.04	1,483,472	.047	2,302,961	.059	3,087,592	.06
Over 500,000.	763,724	.033	1,750,020	.055	2,311,410	.06	3,123,317	.062
Grand total,	3,001,025	.13	5,334,250	.17	7,817,793	.20	10,638,485	.21

The city is not only the growing centre of a growing nation—it is also the centre of all intellectual growth. The city is the home of the bar, the hospital, the press, the church, and the state. The city is the outcome of civilization, for it is the product of

commerce and manufactures, and these mean civilization.

Then if any history be of value, if the record of the past be of any use in guiding the present and helping toward the future, surely the history of the city is the most important of all history.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. By Justin McCarthy, M.P. One volume. pp. 448. Harper and Brothers: New York. 1884.

The brilliant History of Our Own Times, in two volumes, by the same author, and published four years ago, has now been presented to the public in a reduced size. While it was necessary to leave out many of the striking and rhetorical passages in the process of condensation, which formed so pleasing a portion in the larger work, the strictly historical matter remains unchanged. His history, beginning with the accession of Queen Victoria, in 1837, and extending to the general election, in 1880, the date of the appointment of the Honorable W. E. Gladstone to the premiership of England, covers a period of intense interest, and with which every intelligent person should be familiar. Mr. McCarthy's work is destined to be, for some time to come, the standard account of English affairs for the last fifty years.

ONE of the most valuable reference works of recent publication is The Epitome of Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern History. By Carl Ploetz. Translated from the German, with extensive additions, by William H. Tillinghast, of the Harvard University library. One volume. pp. 618. Houghton, Mifflin, and Company: Boston. 1884.

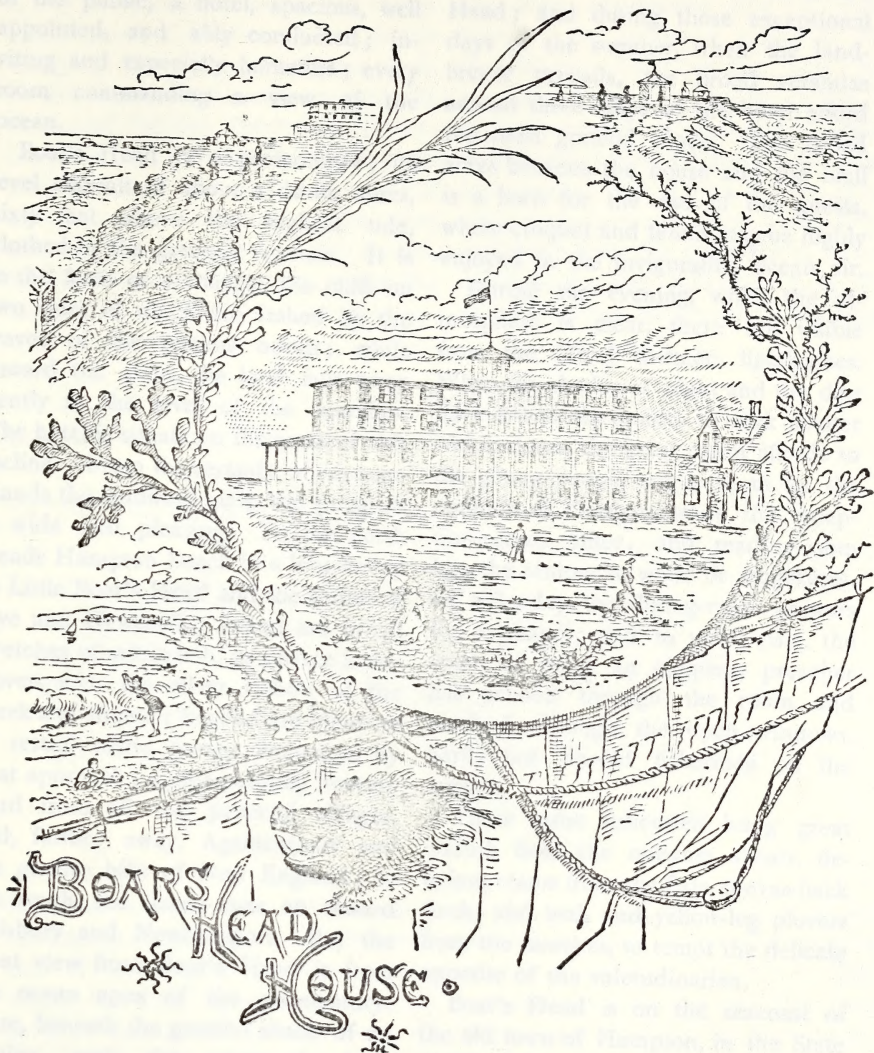
The author of the original work, Professor Doctor Carl Ploetz, is well known in Germany as a veteran teacher and writer of educational books which have a high reputation, excellence, and

authority. With regard to the present work, it should be observed that it has passed through seven editions in Germany. As a book of reference, either for the student or the general reader, its tested usefulness is a sufficient guaranty for its wide adoption in the present enlarged form. The scope of The Epitome may be summarized as follows: Universal history is first treated by dividing it into three periods. First, ancient history, from the earliest historical information to the year 375 A.D. Second, mediæval, from that date to the discovery of America, in 1492. Third, modern history, from the last date to the year 1883.

WE have received from the author, the Honorable Samuel Abbott Green, M.D., a pamphlet entitled "Notes on a Copy of Dr. William Douglass's Almanack for 1743, touching on the subject of medicine in Massachusetts before his time." It is specially interesting to the members of the medical fraternity, as well as to antiquaries.

CORRECTION. — The article upon Lovewell's fight at Pigwacket, printed in the February number of the Bay State (page 83), contained a trifling error, but one which deserves correction. It is stated that the township of land with which the General Court, in 1774, rewarded the services of the troops under Lovewell, was subsequently divided, forming the towns of Lovell and New Sweden. The mistake was upon the name of the latter town. It should have been written Sweden. New Sweden is the recent Swedish colony of Aroostook County.

I. E. C.



FROM the eastern end of Long Island, toward the west and south, extends a dreary monotony of sandbeach along the whole Atlantic coast, to the extreme southern cape of Florida, thence along the shores of the Gulf of Mexico to the Rio Grande, broken only by occasional inlets. The picturesque coast scenery is mostly north and east of Cape Cod. Following along the sea-

board from Cape Ann, one comes, a few miles north of the mouth of the Merrimack River, in view of a bold promontory extending into the waters of the Atlantic, and aptly named, in years ago, Boar's Head.

The traveler in search of a delightful seaside resort for the summer need go no further. For here, amidst the most charming of marine scenery, that vet-

eran landlord and genial host, Stebbins H. Dumas, has erected, for the benefit of the public, a hotel, spacious, well appointed, and ably conducted; inviting and especially homelike; every room commanding a view of the ocean.

Boar's Head is a promontory; its level summit of about a dozen acres, sixty feet above the highest tide, clothed in the greenest verdure. It is in the form of a triangle, the cliffs on two sides of which are lashed by the waves of the restless ocean; while toward the main, the land falls away gently to the level of the marshes. The hotel is situate on the crest of this incline. From the veranda, which commands the landward view, the prospect is wide and pleasing. To the north trends Hampton Beach in a long sweep to Little Boar's Head and the shores of Rye and Newcastle; inland are broad stretches of salt marsh, its surface interwoven with the silver ribbon of the creek and stream; beyond are glimpses of restful rustic scenes, improved by near approach; spires pointing heavenward from all the peaceful villages, and, further away, Agamenticus and the granite hills of New England; to the south, the beach runs on toward Salisbury and Newburyport. But the great view from Boar's Head is from the ocean apex of the promontory. Here, beneath the grateful shade of an awning, with the waves breaking rhythmically at the foot of the cliff far beneath, one can sit and ponder on the immensity of the ocean and dream of the lands beyond the horizon. From here the whole seaboard, from Thatcher's Island to York and Wells, is in view; the Isles of Shoals loom up on the horizon, while the offing is dotted with coasters and yachts of every rig

and construction. Calm, indeed, must it be when no wind is felt on Boar's Head; and during those exceptional days of the summer, when the land-breeze prevails, the broad verandas around three sides of the hotel afford the most grateful shade. The broad acres between the house and the bluff is a lawn for the use of the guests, where croquet and tennis may be highly enjoyed in the invigorating ocean air.

During the evening, when the atmosphere is clear, there are visible from the Head thirteen lighthouses. When the shades of night and the dew have driven the guests to seek shelter within doors, the great parlor affords to the young people ample room for the cotillion or German, while the reception-room, office, and reading-room lure the seniors to whist or magazines. Of a Sunday, the dining-room answers for a chapel; and in years past, the voice of many an eloquent preacher has echoed through the room, and reached, through the open windows, hardy but devout fishermen on the outside.

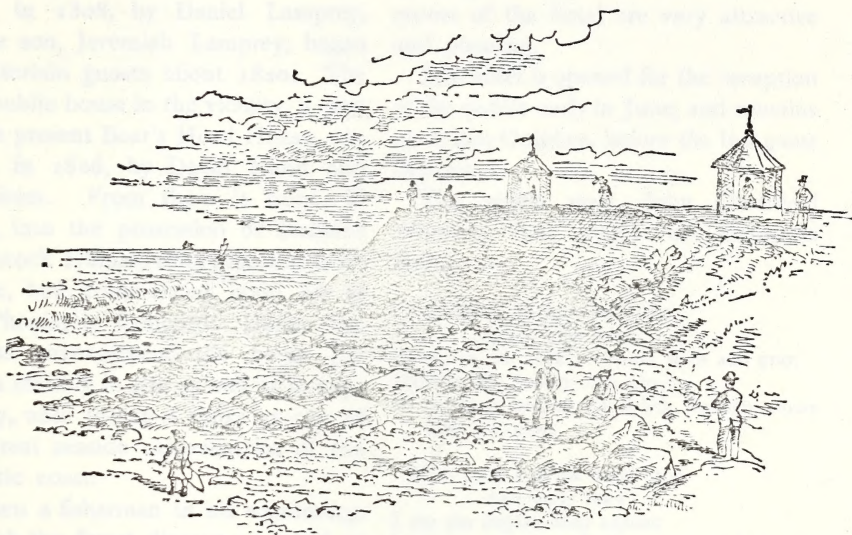
These same fishermen bring great codfish from the outlying shoals, delicious clams from the flats, canvas-back duck, and teal, and yellow-leg plovers from the marshes, to tempt the delicate appetite of the valetudinarian.

Boar's Head is on the seacoast of the old town of Hampton, in the State of New Hampshire. Taking a team from Mr. Dumas' well-stocked stable, one will find the most delightful drives, extending in all directions through the ancient borough. The roads follow curves, like the drives in Central Park, and two centuries and a half of wear have rendered them as solid and firm as if macadamized. Three short miles from the hotel is the station of Hamp-

ton, on the Eastern Railroad, by which many trains pass daily.

For the historical student the region affords much of interest. Here, in the village of Hampton, in the year 1638, in the month of October, settled the Reverend Stephen Batchelder [Batchiler] and his followers, intent to serve God in their own way and establish homes in the wilderness. The river and adjoining country was then known as Winnicunnett. The settlers, for the most part, came from Norfolk, Eng-

of the adjoining townships of to-day. Here lived Meshach Weare, who guided the New Hampshire ship of state through the troublous times of the Revolution. Over yonder, near the site of the first log meeting-house, is pointed out the gambrel-roofed house of General Jonathan Moulton, the great land-owner. He it was, in the good old colony days, who drove a very large and fat ox from his township of Moultonborough, and delivered it to the jovial Governor Wentworth as a present



land, and so desirable did they find their adopted home that many descendants of the original grantees occupy to-day the land opened and cleared by their ancestors. In this town, in 1657, settled Ebenezer Webster, the direct progenitor of the Great Exponent, and here the family remained for several generations.

Within the limits of the old township, which was bounded on the south by the present Massachusetts line, on the north by Portsmouth and Exeter, and extended ten miles inland, were included the territory of some half dozen

to his excellency, and said there was nothing to pay. When the governor insisted on making some return, General Moulton informed him that there was an ungranted gore of land adjoining his earlier grant which he would accept. In this manner he came into possession of the town of New Hampton—a very ample return for the ox; at least, so asserts tradition.

Colonel Christopher Toppan, in those early days, was largely engaged in ship-building. For many years the people of Hampton were employed in domestic and foreign commerce, and it was not

until the advent of the railroad that Hampton surrendered its dreams of commercial aggrandizement.

One road leads up the coast to Rye and Portsmouth; another, through a most charming country, to Exeter; another, to Salisbury and Newburyport, and many others inland in every direction.

Boar's Head is the best base from which to operate to rediscover the whole adjoining territory.

The first house on the Head was built, in 1808, by Daniel Lamprey, whose son, Jeremiah Lamprey, began to entertain guests about 1820. The first public house in the vicinity, a part of the present Boar's Head House, was built, in 1826, by David Nudd and associates. From them it came, in 1865, into the possession of Stebbins Hitchcock Dumas, who, nineteen years before, had commenced hotel life at the Phenix, in Concord. Under Mr. Dumas' management the house has grown steadily in size as well as in popularity, until to-day it ranks as one of the great seaside caravansaries of the Atlantic coast.

When a fisherman in his wanderings through the forest discovers a pond or stream well stocked with sparkling trout, he keeps his information to himself, and frequently revisits his treasure. So is it apt to be with the tourist and pleasure-seeker. Here, season after season, have appeared the same men and the same families—noticeably those who appreciate a table supplied with every delicacy of the season, served up in the most tempting manner.

Has the guest a desire to compete with the fishermen, he is furnished

every convenience, and by a basket of fish "expressed" to some distant friend can demonstrate his piscatorial powers. On the favoring beach, hard by the hotel, are bathhouses where one can prepare to sport in the refreshing billows. The halls and rooms of the hotel were built before those days when those who resort to the seabeach were expected to be accommodated within the area of their Saratoga trunks. Spacious, comfortably furnished, each opening on a view of the ocean, the rooms of the hotel are very attractive and pleasing.

The hotel is opened for the reception of the public early in June, and remains open into October, before the last guest departs.

The gentle poet, John Greenleaf Whittier, thus writes of Hampton Beach:—

"I sit alone: in foam and spray
Wave after wave
Breaks on the rocks,—which, stern and gray,
Shoulder the broken tide away,—
Or murmurs hoarse and strong through mossy
cleft and cave.

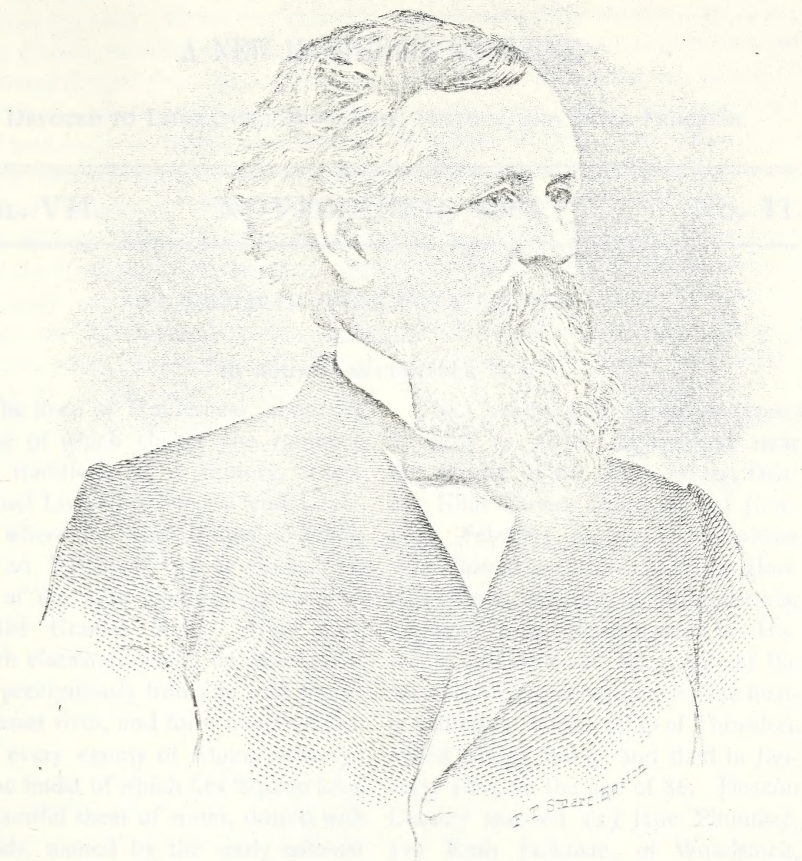
"What heed I of the dusty land
And noisy town?
I see the mighty deep expand
From its white line of glimmering sand
To where the blue of heaven on bluer waves
shuts down.

"In listless quietude of mind
I yield to all
The change of cloud and wave and wind;
And passive, on the flood reclined,
I wander with the waves, and with them rise
and fall.

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"So then, beach, bluff, and wave, farewell!
I bear with me
No token stone nor glittering shell;
But long and oft shall memory tell
Of this brief thoughtful hour of musing by the
sea."

GRANITE MONTHLY,



Leo E. Lothrop

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THOMAS PERKINS CHENEY.

BY JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, A. M.

The town of Holderness, about the name of which cluster the romance and traditions of a century, where Samuel Livermore lived in feudal style, and where he fondly hoped to establish an Episcopal city, is situated in one of the most picturesque sections of the Granite State. High hills, which elsewhere would be mountains, rise precipitously from the wild Pemigewasset river, and form deep valleys, and every variety of Alpine scenery; in the midst of which lies 'Squam lake, a beautiful sheet of water, dotted with islands, named by the early colonial surveyors Kusumpe or Cusumpy lake; while away to the north stretches a primeval forest, clothing the sides of the White and Franconia ranges.

In this town settled the Cheneys, a race of strong, energetic, and scholarly men, who trace their descent through a line of sturdy ancestors, brave and liberty loving, to the adventurous pioneer who left the shores of the old world, two centuries ago, and cast his lot with the Puritans of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

The Cheneys were in Newburyport as early as 1680. Somewhere near the middle of the last century, Deacon Elias Cheney (born in old Newbury, February 20, 1741), in whose veins flowed the heroic blood of Hannah Dustin, as family tradition asserts, migrated from Newburyport or Haverhill, and followed the valley of the Merrimack toward its source. He finally settled in the township of Thornton, raised a large family, and died in January, 1805, at the age of 86. Deacon Cheney married (1) Jane Plummer, (2) Ruth Jackman, of Woodstock, N. H., (3) Hannah Pike.

Of his children, Samuel was the father of Samuel Cheney, of Stanstead, P. Q., and Alfred Cheney, of Boston; Paul J. died in Woodstock, N. H.; Moses died in Epsom; Lydia died unmarried; Ruth married Abner Colby, of Thornton; Sally married Andrew McArthur, of Chelsea, Vt.; Rebecca married Nathan Blake, of Thornton; Elias settled and died in Thornton.

Deacon Elias Cheney, son of Elias

and Ruth (Jackman) Cheney, was born April 18, 1769, married Mary (Plummer) Prescott, daughter of Bensley Plummer, of Goffstown, and died November 13, 1805. By her first husband Mrs. Cheney was the mother of Edward and Daniel Prescott, who resided in Boston; of Abigail Prescott, whose first husband was William Drake, and whose second husband was the Rev. Thomas Perkins, of New Hampton; and Martha Prescott, who married Horace Hunkins, of Sanbornton. By a former marriage, with Sarah Burbank, of Thornton, N. H., Elias Cheney was the father of Moses Cheney, whose sons, Ex-Governor Person C. Cheney, Rev. Dr. Oren B. Cheney, Elias H. Cheney, Charles G. Cheney, and Moses Cheney, Jr., and several daughters, have added luster to the name. He was also father, by this marriage, of Eliza, who married Nathaniel Chandler, of New Hampton; Ruth, who married Simeon L. Gordon, of Holderness; Sally, who married Thomas Blaisdell, of Holderness.

The children of Elias and Mary (Plummer) (Prescott) Cheney were Gilman Colby, who died unmarried, in Boston, and was buried in the grounds of King's Chapel; Charles Colby, who died unmarried, in Holderness; and Person.

Person Cheney, born February 12, 1801, in Thornton, married January 18, 1825, Anne Wadleigh Morrison (born February 14, 1801; died June 18, 1879), daughter of Jonathan and Esther J. (Perkins) Morrison, of Sanbornton. [Jonathan Morrison was a soldier in the Continental army. His wife, Esther, was the daughter of Mas-

ter Abraham Perkins, a noted teacher of Sanbornton, and an officer in the Continental army.] He was an active and energetic business man, both in Holderness and in Boston, until, in the prime of life, he was stricken with the brain fever which made him an invalid for many years before his death. He died Nov. 1, 1883. Mrs. Cheney was an educated and cultivated woman, of strong character, who took great pains with her children, impressed on them the need of an education, and attended personally to the formation of their minds and characters. She was self-reliant, a scholar and writer; she had ideas and originality; she was deeply religious, never doleful, always cheerful and pleasant and bright; possessed of perseverance and will, she was amiable, affectionate, and benevolent; sympathetic, a leader in the church, always doing good; retaining her faculties to the last; her children call her blessed.

Children:—I. Eliza Ann Cheney, born March 12, 1827; married J. H. Applebee, of St. Johnsbury, Vt.; died in May, 1872. II. Major John Tirrell Cheney, born February 25, 1830, of Cheney's Battery in the Army of the Tennessee, and for a long time a member of Gen. Frank. P. Blair's staff. III. Person Cheney, Jr., born May 19, 1831, who resides in Dixon, Ill., and who has been mayor of that city. IV. Thomas Perkins Cheney. V. Samuel Thompson Cheney, born January 23, 1835; killed at battle of Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864, while Orderly Sergeant of Company E, 12th Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers. VI. Mary Tirrell Cheney, born November 13, 1837; married

Charles Wright, of Holderness. VII. Daniel P. Cheney, born July 27, 1840; was in the Union army, a member and Orderly Sergeant of Co. E, 12th N. H. Vols. Two of the brothers reside in Sioux City, Iowa, and one in Dixon, Ill.

THOMAS PERKINS CHENEY was born February 24, 1833, in Holderness village, now included in the town of Ashland, in the same house where his father and mother died. His early education was received at the district schools of his native village, and at the Holderness High-school, where he had the advantage of instruction from Miss Nancy St. Clair Perkins, who afterwards married his relative, Rev. Dr. Oren B. Cheney, president of Bates' College, and from his cousin, C. G. Cheney, Esq. During the last of his school days, young Cheney attended the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, located at that time in Northfield. As a scholar, he possessed a quick and retentive memory, and early in life developed those characteristics which have since distinguished him. He was popular with his school-fellows, and a leader both in his studies and all boyish sports. He was specially ready in debate, illustrating his point by an apt and well-told story, which made his speaking effective.

At the early age of twelve years, he displayed his self-reliant disposition by obtaining employment in a woolen factory, thus earning the money to be used in his future education. In the mill and in the school-house, at work and at play, he was constantly storing his mind for the conflict with the world. At home, he had the tender training of a wise and judicious moth-

er, who carefully and patiently attended to his moral training and the formation of his character, and cultivated his sturdy uprightness and fine sense of honor. His wit and humor needed no training: they were inborn or indigenous in his temperament. During his school days, he worked for some time in the paper mill, and, at the age of sixteen, entered the business man's most practical college, a country store, in which was the village post-office. There he learned the intricacies of commerce, and studied the various phases of human nature to the best advantage—acquiring at the same time some knowledge of the requirements of that branch of the public service which later was to occupy so much of his attention.

In the store, around the warm stove would be gathered of a winter evening the Solons of the town, the free-men of America, who discussed without fear or favor public men and public measures, wisely or otherwise. In this school, the naturally active mind of the boy received the best of training. At that time, the great speeches of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and Benton were familiar topics of conversation. In considering the teachings of those old political masters, the yeomen of the country became wise and erudite on national issues and the great questions of the day. Mr. Cheney came of a scholastic and talented family. The qualities of earnest and deep thought, strong convictions, and inflexible purpose were inherited by him from a long line of rugged and strong ancestors who had battled man and nature for the grand idea of personal liberty

and freedom of thought. In fact, he came of a race who have determined the destiny of this great country. He became versed in politics in early youth, and on arriving at man's estate he was ready to cast his vote intelligently.

He appreciated the advantages in life afforded by an affectionate wife, and before coming of age he had made his choice, and was married October 6, 1853, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Jonathan F., and Mary (Woods) Keyes, formerly of Bennington and later of Ashland.

Children of Thomas Perkins and Mary Elizabeth (Keyes) Cheney, born in Ashland, N. H.: I. Olney S. Cheney, born Oct. 7, 1856; died June 9, 1860. II. Rodney W. Cheney, born Dec. 29, 1860. III. Jonathan Morrison Cheney, born Dec. 15, 1863. IV. Alice Maud Cheney, born May 15, 1866. V. Harry A. Cheney, born Nov. 20, 1870. VI. Addie S. Cheney, born May 26, 1872. VII. George Bangs Cheney, born Nov. 6, 1873; died Nov. 9, 1879. VIII. Anne Perkins Cheney, born Dec. 5, 1876.

In 1854, the young couple settled in Amesbury, Mass., where Mr. Cheney embarked in the dry goods trade with his older brother, Major John T. Cheney.

Two years later, the firm was dissolved and Mr. Cheney returned to his home in New Hampshire, and entered the store of his father-in-law, Mr. Keyes, as a clerk and assistant postmaster.

This was in 1856, at the time of the organization of the Republican party, and, although a young man, Mr Cheney was active in its formation.

Originally by taste and education an old-line anti-slavery Whig, he joined the new party, carrying to its ranks zeal and enthusiasm. Naturally, he is a leader and organizer, and his efforts were effective.

In 1858, he went into business for himself, in a store devoted to general merchandise. About this time, he was appointed deputy-sheriff for Grafton and Belknap counties, and was elected town-clerk. On the election of Abraham Lincoln he was appointed postmaster, and at the call for troops he opened a Recruiting office and sent a detachment to join the First Regiment New Hampshire Volunteers. In August, 1861, he recruited a squad for the Sixth Regiment, in which organization he was commissioned a second lieutenant by Gov. Berry. In December, he left the state for the front, and remained with the command for twelve months, winning his promotion to the rank of first lieutenant, and for some time commanding his company. He was with General Burnside in his expedition to Albemarle and Pamlico Sound, and later in Virginia. In his last campaign, his strong constitution gave way under influence of exposure and malaria; he was prostrated, and ordered to the hospital, where, after nearly three months' treatment, he was honorably discharged from the service for physical disability.

During his absence from home, the affairs of the post-office and telegraph office under his charge were successfully conducted by his wife, who in this, as in all the plans and efforts of his life, has been an able coadjutor.

For nearly a year after his return

from the seat of war, Mr. Cheney was engaged in recuperating his shattered constitution.

In March, 1864, Mr. Cheney accepted the office of assistant, under Hon. Nehemiah G. Ordway, sergeant-at-arms of the United States House of Representatives. For five years he held this position, gaining extensive acquaintances and coming in contact with the political leaders from every section of the country. While holding this office, he was on duty not only at the capital during the sessions of Congress, but attended many committees on various tours of investigation.

In June, 1864, as an alternate, he attended the Baltimore convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for his second term. The next year, and the year after, 1865 and 1866, he was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, where he did efficient service on business committees. In 1868, he was a member of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, which unanimously nominated U. S. Grant for President.

In July, 1869, upon the organization of the Railway Mail Service, Mr. Cheney was appointed Superintendent of the New England Division. In this office he served over fifteen years, resigning July 31, of the present year, 1884. In this office his executive ability and organizing powers have been strikingly displayed. To him in a large measure is due the very efficient, although intricate, workings of the department for at least the New England states; and it is an open secret that this department is the model from which the others copy.

In starting the BAY STATE MONTHLY, in January of the current year, Mr. Cheney very kindly contributed to the writer an article on the Railway Mail Service, which enlightened the public, and was very widely and favorably received.

His resignation from the mail service was reluctantly accepted by the P. O. Department, as it was admitted on all sides that the perfection of the Railway Mail Service in New England is more largely due to his efforts and services than to those of any other living man. He has received hundreds of highly complimentary notices and letters from his late associates and superiors in office, which show that his good services are greatly appreciated by those who fully knew the distinguished character of them. His mail Division stood at the head of all others in the country, and his own efforts brought it there. He was offered and declined the position of general superintendent of the United States Railway Mail Service, at a salary of \$3,500 and \$5 per day for travelling expenses, with head-quarters in Washington. The condition of his health, due largely to disease contracted in the army, compelled him to decline the position. He was, with one exception, the oldest superintendent in the Railway Mail Service, and served under nine Postmasters-general, receiving the hearty commendation of each one. He is proudly entitled to the credit of bringing the New England service up to its present high standard of competency and excellence.

Mr. Cheney was appointed, in 1884, to succeed Colonel E. L. Whit-

ford as Pension Agent for New-Hampshire and Vermont, with headquarters at Concord. He undertook his new duties August 1, 1884. He carries to the office broad views of men and things, and a sympathy for the soldiers whom he serves, gained on the battle fields of Virginia and in the hospital where was so much of pain and suffering for the cause. It may here be stated that the office sought the man rather than otherwise; for had not Mr. Cheney accepted the tender of it, doubtless the office would have gone to a citizen of another state.

Mr. Cheney, as a citizen and neighbor, is valuable to the community in which he lives, for he is not only public spirited, but has a deep love for his native town. He has always been active in the promotion of the material good of his village, and was an active promoter of the separation of Ashland from Holderness in 1868; he can claim much credit for the erection of the beautiful Public school building in the village, and also in the establishment of the town library, and the building of the new Town Hall.

In Masonic circles Mr. Cheney is prominent. He joined the Olive Branch Lodge, No. 17, of Free and Accepted Masons, in Plymouth, in 1858, and was dimitted the following year to become one of the charter members of Mt. Prospect Lodge, No. 69, of Ashland. He was the first Senior Warden, has been Master of the Lodge, and still retains his membership. He is also a member of the Pemigewasset Chapter, of Plymouth, and of the Mount Horeb Command-

ery of Knights Templar, of Concord, having received the Templar degrees in Washington Commandery, No. 1, at Washington, D. C., in 1864. He was appointed District Deputy Grand Master by Charles H. Bell, then Grand Master of Masons in the state of New Hampshire.

Mr. Cheney was a charter member of the O. W. Keyes Post, No. 35, Grand Army of the Republic, at Ashland, has been Commander of the Post, and takes an active interest in its welfare.

From early training and association his religious predilections lean toward the Free Baptist church, and he is a trustee of that society in the village of Ashland. His father and mother were of the original members.

He has been justice of the peace since 1858, and notary public since 1876.

So much for an outline of the life of Colonel Thomas P. Cheney, or, as he is known to his wide circle of intimate friends, "Tom Cheney." His wit and humor, his knack of illustrating his point by an apt story, in the telling of which he has few equals, his foresight, his insight into human nature, his faculty of organizing men and influencing their actions, and his smile, make Mr. Cheney a power in the social and political world at home, throughout New England, and at Washington. He has a multitude of friends won by his frankness, sincerity, good will, and good nature: he harbors no animosities, although he is a strict disciplinarian.

INVENTORS OR MARTYRS TO SCIENCE.—I.

BY KATE SANBORN.

The gift of invention is often a curse to its possessor; it rules with a rod of iron, its rewards are slow and uncertain, while poverty and despair are its companions. Thackeray, in "The Rose and the Ring," tells us of a sensible fairy who grew tired of whirling about from one kingdom to another upon her black stick, conferring favors and charms which spoiled the tempers of her god-children, and instead of a flying jacket or a Fortunatus purse, would lean over the cradle and say: "As for this little lady, or this young prince, the best thing I can wish is a *little misfortune*." This may be true enough for the individual, but inventors, like missionaries, usually have a wife and a dozen children, who are the real martyrs, without the glory.

Then what a cold shoulder the stupid world turns upon these toiling benefactors. A man who invents or originates or boldly ventures from the beaten path, because impelled to do so, is sneered at and considered a lunatic, by wise fools, who have not a glimmer of his genius. Think of "the starry Galileo with his woes." His noblest discoveries were denounced as crimes which merited the vengeance of Heaven. The test was too severe for his principles, and, when tried before the Inquisition, he humiliated and perjured himself, thus rejecting the crown of martyrdom and placing the lasting stain of a lie on his noble name.

When we say a man is in advance of his age, what does it mean, but

that the rest of his generation are too blind or lame to keep up with his pace or understand his innovations?

History teaches that a successful invention is seldom a sudden creation, but a growth, or a result of the investigations of several at the same time in different countries. The record of the steam engine is a good example. If asked who invented the steam engine, you would say James Watt; but among the relics of ancient Egyptian civilization we find a MSS. of Hero, a learned man of that time, in which a number of primitive forms of water and heat engines are described. He invented an engine B. C. 200, utilized by the Greek priests to move apparatus in their temples.

In 1615, we find that a Frenchman, Salomon de Caus, who had been an engineer and architect under Louis XIII of France and also the British Prince of Wales, published a work at Frankfort, "*Les Raisons des Forces Mouvantes avec diverses Machines*," etc., in which he illustrated his proposition, "Water will by the aid of fire, mount higher than its level." De Caus was one of the many martyrs to science.

There is a letter in existence, written by Marion de Lorme, in 1641, describing her visit to the Bicêtrê, the celebrated madhouse of Paris. She says: "We were crossing the court, and I more dead than alive with fright kept close to my companion's side, when a frightful face appeared behind some immense bars,

and a hoarse voice exclaimed, 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery that would enrich the country that adopted it.' 'What has he discovered?' asked our guide. 'Oh,' answered the keeper, shrugging his shoulders, 'something trifling enough. You would never guess it. It is the use of the steam of boiling water. His name is Salomon de Caus; he came from Normandy four years ago to present to the king a statement of the wonderful effects that might be produced from his invention. To listen to him, you would imagine that with steam you could navigate ships, move carriages; in fact, there is no end of the miracles which he insists upon it could be performed.' This man was so persistent in his appeals that the king's minister, to be rid of him, put him in a mad-house. Here he moaned out his weary plaint, 'I am not mad! I am not mad! I have made a discovery.'"

And so he had, but the ignorant court could not appreciate it. His book on the power of steam and its uses was afterwards embodied to a considerable extent in a work published by the Marquis of Worcester, entitled "The Century of Inventions." But poor De Caus, who was more than a century in advance of his age, lost his liberty in consequence of his noble discoveries, which have made his name immortal.

Men who conceive great ideas are usually very persevering. Their plans master them, and they can talk of nothing else but their absorbing hobby, so they naturally weary and annoy the persons they buttonhole. When Fulton was experimenting with steam

on the water, he made trial of a new boat on the Seine (and was considered partially insane, if you will excuse the pun). It was not successful. Capitalists and officials frowned upon him, but like all men who originate great plans, he was importunate. At last he gained the ear of Napoleon, and advocated with his unfailing enthusiasm his project of navigating the ocean by steam. The emperor soon tired of him, and said to the American ambassador, Mr. Livingston: "Debarrez-moi de ce fou d'Américain,"—"Rid me of this fool of an American." It was easy to close the palace doors against the stranger, but was impossible to stifle by an imperial edict the strivings of genius. The autocrat went down, but steam went up, and Fulton's fame rose with it.

Such instances of unbelief and ill-treatment are numerous. The first surveyors of the railroad from Liverpool to Manchester were mobbed by the owners of the soil, their instruments were broken, and they were driven off by violence. The men who proposed the road were hated by the land-owners as bitterly as if they had designed to convert their fields into camps for a standing army. Some years later, when a bill to incorporate that road was before parliament, Mr. George Stephenson was examined by acute lawyers before the committee of parliament, as if he had been a spy of France, plotting an invasion of the country.

In the lower house, Sir Isaac Coffin denounced the project as a most flagrant imposition. He would not consent to see the widow's premises invaded. He asked in the most digni-

fied, senatorial manner, "how would any person like to have a railroad under his parlor window?" "What, I should like to know," said he, "is to be done with all those who have advanced money in making and repairing turnpikes? What with those who may still wish to travel in their own or hired carriages, after the fashion of their forefathers? What is to become of coach-makers, harness-makers, and coachmen, innkeepers, horse breeders, and horse dealers? Is the house aware of the smoke and noise, the hiss and the whirl which locomotive engines, passing at a rate of eight or ten miles an hour, occasion? Neither the cattle plowing in the fields, nor grazing in the meadows, could behold them without dismay. Iron would rise in price one hundred per cent., or more probably be exhausted altogether. It would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturbance of quiet and comfort, in all parts of the kingdom, that the ingenuity of man could invent." Such were the groans of consternation. The bill was at last obtained, at an expense of \$135,000, and within one year after the road was built, the land all along the line was selling at fabulous prices, and travel was tripled the first year. Annual saving to the public in money, \$1,250,000. The noblemen who resisted the bill to the last, soon patronized a rival road, on condition that it should pass through their estates. It is self-interest that enlightens the blind. Prejudices and habits form an invincible coat of mail to the conservative.

In too many cases the real inventor does not get the honor. If language was invented to conceal thought, his-

tory too often is so written as to conceal facts,—or, as some one puts it, "Average history—ingenious fiction."

The first steamboat on American waters is generally understood to have been made by Fulton—its first voyage, in 1807, from New York to Albany. But it can be shown that a steamboat had been constructed and successfully propelled by steam power, prior to this date.

The credit of inventing, building, and successfully working the first steamboat in America is due to a self-educated New Englander, a native of Connecticut, whose ancestors were from the old Bay State, but whose family, while he was yet a child, emigrated to northern New Hampshire, where he built the first steamboat in this country, if not in the world, propelled by paddle-wheels moved by a steam engine, and put it to a successful test upon the waters of the upper Connecticut river as early as 1792 or 1793. It is only justice to Mr. Fulton to own that he was the first man, aided by Chancellor Livingstone's money, to make a *practical business success* of a steamboat. He did build a boat which was successfully propelled by steam by means of paddle wheels, and he is perhaps properly called the father of American steamboat navigation. But to the question, Was he the originator of the plan? Was he the inventor? Did he make the first paddle-wheel steamboat that worked successfully? We answer, No. In the life of Fulton we find this fact: A Captain Morey, of Orford, New Hampshire, for a long time devoted himself largely to experiments upon light, heat, and steam.

Watt had invented the steam engine. Captain Morey was fully persuaded that the power of steam could be applied to propelling boats, and set himself to the task of inventing a boat to be thus propelled. He made the boat, built the steam engine, put in the necessary machinery, and entirely alone made his first trip, with complete success, running several miles from Orford, New Hampshire up the Connecticut river, to Fairlee, Vt., and returning to Orford. This was at least fourteen years before Fulton's trial trip in the Clermont up the Hudson, and nine years before his first trial boat constructed in France. Captain Morey, encouraged by Prof. Silliman, of New Haven, went to New York with the model of his boat, and had frequent interviews with Fulton and Livingstone, before they had invented and put in operation the Clermont. He was cordially received by them, and treated with great respect and attention. They suggested some improvements in the construction of his boat, and it is even stated that they offered him \$100,000 for his invention, if he would go home and make the alterations suggested so as to operate favorably. These he made with entire success, and again repaired to New York; but his metropolitan friends(?) treated him with such coldness and indifference as clearly to indicate that they had fully acquired the secret of his invention and desired no further intercourse with him.

The proof is positive that he made frequent trips in his little boat, but he

was without money and far from leading scientific men and the best mechanical skill; the result was that Fulton, aided by friends and money, built a large boat on the exact principle of Morey's, with paddle wheels, and received the credit, while Morey had taken three patents for the application of steam before Fulton had taken any, nor did he take one until he had seen both of Morey's models, and had visited him at Orford.

A clergyman of New Hampshire saw Morey's boat in operation. He says: "The astonishing sight of this man, ascending the Connecticut river, between Orford and Fairlee, in a little boat just large enough to contain himself and the rude machinery connected with the steam boiler, and a handful of wood for a fire, was witnessed by the writer in his boyhood, and by others who yet survive. This was before Fulton's name had ever been mentioned in connection with steam navigation."

He was so laughed at by his townsmen when he announced his intention of riding on the river in a steamboat that he made his trial trip on Sunday, when the people were at church. He always felt that Fulton had meanly superseded him in obtaining a patent for his invention, and during his last years bitterly criminated the man who had stolen his sacred rights. Some of his enemies sunk the boat in Fairlee pond, by filling it with stones, but his name should be remembered. He, too, was a martyr.

THE WILSONS OF KEENE.

BY REV. J. L. SEWARD.

During the reign of James the First, of England, his Irish subjects rebelled in the north of Ireland. Upon the suppression of this rebellion, about two million acres of land, including the whole of the six northern counties, fell to the king. Upon these newly acquired territories large numbers of the Scotch and English subjects of the crown were soon after permitted to settle. The new colonists were principally Scotch Presbyterians; and it was expected they would serve, in some measure, as a check to the rebellious Irish. The new settlers were denominated Scotch-Irish, but there was never a drop of Irish blood in their veins. The Irish disliked them from the first, not only as dwellers upon the land which had been taken from them, but as being Protestants while they were Catholics. The great Irish rebellion in the reign of Charles the First was due to the animosity of the Irish against these Scotch Protestants, during which bloody rebellion, according to some historians, not less than 150,000 persons perished.

The Scotch had begun to settle in the north of Ireland as early as 1612, but in the latter part of the century they went over to that island in great numbers, to escape the cruel persecutions of the bigoted Catholic king, James the Second. Being a most fanatical Catholic, his hatred was especially directed against the Scotch Presbyterians, because, perhaps, they were the most outspok-

en and bold of all the dissenters. The chief instrument of James in carrying on this nefarious work was one James Graham, of Claverhouse, who, says Macauley, was a "soldier of distinguished courage and professional skill, but rapacious and profane, of violent temper, and of obdurate heart, who has left a name which, wherever the Scottish race is settled on the face of the globe, is mentioned with a peculiar energy of hatred. To recapitulate all the crimes by which this man, and men like him, goaded the peasantry of the Western Lowlands into madness, would be an endless task." This brutal persecution drove the Scots into Ireland.

Dissenters of other religious denominations and from other parts of the British realm found their way thither. In the midst of these persecutions, William, the Prince of Orange, appears on the scene. He had married Mary, the daughter of King James, and was encouraged to ascend the throne by the exasperated subjects of their Catholic majesty. Finding no sympathy in England, James went over to Ireland, whose subjects had not voted for William, and was determined to make a stand in that island. His great desire was to reduce the Protestants in the north of Ireland. Their great stronghold was the ancient city of Derry, which had been called Londonderry since its colonization by Protestants, many of whom were from London. James especially desired to conquer this city. He had sub-

dued all the other Protestant strongholds, except Enniskillen, which alone, besides Londonderry, held out against him. Never has history recorded a more heroic action than the defence of Londonderry by its brave inhabitants in 1688 and 1689. No siege is recorded in history in which the besieging army perpetrated deeds of greater barbarity and cruelty. When the brave defenders were reduced to the point of starvation and were driven to eat horses, dogs, rats, and cats, and even hides, when they could not have survived two days, even on this fare, they yet refused to surrender, knowing that their cause was the cause of Protestantism in Ireland. At this critical juncture, two ships appeared in the Foyle bringing provisions. With great difficulty they passed the forts, the obstructions in the river, and the enemy's fire, and landed their provisions. This was July 28, 1689. The next day, the cowardly Irish army, which had besieged the place more than a hundred days, ran away.

King William induced parliament to exempt from taxation all who had borne arms in this ever-memorable siege, so far as concerned the landed estates which were conferred upon them as bounties in any part of the British realm, and farms are still shown in our own New Hampshire Londonderry settled by some of these same defenders which, down to the Revolution, were exempted from taxation, and known as the "exempted farms." Soon after the famous siege of Londonderry, James was defeated by William, on the banks of the Boyne, both kings appearing in person in the battle. This assured success to William

and Mary and the Protestant cause; but it was the cause of the English Established Church, and all non-conformists were still persecuted in the way of heavy taxes and tithes in support of the church. This led many of them to seek an asylum in America. In 1718, a large number of these Scotch-Irish came to New England, landing in Boston, August 4, of that year. They settled in various places, but very many of them went to what is now called Londonderry, in New Hampshire.

In subsequent years still more came over. They came from Londonderry and Tyrone, and many other places in the northern counties of Ireland. Never did a more noble stock emigrate to these shores. They were hardy, brave, manly, inspired with the spirit of freedom and free institutions, and withal very devout and moral and conscientious. We are indebted to them for the introduction of the potatoe, which was comparatively, if not entirely, unknown in this country previously. They introduced the culture of flax and the custom of weaving and manufacturing linen.

Of this hardy, intelligent, and industrious race are descended the Wilsons who are to form the subject of this sketch. We shall find the same heroism, the same undaunted courage, the same religious spirit, the same industrious habits, and the same intellectual traits of character which distinguished the heroic defenders of Londonderry and the other towns in northern Ireland conspicuously manifest in those of whom we are to write, coupled with the same patriotic love of country and devotion to duty.

The ancestor of the Keene Wilsons and allied families was William Wilson, who came to America from Tyrone, Ireland, in 1737, bringing his son Robert and one daughter, Lettuce, who afterwards married a man of the name of Swan. They passed the winter of 1737-38 in West Cambridge and then removed to Townsend, Mass. Some members of the family have a tradition that the emigrant was named James, but William seems to be the name best supported by evidence. The son whom he brought from Ireland was Robert, who was about three years of age when he came to New England. There were two other sons known to us, James and Daniel. James settled in Stoddard, and was the father of one daughter, Lettuce, who married a Reed, and lived in Townsend, Mass., and five sons, James, John, Jonas, Joel, and Jesse, the parents having used scrupulous care that all their sons should be named for Biblical worthies and that their names should all begin with "J." A large portion of the town of Stoddard was once owned by these Wilsons, who were then a large family circle, owning several farms, but the writer is not aware that a single descendant of either branch of the family now resides in that town. John Wilson, Esq., of Lunenburg, Mass., a prominent citizen, is a son of John, and Mrs. Theodore Butterfield, of Lowell, is a daughter of James.

Daniel, another son of the emigrant William, settled at first in Keene, but moved afterwards to Sullivan. He was the father of five daughters and six sons. Hannah, the eldest daugh-

ter, married Moses Adams, of Dublin. Her sons, Capts. Moses Adams, of Dublin, and Samuel Adams, of Peterborough, have been prominent citizens of those towns. Frederic M. Adams, Esq., a lawyer in New York city, is her grandson, and Henry Fiske Adams, M. D., of Newburyport, who graduated with honor from the class of 1882 in the Harvard Medical School, is her great-grandson. Abigail, the second daughter of Daniel, married Nathaniel Osgood, of Nelson. Polly, the third daughter, married Josiah Seward, Jr., of Sullivan, whose father was the first deacon of the church in Sullivan. Her oldest son, who bore the name of his father and grandfather, was a young man of sound learning and scholarly tastes, who was evidently destined for an honorable career, but died of an attack of typhus fever, in 1831, at the early age of 22. Her other sons were Daniel and David, the latter being the father of J. L. Seward, pastor of the Unitarian church in Lowell, and J. B. Seward, with the house of Mills & Gibb, in New York city. Betsey, the fourth daughter of Daniel, married James Osgood, of Sullivan. She was the mother of three daughters (of whom two, Mrs. D. W. and Mrs. Asahel Nims, are living), and two sons, Harry, who died while a young man, and James Mason, who resides in the West. Sarah, the youngest of the daughters, married Roswell Nims, of Keene. Two of her daughters are living, Mrs. B. E. Webster, of Walpole, and Mrs. Dennis Hubbard, of Springfield, Mass.; also two sons, George, of Westmoreland, and John, of Illinois. Mr. Oscar Nims, treas-

urer of the Cheshire Provident Institution, is her grandson. Chester Nims, Esq., of Keene, now deceased, was another son of Mrs. Roswell Nims. He was a man of good judgment and held many important offices in his native town.

Of the sons of Daniel Wilson, Daniel, Jr., and Josiah settled in Pennsylvania, and were highly respected citizens in Tioga county. Josiah had no children. The descendants of Daniel mostly reside in northern Pennsylvania, and are among the most substantial citizens in that part of the state. James, another son of Daniel, was an officer in the war of 1812, and lost his life in the battle of Plattsburg. One son, named John, died in infancy, on the day of the battle of Bennington. Another John settled on the paternal homestead, in Sullivan, and became a prominent man in the place, was a justice of the peace and the town clerk for many years and represented his town in the general court. His two sons, Dauphin W. and Charles Franklin Wilson, Esqs., were also highly respected and prominent citizens of that town. Both now reside in Keene. Both have been in the state legislature and the latter, like his father, was for many years the town clerk. Charles C., son of the latter, lost his life in the late war. Their sister, Harriet, was the wife of the late Dr. Barton, of Orange, Mass., a man eminent in his profession and a benevolent, public-spirited townsman. His daughter, Josephine, is the wife of Rev. Mr. Herrick, a Congregational clergyman. Mrs. Herrick has just established a school in Amherst for the education of unfortunate

children, who, by reason of ill-health, or for any other cause, are belated in their studies. Samuel Wilson, the youngest son of Daniel, and twin brother of Sarah, lived in northern New York. His son, Edson J., was for a time postmaster at Vallejo, Cal., and is now a wealthy and influential citizen of that place. Maria N., sister of the latter, is the wife of Hon. Geo. Wilkins, of Stow, Vt., who has been president of the Vermont senate.

Robert Wilson, the ancestor of Hon. James Wilson, Sr., and Gen. James Wilson, Jr., was the son of the emigrant, William, who was born in Tyrone, Ireland, and came with his father to this country, in 1737. When he became of age he enlisted in the army in the old French war. He was in the famous action on the Heights of Abraham, Sept. 12, 1759, and was one of the brave men who, after they saw their commander, the gallant Wolfe, fall, fought valiantly until they had gained the victory and thus deprived the French of all their possessions in north-eastern America. After this war was ended, Robert Wilson returned to his home. Shortly after, in 1761 or 1762, he married Mary Hodge, of West Cambridge, who had crossed the ocean in the same ship with him. They went to live in the newly settled town of Peterborough, and built a house about seventy-five or eighty rods south-west of the house now occupied by James Wilson, the cellar of which can still be traced. Here they performed the duties usually devolving on those who settled in the new towns and cleared their farms in the midst of the primeval forests. Their house

was evidently a very good one for the time, for it served as a wayside inn for the entertainment of travellers. Robert Wilson is described as a stout, strong, vigorous man, over six feet in height. He was conscientious and industrious, and, by prudent and careful management, accumulated what might have been called, for the time, a large fortune. His opportunities for an early education had been limited, but he was nevertheless honored with some of the most important offices of the town. He was selectman in 1765 and 1771, treasurer in 1786-88, and one of the Committee of Safety in 1776. He served his country patriotically in the Revolution. He was early elected to fill important offices in the militia of his town. He was a lieutenant in 1771, a captain in 1775, and a major in 1777. When the news of the advance of the British troops upon Lexington and Concord was made known in Peterborough, immediately a company of troops started for the scene of action, April 19, 1775, under the command of Capt. Wilson. Gen. Wilson, in Smith's History of Peterborough, says, "There was no little amusement among the men at the character of the arms some of them bore. Some few had fire-arms, with a meagre supply of powder and ball; some of the arms were the old, heavy, clumsy queen's arms; some were light, French pieces called fusees. They probably almost all came out from Canada at the close of the old French war. Some of the men had pitchforks, some had good stout shillalahs; but among them all the most laughable was one Tom McCoy, who had brought with him

his grain-flail, with which to give the British a literal thrashing. The men laughed and joked at the oddity of his weapon to fight with, but Tom replied, in broad Scotch, 'Gath, I vow, I'll gie a Britisher a devilish good lick o'er the head, an I get in reach of him.' They all knew that Tom would be as good as his word, if it came to trial. The foremost of them got as far as Groton, when they learned the result of the Lexington and Concord fight. They were ordered back to their homes, but to hold themselves in readiness for any further calls that might be made upon them. In less than two months they were ordered to join the patriotic citizens at Bunker Hill, and were equally prompt in responding to the call." Later, Robert Wilson distinguished himself in the Revolution. He was a major in Gen. Stark's division of militia, and was with this famous officer in the battles of Bennington, Saratoga, &c., and was appointed by him to conduct six hundred Hessian prisoners of war from Bennington to Boston. Major Wilson survived the Revolution but a short time. He died a comparatively young man of strangulated hernia, Christmas Day, 1790. He was but fifty-seven years of age. A good surgeon could probably have saved his life; but such an one was not to be had, and he doubtless fell a victim to incompetent surgical attendants. His widow survived him a long time. She was again married to Enos Knight, but was again a widow many years, and died on the old homestead, Dec. 22, 1825, at the age of 90 years.

The children of Major Robert Wilson were 1. Anne, killed at the age of

seven, by the falling of a fence upon her; 2. James, of whom we shall presently speak; 3. William, known always in Peterborough as Capt. Bill Wilson, who married Dotia Smith and lived on the old homestead and was an honored and highly esteemed citizen, who had eleven children, six of whom died unmarried. Eunice married William Gibbon, of Marlboro, Mass., Charlotte G. married James Jackson, of Cazenovia, N. Y., and Sarah Ann married Hon. James Scott, one of the most valued and influential residents of Peterborough. The two surviving sons, James and George W., live in Peterborough, the former on the old homestead; 4. Anne, married Jeremiah Swan; 5. Mary, married Gen. John Steele; 6. John, who died in Belfast, Me., in 1848, was an eminent lawyer and member of congress; 7. Sarah; and 8. Joseph, who died young. Sarah was married to Joseph Haynes Johnson, and died in Illinois. Her eldest daughter, Lucretia K., married John Scott Harrison, son of President William H. Harrison. Another of her daughters married John T. Fisk, who was lieutenant-governor of Kentucky, during the Rebellion.

Hon. James Wilson, Sr., the oldest son of Robert, was born in Peterborough, Aug. 16, 1766. His opportunities for an education were very limited in his native town. He remembered the alarm given at his father's house, April 19, 1775, and the great stir among the farmers, as they were getting their weapons ready to march to the scene of action. He remained at home, working with his parents, until the close of the Revolution. His mother was a lady who

appreciated the importance of a good education, and she finally prevailed upon her somewhat reluctant husband to allow their promising son to attend the Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., where he fitted for college. He entered Harvard University in 1785, and graduated in 1789. Among his classmates were Charles Cutts, afterwards a representative in Congress, Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Thayer and Rev. Dr. John Thornton Kirkland, afterwards president of the same university. President John Quincy Adams was two classes ahead of him and knew him well. Mr. Wilson maintained an intimate friendship with all these gentlemen. Sixty years after his graduation, when his son James was introduced, on the floor of congress, to Ex-President J. Q. Adams, the latter said, "Your father was the best wrestler in college." He was, as Mr. Adams said, the best wrestler, and was a strong, well-developed, muscular young man. He received from Harvard the degree of A. M., in course, and Dartmouth conferred the same degree upon him in 1850.

Immediately after graduation, he entered the law office of Judge Lincoln, of Worcester, as a student. The death of his father, Dec. 25, 1790, called him home. He was united with his mother in the settlement of his father's estate. He decided not to return to Worcester, and entered the law office of Judge Smith of Peterborough. Judge Smith was shortly after elected to congress, in 1791, and on leaving congress, settled in Exeter. This left a field for young Wilson in Peterborough; and he resolved to settle in that town. He was admitted

to the bar in 1792, and continued to practice in Peterborough until 1815, when he removed to Keene, and purchased the stately mansion on Main street, which has ever since been known as the "Squire Wilson house." An anecdote is preserved respecting the purchase. The house was sold at auction, and, during the sale, an old man was observed, sitting on the fence, who would occasionally make a bid. At first, he was not noticed, but he persisted in bidding, and desired and demanded to be recognized as a legitimate bidder. He finally bid off the house. The possibility of his being able to pay for the house was at first denied, but he declared that he had the cash with him. When asked to whom the deed should be made, he replied, "To James Wilson of Peterborough." It proved to be some one, a capable man, whom the squire had sent to make the purchase for him.

Mr. Wilson was an able lawyer and understood the science of law. He was a man of good judgment, and of a quick, clear perception. He prepared his cases with great care and managed them ably in the courts. As an advocate, he had few if any superiors in the state. He had an extensive practice in both Hillsborough and Cheshire counties, and was usually retained upon one side or the other of almost every case. He also did a large business in the justice courts in both counties. Many young men who afterwards became good lawyers were his students. Among them were Gen. James Miller, John Wilson, his brother, D. Smiley, Thomas F. Goodhue, Zacheus Porter, Stephen P. Steele,

David Scott, Charles J. Stuart, and Matthew Perkins. These all studied with him, while he lived in Peterborough. After he came to Keene, David Steele, Amos A. Parker, Amasa Edes, and his own son, James Wilson, Jr., began the study of their profession with him. In Peterborough, he was moderator of the town-meeting for five years, and a representative to the general court most of the time from 1803 to 1815. He was a member of congress from the Hillsborough district from 1809 to 1811. He was a firm believer in the policy of Alexander Hamilton, and was a firm Federalist of the old school. The whole of the New Hampshire delegation in the eleventh congress was of the Federal party; but all this was changed in the next congress, and Mr. Wilson was not returned. He did not practice his profession after 1823, after his son was admitted to the bar and had succeeded to his business.

Mr. Wilson was twice married: first to Elizabeth Steele, in 1792, a daughter of Capt. David and Janet (Little) Steele. This first wife died Nov. 4, 1806. His second wife was Elizabeth Little, daughter of Wallis Little, Esq., of Shirley, Mass., whom he married in 1810. She died in Keene, Sept. 30, 1830. Mr. Wilson was a good citizen, a kind neighbor, a dutiful son, a kind and sympathetic parent. He was universally respected and his death was a great loss to his town and state. He was one of the founders of the Unitarian church and society in Keene, when the secession from the old society took place. He ever bore in mind the two grand tenets of his church, "The fatherhood of

God and the brotherhood of man." He observed the precepts of the golden rule, and may be safely judged by the precious fruits of his life. He died Jan. 4, 1839. He left two sons and two daughters. A daughter of his first wife had died in infancy. Gen. James Wilson was also a child of the first wife.

The other son, Robert, and the two daughters, were the children of the second wife. Robert was born in Peterborough, Sept. 24, 1811. He was always familiarly called Col. Robert. He was a colonel in the old militia system, and was also the colonel first appointed for the Fourteenth N. H. Regiment, in the late war. Ill health, resulting from the malaria of Louisiana obliged him to leave the service, and finally killed him. He was a learned man, and very gentlemanly in his manners. He fitted for college at Phillips Exeter Academy and graduated at Amherst College. He was a great reader and student, and was well posted on the scholarly and scientific questions of the day. He was fond of manly sports, and was the champion fisherman of the place. It was the great delight of young men to camp out with him, and he never was so old that they did not enjoy a fishing tour with him. He lived a very quiet life, and was not at all a society man, although highly educated and accomplished. He was married on his fiftieth birthday, and died childless, April 8, 1870.

Elizabeth, the daughter of Squire Wilson, was born in 1815, and Sarah M. A., her sister, in 1819. The former married William G. Hunter, and the latter Frank Lee, of Boston.

Gen. James Wilson, Jr., who inherited not only the practice but the great talents of his honored father, was born in Peterborough, March 18, 1797. His early years were passed in his native town. His educational advantages were such as were obtainable in a country town at that time. He had the misfortune to lose his mother at the early age of eight years. She was a good Christian woman whose influence he always remembered. He often spoke of a scene which made a deep impression on his youthful mind. It was when his mother was on her dying bed. He came suddenly into her chamber from his play, and, as he entered the door, he saw her wave her hand and motion him to be silent. He then observed that her aged father was kneeling by her bed in prayer. Being himself of a religious turn of mind, the scene produced a lasting impression upon his mind.

In 1807, young Wilson was sent to the New Ipswich Academy, and in 1808 to the Atkinson Academy. In 1813, he attended the Phillips Academy, in Exeter, for a part of the year. Our country was at that time involved in the second war with Great Britain. Young Wilson desired very greatly to enlist in the army. He was full of the military spirit and heroism of his Scotch-Irish ancestry, and longed for active service; but his father would not consent to it. Chagrined and mortified, he left his academy and went to the North Factory, in Peterborough, and hired himself out as a common hand. He continued to work in the mill until the peace of 1815 was declared. That

put an end to the war and, for a time, to the manufacture of cotton at the North Factory. James then went to work on his father's farm; but, when his father removed to Keene, he decided to resume his studies and picked up his books and went back to school. He entered the Middlebury College in 1816, and graduated in 1820. He delivered the class oration at the special class exercises near his graduation. Among his classmates was Rev. Dr. Olin, with whom he ever maintained the closest friendship. James immediately began the study of law with his father, and was admitted to the bar, in Cheshire county, at the fall term, 1823. He succeeded immediately to his father's business in the office and in the courts. At first, he practiced in Cheshire, Sullivan, Grafton, and Coos counties, but after his father was stricken with paralysis, in 1836, and required much of his son's attention, he abandoned the northern counties and practiced only in Cheshire.

In the military service of his state, Gen. Wilson was deservedly popular. He was appointed Captain of the Keene Light Infantry, Jan. 1, 1821, and rose through all the various ranks until he was made Major General of the Third Division of the N. H. Militia.

In 1825, he was chosen as one of the two representatives to the general court from the town of Keene. In 1828, he was elected speaker of the house of representatives of the state of New Hampshire. While in the chair, the Hon. John Bell, the father of Hon. Charles H. Bell, Ex-Governor of New Hampshire, was in-

augurated. In the legislature at that time, were Hon. Ezekiel Webster, the Hon. B. M. Farley, the Hon. Joseph Bell, the Hon. P. Noyes, and other noted men from different parts of the state. From the year 1825 to the year 1840 inclusive, Gen. Wilson represented Keene in the state legislature, excepting the years 1833, 1838, and 1839. In the last two of the years just named, he was Whig candidate for governor, but was defeated by his Democratic opponent.

The year 1840 was a notable year in the history of this country. No political campaign ever exceeded this in interest and excitement. The Democrats had nominated Martin Van Buren for a second term, and the Whigs had nominated Gen. W. H. Harrison. The shouts for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," the long processions in which were the log cabins and barrels of hard cider, and the excited political debates and stump speeches, will never be forgotten by any one who participated in the eventful campaign. Gen. Wilson remarkably distinguished himself in this exciting struggle, delivering stump speeches in all parts of the country, and contributing largely to the success won by the Whig party. He had been famous as an orator and advocate before, but his rhetorical triumphs, at this time, extended his reputation to all parts of the land. His presence was unusually impressive. He was six feet four inches in height, straight, well-built, with black curling hair and bright blue eyes, as fine a set of white, sound teeth as was ever seen, of a stern and determined, yet fascinating and impressive countenance. He delighted to joke

upon his personal appearance, and would describe himself as a "rough hewn block from the Granite State." His friends spoke of him familiarly as "Long Jim," "Gen. Jim," &c.

He had all the qualifications of a first-class orator. He was a logical thinker, and arranged the subjects of his thought methodically. He was well read in history and the Bible, and was ready with a good illustration to enforce his points. He was a capital story teller, and knew just when and where to tell one. He could laugh or cry at will, and could produce either effect upon his auditors at pleasure. Nor was this done wholly for effect. He was a sincere man. He had fine feelings and instincts and was remarkably humane; and, whenever he spoke, he was tremendously in earnest. He was no hypocrite. His political principles were based on study, reflection, and sound arguments. He had a powerful voice and could be distinctly heard for many yards in an open field. He had a marvellous command of language and an inexhaustible fund of wit. He was a keen, shrewd observer and a good reader of human nature; hence he knew how to adapt himself to his audience. Possessing all of these manifold qualifications of a first-class orator, it is no wonder that he gained a hearing in the famous canvass of 1840. Men of every shade of political opinion flocked to hear him. A curious anecdote of the time is preserved. One day he was making a stump speech in some place, and, in another part of the same field, some distance away, some one was addressing a Democratic assemblage. Some

stray auditors from the Democratic fold found their way to the side of the field where Wilson was speaking. They returned with a glowing account of his eloquence. One by one the Democrats went to the other side of the field to hear the famous Whig orator, till finally not a listener was left for the Democratic speakers.

The Whigs were victorious, but Gen. Harrison enjoyed his victory only a single month. Mr. Tyler, who succeeded to the presidency, offered to Gen. Wilson the office of surveyor-general of public lands in the then territories of Wisconsin and Iowa, which office he accepted and took possession of the surveyor-general's office, at Dubuque, Ia. He was removed by President Polk, in 1845.

In 1846, the voters of Keene again returned Gen. Wilson to the general court. About that time the "Independent Democrats," uniting with the old line Whigs, defeated the regular Democrats, and Gen. Wilson was elected to the Thirtieth Congress from the third New Hampshire District. He was re-elected to the Thirty-First Congress, but resigned his seat Sept. 9, 1850.

While in congress, he was busily employed with the proper duties of his office. He made several speeches, one of which, on the condition of the country, in which he openly and freely expressed his views against the institution of slavery, made a profound sensation in the house of representatives at the time of the delivery, and is still an eloquent composition, as one reads it in the *Congressional Globe*.

In Washington, Gen. Wilson was a great favorite in society, and a popu-

lar guest at dinners. He was a highly cultivated and accomplished man, whose manner was characterized by all the grace and elegance which could be desired, and whose ready wit and fascinating address were sure to be appreciated. He was often seen at the tables of Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Mr. Winthrop, the president, and those of the diplomats. The Washington climate did not agree with his health, and he sought the more inviting atmosphere of California. It may well be a matter of regret that he felt the necessity of leaving political life. His good education, extensive reading, persuasive oratory, and above all else, his strict regard for what he felt to be the truth in politics and political theories, are qualities so seldom combined in one person that we can ill afford to lose the services of such a statesman. No one who knew Gen. Wilson could avoid the feeling that, if he had remained longer in active politics, still greater triumphs were in store for him. As it was, he retired in the very zenith of his fame, with abundant reason to be proud of the successes which he had already achieved.

He remained in California eleven years, engaged in law and mining business. He returned East in 1861, in April, just at the breaking out of the Rebellion. His old friend, Abraham Lincoln, offered him a brigadier general's commission, but he felt compelled to decline the honor, on account of his great age. He had been fond of military service all his life, and had been honored with the highest military distinctions in his native state. He was an admirable soldier, a thorough drill-master, and a good

disciplinarian. He did not fail to give the men, under his charge, abundant opportunity for enjoyment, often entertaining them at his own expense (for he was lavish in entertainment), nor did he fail to receive it pleasantly if his men perpetrated a harmless joke upon himself. The history of the old Keene Light Infantry is an interesting chapter in the annals of that town, and a fund of good anecdotes respecting the company and its beloved commander is preserved.

The visit of Gen. Wilson to Keene, in 1861, after an absence of more than a decade, was a memorable one. Soon after his arrival, the shot was fired at Sumter, and the regiments began to be formed ready to march to the conflict.

One memorable occasion will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was on the twenty-second of April, 1861. A mass meeting was announced to be holden in the public square on the morning of that day. Gen. Wilson accepted an invitation to address the meeting. The knowledge of this fact was conveyed to the adjoining towns. An immense audience assembled, filling the square. It was the General's first public appearance since his arrival. As the hour for the speaking drew near, a band proceeded to the General's residence and escorted his carriage to the grand stand. When the door was opened, and the familiar form of the old hero was seen mounting the rostrum, such a tumultuous applause was heard as was never known in Keene before. Old friends from Keene and the adjoining towns were there in great numbers, representing all occupations

and professions. When he began to speak, all voices were hushed. It was the same grand old voice, with its familiar ring, the same telling and forcible gestures, the same oratorical power, with fun and anecdote alternating with the most solemn and pathetic passages, the same earnestness, and the same persuasive and convincing eloquence which so many had heard in former days from the same lips.

It was a scene never to be forgotten by those who were present; and it did much good, the immediate effect being to add many names to the roll of enlistments.

He returned once more to California in the autumn of 1862, and remained until 1867, when he again returned to Keene to spend the remainder of his days and to die in the town and in the house which he had loved so much.

In 1870 and 1871, the voters of Keene again returned Gen. Wilson to the general court. He was much interested in all the questions of the day, and especially in urging the importance of making an accurate topographical map of the state, which he lived to see and enjoy.

He was always interested in education, and especially in young men who were anxious to obtain a liberal education. He aided many young men in their efforts to complete a successful course of study, and watched their progress with great interest. The writer of this paper is one of many who were so fortunate as to receive from him valuable aid and counsel in the way of obtaining an education.

He maintained to the last a firm hold upon the love and affections of

the citizens of Keene and Peterborough and the adjoining towns. Cæsar and Napoleon were never more dearly loved by their veteran soldiers than the General was honored and respected by his fellow-citizens. Even the young men, who had only known him in his later years, shared this enthusiasm. His name is applauded whenever mentioned at any public gathering.

In the autumn before his death, his many friends, desirous of testifying their love and esteem, procured a fine oil painting of the General, and formally presented it to the city of Keene, Nov. 13, 1879. The presentation address was by Gen. S. G. Griffin. The General was present, and, when introduced to the audience, made a graceful speech, in which he feelingly thanked his friends for the honor they had thus conferred upon him.

In the later years of his life, he appeared but little in public. For the first few years after his last return, he spoke in several towns of the county and vicinity, giving, in a familiar talk, a most interesting account of the state of California.

He was a conscientious, religious man, always attending divine service on the Lord's day when able to do so. He was the last survivor of the twelve who first signed the covenant of the Unitarian church in Keene, when the latter society separated from the old Congregational church of the town. He made a study of religious and philosophical subjects, and enjoyed converse upon such themes.

He was much afflicted with rheumatic gout for the last few years of his life, but he seldom failed to receive

the calls of his numerous friends, to all of whom he ever extended the most hearty and cordial greeting.

He was mercifully spared, at the last, a lingering illness. Sunday morning, May 29, 1881, he had risen comparatively well. During the day he complained of feeling ill, and, before the doctor, who had been summoned, arrived, he expired in the arms of his son, and in the presence of his youngest daughter.

He was buried Wednesday, June 1. He had intended, that same day, to have been present at the inauguration of Gov. Bell. The body was early carried to the church, and a large number of persons from Keene and the adjoining towns availed themselves of the opportunity of looking for the last time on the face of their old friend.

At the services in the church, Rev. William Orne White, recently the beloved pastor, for more than a quarter of a century, of that church, paid a tender and appropriate tribute to his memory. The present pastor, Rev. Albert Walkley, followed with an address. The Keene Light Guard Battalion, and a detachment of Hugh de Payens commandery of Knights Templar (the General belonging to that Order), escorted the procession through the streets of the city which he loved so well, while all the bells were tolled, and business entirely suspended. Besides the mourning kindred, a great concourse of citizens followed the hearse. Arriving at Woodland Cemetery, the writer of this memoir briefly addressed the large assemblage which had gathered to witness the last sad rites, and read the committal service.

Thus was finished the earthly career of one of the ablest advocates, one of the most powerful and persuasive orators, and one of the most unselfish and noble statesmen of all the natives of New Hampshire. He was a dutiful son, a loving husband, an indulgent and tender parent, a conscientious citizen, neighbor, and friend.

Gen. Wilson was married Nov. 26, 1823, to Mary Lord Richardson, of Montpelier, Vermont. She was a beautiful and accomplished lady. She died comparatively young, Oct. 4, 1848. General and Mrs. Wilson were the parents of eight children, all born in Keene: 1. An infant son, born and died Sept. 8, 1824. 2. Mary Elizabeth, born Oct. 27, 1826. 3. James Edward, born July 28, 1829; died March 9, 1832. 4. William, Robert, born Nov. 27, 1830; died March 17, 1834. 5. Annie Farnsworth, born Sept. 23, 1832; 6. Charlotte Jean, born Aug. 31, 1835; 7. James Henry, born Dec. 21, 1837. 8. Daniel Webster, born Feb. 13, 1841; died Jan. 18, 1846. The youngest boy was a bright and very promising child, and his early death was a great affliction to his parents.

The eldest daughter, Mary Elizabeth, is the wife of John Sherwood, Esq., a prominent lawyer in New York city, whom she married Nov. 12, 1851. She is an authoress, widely and favorably known. Among her published works are a charming novel, "Sarcasm of Destiny," two of the books in Appleton's Home Series, "Amenities of Home," and "Home Amusements," a poetical tribute to Dr. Washburn, a plea for the old South Church in Boston, a poem

which appeared in the *Atlantic*, a few translations from the French, and many magazine and newspaper articles. Shortly after her father's death, she wrote an interesting portraiture of his life for her private diary, a copy of which she kindly loaned to the writer, and which he has freely used in this paper.

Mrs. Sherwood has had six sons:
 1. James Wilson, born Sept. 9, 1852. He was a bright, intelligent lad, and was already an interesting companion of his fond parents, when he died quite suddenly April 28, 1865, in his thirteenth year. 2. Samuel, born Dec. 8, 1853, a graduate of Harvard University. 3. Arthur Murray, born Aug. 20, 1856. 4. John Philip, born Sept. 15, 1858. 5 and 6. Edgar and Fred. Randolph, twins, born Dec. 28, 1864; Edgar died Feb. 18, 1865, and his mate Feb. 23, 1865. The third and fourth sons were born in Keene, the others in New York.

The second daughter, Annie Farnsworth, is the wife of Francis Skinner Fiske, Esq., whom she married Dec. 14, 1858, and resides in Brookline, Mass. Mr. Fiske was Lieut. Colonel of the Second New Hampshire Regiment in the beginning of the war. In the battle of Bull Run, after Col. Marston was wounded, he took charge of the regiment. Col. (afterwards Gen.) Burnside, in his official report of the action, says: "Lieut. Col. Fiske ably directed the advance of the regiment." In another report, the

same officer says: "The regiment under charge of Lieut. Col. Fiske conducted itself most gallantly. Both officers and men deserve great praise." A dangerous illness which nearly cost Col. Fiske his life, obliged him to leave the seat of war shortly after, and the country was deprived of the services of an able and gallant officer.

The children of Mrs. Fiske are:

1. Mary Wilson, born Nov. 15, 1859.
2. Edith Annie, born Nov. 25, 1860.
3. Reddington, born July 11, 1863.
4. Robert Francis, born Dec. 19, 1864, now a student in Harvard University.
5. Elizabeth Lawrence, born Nov. 2, 1869. The first two were born in Keene, the others in Boston.

The third daughter, Charlotte Jean, married Frank Lothrop Taintor, Oct. 5, 1864, and now resides in Keene.

Mrs. Taintor has three children:

1. Giles Frank, born Jan. 22, 1866.
2. Eleanor, born Sept. 15, 1868.
3. Charles, born Oct. 23, 1871. All were born in New Rochelle, N. Y.

The writer is under obligations to both Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Taintor for many courtesies in the preparation of this memoir.

The only surviving son of the General, James Henry Wilson, was a graduate of Harvard, in the class of 1860. He was a popular man in his class, and was one of the class-day marshals. He learned easily and prepared for college in less than the usual time. He is now in a manufacturing business, and resides in Keene.

JOSIAH BARTLETT.

BY DANIEL ROLLINS.

In the north-eastern part of Massachusetts, near the confines of New Hampshire, there lies the busy manufacturing town of Amesbury. It is located on the bank of the Merrimack river, under the brow of a protecting hill, and overlooks the blue waters of the Atlantic. This spot was the birthplace of Josiah Bartlett, the first man who voted for, and the second who signed, the Declaration of Independence.

If the reader will ascend Poe Hill—at the rear of the town—he can obtain a view hardly surpassed in this part of the country. If we look to the north we may see fertile, undulating meadows, and further on the rugged peaks of the Granite State. If we glance to the west we note the long reaches of woodland extending for many a mile. If we turn to the south the view is still unrivalled; foremost in the picture rises Sir Edward Thornton's castle-like building situated on an eminence across the river, giving a mediæval air to the beautiful landscape. But it is only a sham castle after all, for the walls and turrets are made of wood, not of massive stones which have resisted the wear and tear of centuries.

Josiah Bartlett's birthplace has been pulled down within a few years, but fortunately a photograph was taken of it. It was a plain, two-story, solid old structure, such as our forefathers were wont to build. It stood on a hill overlooking the river, near a bend called "Bartlett's Cave." The people

of Amesbury propose to erect a monument on the site, in memory of their distinguished townsman. May they complete it at an early day—honoring themselves by honoring him.

Josiah Bartlett was taught Greek and Latin at an early age, and soon made rapid progress in both languages, as he applied himself diligently and had an excellent memory.

He was a great reader, spending all his spare time on books. Perhaps his success was largely owing to this habit. Neither did he neglect the study of human nature by personal contact with men.

In his sixteenth year, he began the study of medicine with Dr. Ordway, of his native town, who was also a distant relative of the family. After he had finished the usual course of instruction, he removed to Kingston, New Hampshire, and there began the exercise of his profession. He soon acquired a large practice by his skill in surgery and in the study of the human frame. Perhaps no other profession is so ennobling as this, unless we except that of the divine. Indeed, both formerly went hand in hand; for the good priest with his necessarily limited knowledge of physic allayed the bodily sufferings of the invalid, while he at the same time healed the sorrowing heart by wise and holy counsel.

Dr. Bartlett was early noted for uprightness and decision of character, and he was soon appointed a magistrate.

Governor John Wentworth also gave him the command of a regiment of militia, and he discharged the duties of the position with the same care which marked the whole course of his public life.

He attained great success in his treatment of ulcerated sore throat—a disease which was prevalent at the time, and often fatal—by the use of Peruvian bark. He was the first physician who prescribed it for that ailment.

A. D. 1765, Dr. Bartlett was first elected a representative from Kingston to the legislature of the province, where he soon became distinguished as a leader of the opposition. The members were mainly subservient to the governor. Dr. Bartlett suffered much annoyance by taking this course, but he was too thorough an American from the beginning to the end of his career, to sit by and see the rights of the people invaded.

At that time, and even at a later day, separation from England was hardly thought of. He did what he thought was right—not for the sake of expediency—but because it was honorable so to do.

But we must now pass over a few years, occupied, for the most part, by a quarrel between his excellency and the legislature. Matters went on from bad to worse until A. D. 1774.

It may not be generally known that on the 13th Dec., 1774, Paul Revere took his *first* public ride. While it may not have been of so far reaching importance as his later one, it richly deserves a place in history. It happened in this manner. The Boston committee of safety had just heard of

the British order that no military stores should be exported to America. They accordingly sent Paul Revere on a fleet horse to Portsmouth, to apprise the similar committee there of the news, and (probably) to urge them to secure the powder which was in fort William and Mary in the harbor, as reinforcements were expected shortly from England. Accordingly, on the 14th Dec., a body of patriots from Portsmouth and the neighboring towns went down the Piscataqua in boats to Newcastle and demanded the surrender of the fort. The invitation could hardly be declined as the garrison numbered but six men all told. The powder was carried off to Durham, and the greater portion of it was subsequently used at the battle of Bunker Hill. Flushed with success they then thought of paying Governor Wentworth anything but a friendly visit, but were fortunately dissuaded by Dr. Bartlett, the Hon. George Frost, and Majors Langdon and Sullivan. This exploit should not have been passed over without a word by so many, perhaps all, of our historians. It is true Paul Revere's first ride lacks the magic pen of a Longfellow to bring it before the public mind. But it occurred four months prior to the battle of Lexington, and although no blood was shed, it was the first overt act of the rebellion against the crown and was a salient feature in the great drama of which it was the prelude.

Meanwhile the minority had been steadily gaining ground in the assembly.

In February, 1775, Dr. Bartlett received a letter from the clerk of the court of common pleas, notifying him

that his name had been erased from the commission of the peace for the County of Rockingham. He also had a letter, of the same date, from the deputy secretary, acquainting him that the governor with the advice of the council had dismissed him from his colonelcy in the militia. Other patriots were treated in the same way.

In May, 1775, the royal governor left the province, having sometime previously sought refuge on board a man of war in the harbor, and it was governed by a convention.

In the summer of 1775, Dr. Bartlett was chosen a delegate to the continental congress, and he set out for Philadelphia in the following September. Those were not the days of rapid transit in comfortable parlor cars. The journey had to be made by stage coach, or else on horse-back. He preferred the latter method, taking a servant to accompany him. They were exposed to robbers—or highway-men, as they were called in those days—as they had to pass through forests infested by them. He returned from Philadelphia in the following March, and after making a short stay, went thence again, where he remained until the 17th May, 1776.

When congress decided to take a vote on the subject of independence, they begun with the northernmost colony, New Hampshire. Dr. Bartlett's name was called first, and he voted in the affirmative. The other members were then appealed to in rotation until they came to Georgia, the southernmost colony. The president of congress, John Hancock, was the first to sign the Declaration of Independence. Josiah Bartlett was the second

who did so. He then left for his home, being worn out with constant application and ill-health. He failed to attend congress again until 1778. But he did not remain idle meanwhile, for he occupied himself with public duties at home, and also helped provide for Stark's expedition to Bennington.

In May, 1778, Dr. Bartlett resumed his seat in congress, which sat this time at Yorktown, as the British troops occupied Philadelphia. In November he repaired to his home to look after his private affairs, which had suffered greatly in consequence of his close attention to public business.

In 1780, he was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas. He was also appointed muster-master, about the same time, to raise troops.

In 1782, he was appointed a justice of the supreme court, and he held that position until 1788, when he was made chief justice of the supreme court.

It does not appear that he had any special legal training for the bench, but few of the judges had in those days. But he had many of the requisites that generally go far towards the making of a sound justice, viz.: honesty, good sense, and a large knowledge of books and men. In the somewhat unsettled state of the colonies, judges were not so much called upon to resolve fine points of law as they are at the present time. Of course his signing the Declaration of Independence is considered the crowning feature of his life. But it was an unenviable thing to do, to state it mildly; for had King George prevailed—and surely the probabilities

were in his favor—all of the signers would have suffered an ignominious death. Whereas, had he supported the crown, he might have expected preferment, as he already occupied a leading position. But perhaps the cynic may say he was far sighted enough to anticipate the downfall of the English rule, and the rise of the great Republic in the West. He must indeed have had a clearer vision than any of his contemporaries could he have done so. Many whigs as well as royalists had grave doubts as to the success of the venture—for it was nothing else. For, on our side, we had only a few poorly drilled militiamen. We had little money, and but few resources. Neither had we a navy. On the other hand, England had a splendid army, immense resources, and the finest navy in the world.

A convention met in New York in 1787, to prepare some form of government for the colonies. A plan was suggested and adopted by all the colonies, and went into operation in 1789. Dr. Bartlett was an active member of the Convention and was chosen senator to the first congress. He declined accepting the position, however, on account of bad health.

A temporary constitution was adopted in New Hampshire in 1776, the chief magistrate of the state having the title of president. Dr. Bartlett was elected to that office in 1790, and also in 1791.

When the new constitution went into effect, in 1792, the title was changed to that of governor.

Dr. Bartlett was elected governor in 1792, and in 1793, thus being the first governor of the state.

In 1792, Governor Bartlett was one of the electors of president and vice-president.

In 1794, he retired from the gubernatorial chair. He addressed a letter to the people on the 29th of January, declining to be a candidate for any farther office. In it he said, "I now find myself so far advanced in life that it will be expedient for me, at the close of the session, to retire from the cares and fatigues of public business to the repose of a private life, with a grateful sense of the repeated marks of trust and confidence that my fellow-citizens have reposed in me, and with my best wishes for the future peace and prosperity of the state." Well might he be proud of their faith in him for, besides the honor of signing the Declaration of Independence, he had been successively chief justice, president, and governor of New Hampshire. As we have seen, he was also elected to the U. S. Senate but could not accept because of poor health. Much as he did for the state, could it have done more for him?

He was a staunch federalist in politics.

He was an active member in, and president of, the New Hampshire Medical Society.

A fine portrait of him by Trumbull—in the possession of his descendants—is preserved with great care. He was a man of fine figure, being six feet in height, and of erect bearing. His face was thoughtful and expressive, and he had handsome blue eyes. He wore his auburn hair in a queue, and had a white stock at his throat, and ruffles on his wrists. He wore knee breeches, black silk stockings,

and low shoes with silver buckles. In short, he dressed in the prevailing style for gentlemen at that time. He was affable, but dignified, in manner. In religion he was a Universalist.

Boston had not the sole honor of having a "tea party," for Kingston also enjoyed one about the same time. A peddler drove into the town with a wagon-load of the hated article, but the excited inhabitants unharnessed the horses and made a bonfire of the tea on the common. Probably it had never witnessed so stirring a scene before—excepting the massacre by the Indians which occurred there nearly a century previous. I am glad that the quiet old town still retains the English common. I saw it lately in one of those golden spring days, when the beautiful new year had thrown off the gloomy shackles of winter. The birds were twittering gaily from the trees, the grass was waving on the large and well kept green. At a little distance back from it, on higher ground, stands the imposing, old-fashioned house built by Josiah Bartlett. White oak was the material chiefly used in its construction. On the other side of the common stands the village tavern, and a strain or two from a violin came floating across on the wind.

The whole scene was so dreamy and peaceful that it seemed as if it must be one of those quiet country towns in England. No railroad here to mar its beauty. Just beyond the old hostelry lies that part of the hamlet which slowly but surely encroaches upon the busy portion.

"The houses are thatched with grass and flowers.

Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You may not enter at hall or hut;
All the village lie asleep,
Never a grain do sow or reap;
Never in dream do moan or sigh,
Silent and idle and low they lie."

In one corner rest the remains of Josiah Bartlett, who died of paralysis May 19, 1795, in the 65th year of his age. A simple monument of cut granite marks the spot, a fitting covering for one of New Hampshire's most honored sons.

SOME OF THE AUTHORITIES CONSULTED.

Sanderson's Biography of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

N. Dwight's Sketches of the Lives of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

B. J. Lossing's Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Allen's Biographical Dictionary.

Rambles about Portsmouth.

The Bartlett Family, by Hon. Levi Bartlett.

Newcastle. Historical and Picturesque.

Many Broad-siders, Manuscripts, Letters, &c.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Had Farmer and Moore been successful in so establishing their magazine in 1822-4 that it had lived until this day, no one can calculate the value it would be to the present generation. What a mass of important information would have been saved! Did the public of that day, who refused it proper support, realize that in allowing it to succumb they consigned to oblivion facts and deeds that would have interested their

posterity for many generations? The money value of such a set of books would amply repay any family for preserving the numbers as issued.

In undertaking to establish the GRANITE MONTHLY, the writer had great enthusiasm and unlimited confidence in human nature. He personally made a canvass of nearly the whole state and got the magazine well established. From that point it has grown, and has settled

down to a solid and reliable list. The amount that has yearly to be charged to "profit and loss" is appalling. Men of high station and great wealth are among the delinquents. It must be remembered that the bills for paper, printing, and postage must be paid regularly. If the cards sent out are promptly answered, the business part of the magazine is attended to and all goes smoothly. Delays greatly embarrass the publisher.

The price of the GRANITE MONTHLY was originally placed at \$1.50, to make it a popular magazine, which might be afforded by the humblest family in the state. Compared with other local publications, the price is very low. Every volume is worth, intrinsically and comparatively, at least \$3. Their value, of course, depends on the completion of a set. Like all other books, a broken set of the GRANITE MONTHLY is depreciated in value.

For many months it has been the design of the publisher to re-issue the early numbers, commencing with the first, and replacing the grotesque wood cuts used in many instances with elegant steel engravings.

The sum of \$1,000 will pay for the printing of Volume I, edited by Henry H. Metcalf. No one man likes to assume the responsibility of expending so much money for the enterprise, but where a multitude are interested, it becomes comparatively easy. The book, bound in cloth, will cost \$2, and there are more than 500 people who want it, including librarians of libraries which have a world-wide reputation.

Orders for Volume I should be accompanied by the cash; the money shall be deposited, and used only for the purpose intended, viz., the publication of the volume.

If some enthusiastic friend of the GRANITE MONTHLY will prepare the manuscript copy for the Index of the first seven volumes, the publisher will issue it as part of the December number.

The BAY STATE MONTHLY was undertaken in January, 1884, to do for Massachusetts what the GRANITE MONTHLY was designed to do for New Hampshire. There was an ulterior motive behind its publication, viz., the securing of funds to more successfully carry on the GRANITE MONTHLY. It is steadily growing in favor in the old Bay State, and bids fair to withstand the buffetings of time.

The article in the BAY STATE MONTHLY on a distinguished son of New Hamp-

shire, by Captain George E. Belknap, U. S. N., was originally intended for the GRANITE MONTHLY; and very appropriately will form one of the series.

The portrait of President Chester A. Arthur, and the very able article accompanying it, by Major Ben. Perley Poore, also deserve a place in the series, for he is not only chief magistrate of the United States but deserves well not only of his party but the country which he has served so ably and uprightly.

The administration of President Arthur has been very successful. He has been surrounded by able counsellors, not the least among whom is our distinguished fellow-citizen, Honorable William E. Chandler, the Secretary of the Navy. We should be very willing to annex our signature to a petition to the next President of the United States to retain him in his present position.

Only men of wealth, however, can afford to take a cabinet position; we should be obliged to decline the tender of any such office—however deserving. When the salary is raised to about \$25,000 per annum, as it should be, the place would be desirable.

Hon. Moody Currier, Governor-elect, had a biographical sketch in the fifth number of the second volume of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Hon. John M. Hill, the defeated Democratic candidate for the same office, is the son of the late Governor Isaac Hill.

A sketch of the life of Hon. Jacob H. Gallinger, Representative-elect in the Second Congressional District, may be found in the second volume of the GRANITE MONTHLY. That volume, by the way, is out of print, and should be reprinted.

For the information of many inquiring friends, we would state that of volume one of the GRANITE MONTHLY, there were printed 920 copies of each number. The early numbers were on sale at the bookstores. The able eulogy pronounced by Colonel Daniel Hall on Hon. Daniel M. Christie, caused the sale of a large number of the part number 2, containing it, thus rendering that the scarce number of the volume. The same number of copies of volume two were printed, viz., 929. The Life of Gov. Nat. Head exhausted number 4 of that volume, making it the scarce number. The present editor succeeded to the management at the commencement of volume three. Of the

first number, 2,000 were printed; of the second, 1,250; of the third, 1,350; of the fourth, 1,500; of the fifth, 1,700; of the sixth, 1,920. Of complete volumes there were issued only 1,250; these volumes, together with the first two, are now very scarce. Of volume four there were issued over 2,000 complete copies; several months have elapsed since the last volume was sold. Of volume five there were printed 2,100 copies; less than fifty remain on hand. The average circulation of volume six was over 2,700; less than 100 remain on hand.

Volume seven has been printed for subscribers only; the trade do not handle it. Frank P. Mace, of Concord, N. H., and George E. Littlefield, 67 Cornhill, Boston, keep the only stores where numbers can be bought. Either are authorized to receive subscriptions.

Before the first of January, 1885, orders will be received for volume 7, at \$2. After that, the few remaining volumes will be sold for \$3. From the small issue of certain numbers of the current volume, *volume seven will be very scarce.*

The New Hampshire Historical Society held their third annual field day October 1, 1884, in the old town of Exeter. The weather was very auspicious, and the meeting was well-attended. The resident members of Exeter were very zealous in their attentions to the visitors and nothing occurred to mar the occasion. The field day in 1883 was commemorated at Portsmouth and vicinity; in 1882, at Dover. There is a probability that the next field day will be enjoyed in the neighborhood of Concord.

There is a proposition before the standing committee of the New Hampshire Historical Society to have the society accept the GRANITE MONTHLY as an organ of communication not only between the members but between the society and all those who take an interest in historical subjects. This would not take the magazine from its present management, but only increase its number of active and zealous contributors.

The Historical Society is over sixty years old. It has issued eight volumes. It needs new life, energy, and money—the former rather than the latter. Money, however, is always acceptable. To obtain money it will receive into its exclusive circle all who take an interest in its purposes and ends. It costs only \$3 a year, after a member is once admitted, to enjoy every Tuesday the advantages of its library. The society is, however,

awakening. It needs money to keep its library open every day in the week. It should have a membership of at least 2,000.

HOBBS, GORDON AND COMPANY.

It has now been over a year since the firm of Hobbs, Gordon and Company commenced to advertise in the GRANITE MONTHLY. The steady yet solid growth of their business, from small beginnings to its present large proportions, can be immediately traced to this wise business venture. The people of the city and state, and, in fact, of all New England, have become familiar with the enterprise of the firm, and from their persistence have argued that they really had something to sell which at least demanded investigation.

They have, indeed, the best apparatus in the market for heating a house. It is low priced, in the first place, and it can be run so economically that the original cost is soon saved in the reduction of the coal bill. During the bitter cold days of the winter of 1883-4, the house occupied by the family of the writer was thoroughly heated throughout by a Hobbs-Gordon Steam Heater, and the whole household are unanimous in its praise.

Of course there is no question as to the advantage of heating by steam. It is the great stride in the civilization of cold New England in the last half of the nineteenth century. The only question arising, especially in the furnishing of a new house, is what firm of manufacturers to patronize. The hundreds who are enjoying the benefit of the inventive genius of the above firm will heartily recommend their Steam Heater.

Their radiators for the transmission of heat are not only an ornament to any apartment, but combine many important principles which render them the most practical of any made.

The firm are about to put in the market an article which is bound to have an immense sale. In honor of Concord it is named the PEXA-COOK STOVE. It revolutionizes cooking. The fire-box, about as large as a two quart pail, is suspended in a cylindrical stove, packed with a non-conductor. The heat is all utilized, and not escaping, is confined to its legitimate business of heating the oven. One penny invested in coal will cook the dinner of an ordinary family; two pennies will heat the water for the family washing.

The manufacture of these stoves on a very large scale will soon be inaugurated.

The firm have secured some over twenty-five patents to protect their various inventions.

Their works occupy a large portion of the old State Prison in Concord, and bid fair to soon outgrow the premises.

In sending to the firm for their illustrated catalogue, which will be sent on application, the reader will kindly refer to the GRANITE MONTHLY, thus conferring a favor both on publisher and advertiser.

It must be very satisfactory to be very rich if only to afford to hold elegant sets of books, etc. It would be very pleasant and satisfactory if some wealthy citizen should forever immortalize his name by presenting the city of Concord with a noble edifice for a public library. While awaiting the gift would the city not do well to build a Memorial Hall to commemorate the services and sacrifices of the eight hundred soldiers who volunteered in the Rebellion? Such a building might include a library until one is donated.

At this season of the year readers are preparing the list of publications which they intend to take the coming year.

To every subscriber of the GRANITE MONTHLY the following liberal prices are quoted:

Harper's Monthly.....	\$3.40
" Weekly.....	3.40
" Bazar.....	3.40
" Young People.....	1.20
Century.....	3.40
Atlantic Monthly.....	3.40
Magazine of American History,	4 00
BAY STATE MONTHLY.....	2.00
Wide Awake.....	2.40
St. Nicholas.....	2.40

Every number of the GRANITE MONTHLY, not out of print, may be obtained of the publisher, or of Frank P. Mace, at his popular book store in Concord.

I wish to obtain, for a friend of mine in Massachusetts—I. Cooper's History of Croydon; H. Smith's History of Hillsborough; H. Little's History of Warren, 12 mo., first edition; IV. Hale's Annals of Keene, first edition. Write, stating price, to the editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY, Concord N. H.

If you want anything done, do it yourself.

CURRIER AND SLEEPER.

The firm of E. D. Clough and Company have lately sold their business, established for seventeen years, to Messrs. Currier and Sleeper. The store is on Washington Street, in the northwestern section of the precinct of the city of Concord. Mr. Currier for many years has been in business at the North End on Main Street. For thirty-five years he has been engaged in mercantile pursuits. Mr. Sleeper, late of the firm of Evans and Sleeper, printers, from whose office the GRANITE MONTHLY has been issued since 1879, has had more than twelve years' experience in trading.

The store is devoted to general merchandise, a specialty being made of family groceries.

The new firm have put in a large stock of heavy and fancy goods, to provide for the varied wants of city patronage, and they will be pleased to welcome old customers, and as many new ones as they can accommodate.

We really think it will pay every provider for a family to visit their establishment, and help the firm maintain their rule of QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, BIOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND SCENE PROMOTING.

VOL. VII.

NO. 12.



Wm. Stuart Boston

Very truly yours
W. L. Lathrop

THE
GRANITE MONTHLY,
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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VOL. VII.

DECEMBER 1884.

NO. 12.

DANIEL LOTHROP.

By JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, A. M.

The fame, character and prosperity of a city have often depended upon its merchants,—burghers they were once called to distinguish them from haughty princes and nobles. Through the enterprise of the common citizens, Venice, Genoa, Antwerp, and London have become famous, and have controlled the destinies of nations. New England, originally settled by sturdy and liberty-loving yeomen and free citizens of free English cities, was never a congenial home for the patrician, with inherited feudal privileges, but has welcomed the thrifty Pilgrim, the Puritan, the Scotch Covenanter, the French Huguenot, the Ironsides soldiers of the great Cromwell. The men and women of this fusion have shaped our civilization. New England gave its distinctive character to the American colonies, and finally to the nation. New England influences still breathe from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the great lakes to Mexico; and Boston, still the focus of the New England idea, leads national movement and progress.

Perhaps one of the broadest of these

influences—broadest inasmuch as it interpenetrates the life of our whole people—proceeds from the lifework of one of the merchants of Boston, known by his name and his work to the entire English speaking world: Daniel Lothrop, of the famous firm of D. Lothrop & Co., publishers—the people's publishing house. Mr. Lothrop is a good representative of this early New England fusion of race, temperament, fibre, conscience and brain. He is a direct descendant of John Lowthorpe, who, in the thirty-seventh year of Henry VIII. (1545), was a gentleman of quite extensive landed estates, both in Cherry Burton (four miles removed from Lowthorpe), and in various other parts of the country.

Lowthorpe is a small parish in the Wapentake of Dickering, in the East Riding of York, four and a half miles northeast from Great Driffield. It is a perpetual curacy in the archdeaconry of York. This parish gave name to the family of Lowthorpe, Lothrop, or Lathrop. The Church, which was dedicated to St. Martin, and had for one of

its chaplains, in the reign of Richard II., Robert de Louthorp, is now partly ruined, the tower and chancel being almost entirely overgrown with ivy. It was a collegiate Church from 1333, and from the style of its architecture must have been built about the time of Edward III.

From this English John Lowthroppe the New England Lothrops have their origin:—

"It is one of the most ancient of all the famous New England families, whose blood in so many cases is better and purer than that of the so-called noble families in England. The family roll certainly shows a great deal of talent, and includes men who have proved widely influential and useful, both in the early and later periods. The pulpit has a strong representation. Educators are prominent. Soldiers prove that the family has never been wanting in courage. Lothrop missionaries have gone forth into foreign lands. The bankers are in the forefront. The publishers are represented. Art engraving has its exponent, and history has found at least one eminent student, while law and medicine are likewise indebted to this family, whose talent has been applied in every department of useful industry."*

GENEALOGY.†

I. Mark Lothrop, the pioneer, the grandson of John Lowthroppe and a relative of Rev. John Lothrop, settled in Salem, Mass., where he was received as an inhabitant January 11, 1643-4. He was living there in 1652. In 1656 he was living in Bridgewater, Mass., of which town he was one of the proprietors, and in which he was prominent for about twenty-five years. He died October 25, 1685.

II. Samuel Lothrop, born before 1660, married Sarah Downer, and lived in Bridgewater. His will was dated April 11, 1724.

III. Mark Lothrop, born in Bridgewater September 9, 1689; married March 29, 1722, Hannah Alden [Born February 1, 1696; died 1777]. She was the daughter of Deacon Joseph Alden of Bridgewater, and great granddaughter of Honorable John and Priscilla (Mullins) Alden of Duxbury, of Mayflower

fame. He settled in Easton, of which town he was one of the original proprietors. He was prominent in Church and town affairs.

IV. Jonathan Lothrop, born March 11, 1722-3; married April 13, 1746, Susannah, daughter of Solomon and Susannah (Edson) Johnson of Bridgewater. She was born in 1723. He was a Deacon of the Church, and a prominent man in the town. He died in 1771.

V. Solomon Lothrop, born February 9, 1761; married Mehitable, daughter of Cornelius White of Taunton; settled in Easton, and later in Norton, where he died October 19, 1843. She died September 14, 1832, aged 73.

VI. Daniel Lothrop, born in Easton, January 9, 1801; married October 16, 1825, Sophia, daughter of Deacon Jeremiah Horne of Rochester, N. H. She died September 23, 1848, and he married (2) Mary E. Chamberlain. He settled in Rochester, N. H., and was one of the public men of the town. Of the strictest integrity, and possessing sterling qualities of mind and heart Mr. Lothrop was chosen to fill important offices of public trust in his town and state. He repeatedly represented his town in the Legislature, where his sound practical sense and clear wisdom were of much service, particularly in the formation of the Free Soil party, in which he was a bold defender of the rights of liberty to all men. He died May 31, 1870.

VII. Daniel Lothrop, son of Daniel and Sophia (Horne) Lothrop, was born in Rochester, N. H., August 11, 1831.

"On the maternal side Mr. Lothrop is descended from William Horne, of Horne's Hill, in Dover, who held his exposed position in the Indian wars, and whose estate has been in the family name from 1662 until the present generation; but he was killed in the massacre of June 28, 1689. Through the Horne line, also, came descent from Rev. Joseph Hull, minister at Durham in 1662, a graduate at the University at Cambridge, England; from John Ham, of Dover; from the emigrant John Heard, and others of like vigorous stock. It was his ancestress, Elizabeth (Hull) Heard, whom the old historians call a "brave gentlewoman," who held her garrison house, the frontier fort in Dover in the Indian wars, and successfully defended it in the massacre of 1689. The father of the subject of this sketch was a man of sterling qualities, strong in mind and will, but commanding love as well as respect. The mother was a woman of outward beauty and beauty

* *The Churchman*.

† From a genealogical memoir of the Lo-Lathrop family, by Rev. E. B. Huntington, 1884.

of soul alike; with high ideals and reverent conscientiousness. Her influence over her boys was life-long. The home was a centre of intelligent intercourse, a sample of the simplicity but earnestness of many of the best New Hampshire homesteads.*

Descended, as is here evident, from men and women accustomed to govern, legislate, protect, guide and represent the people, it is not surprising to find the Lothrop of the present day of this branch standing in high places, shaping affairs, and devising fresh and far-reaching measures for the general good.

Daniel Lothrop was the youngest of the three sons of Daniel and Sophia Horne Lothrop. The family residence was on Haven's Hill, in Rochester, and it was an ideal home in its laws, influences and pleasures. Under the guidance of the wise and gentle mother young Daniel developed in a sound body a mind intent on lofty aims, even in childhood, and a character early distinguished for sturdy uprightness. Here, too, on the farm was instilled into him the faith of his fathers, brought through many generations, and he openly acknowledged his allegiance to an Evangelical Church at the age of eleven.

As a boy Daniel is remembered as possessing a retentive and singularly accurate memory; as very studious, seeking eagerly for knowledge, and rapidly absorbing it. His intuitive mastery of the relations of numbers, his grasp of the values and mysteries of the higher mathematics, was early remarkable. It might be reasonably expected of the child of seven who was brought down from the primary benches and lifted up to the blackboard to demonstrate a difficult problem in cube root to the big boys and girls of the upper class that he should make rapid and masterful business combinations in later life.

* Rev. Alonzo H. Quint, D. D., in *Granite Monthly*.

At the age of fourteen he was sufficiently advanced in his studies to enter college, but judicious friends restrained him in order that his physique might be brought up to his intellectual growth, and presently circumstances diverted the boy from his immediate educational aspirations and thrust him into the arena of business: — the world may have lost a lawyer, a clergyman, a physician, or an engineer, but by this change in his youthful plans it certainly has gained a great publisher — a man whose influence in literature is extended, and who, by his powerful individuality, his executive force, and his originating brain has accomplished a literary revolution.

To understand the business career of Daniel Lothrop it will be necessary to trace the origin and progress of the firm of D. Lothrop and Company. On reaching his decision to remain out of college for a year he assumed charge of the drug store, then recently opened by his eldest brother, James E. Lothrop, who, desiring to attend medical lectures in Philadelphia, confidently invited his brother Daniel to carry on the business during his absence.

"He urged the young boy to take charge of the store, promising as an extra inducement an equal division as to profits, and that the firm should read 'D. Lothrop & Co.' This last was too much for our ambitious lad. When five years of age he had scratched on a piece of tin these magic words, opening to fame and honor, 'D. Lothrop & Co.,' nailing the embryo sign against the door of his play house. How then could he resist, now, at fourteen? And why not spend the vacation in this manner? And so the sign was made and put up, and thus began the house of 'D. Lothrop & Co.,' the name of which is spoken as a household word wherever the English language is used, and whose publications are loved in more than one of the royal families of Europe."*

The drug store became very lucrative. The classical drill which had

* Rev. Dr. Quint.

been received by the young druggist was of great advantage to him, his thorough knowledge of Latin was of immediate service, and his skill and care and knowledge was widely recognized and respected. The store became his college, where his affection for books soon led him to introduce them as an adjunct to his business.

Thus was he when a mere boy launched on a successful business career. His energy, since proved inexhaustible, soon began to open outward. When about seventeen his attention was attracted to the village of Newmarket as a desirable location for a drug store, and he seized an opportunity to hire a store and stock it. His executive and financial ability were strikingly honored in this venture. Having it in successful operation, he called the second brother, John C. Lothrop, who about this time was admitted to the firm, and left him in charge of the new establishment, while he started a similar store at Meredith Bridge, now called Laconia. The firm now consisted of the three brothers.

"These three brothers have presented a most remarkable spirit of family union. Remarkable in that there was none of the drifting away from each other into perilous friendships and moneyed ventures. They held firmly to each other with a trust beyond words. The simple word of each was as good as a bond. And as early as possible they entered into an agreement that all three should combine fortunes, and, though keeping distinct kinds of business, should share equal profits under the firm name of 'D. Lothrop & Co.' For thirty-six years, through all the stress and strain of business life in this rushing age, their loyalty has been preserved strong and pure. Without a question or a doubt, there has been an absolute unity of interests, although James E., President of the Coheco Bank, and Mayor of the city of Dover, is in one city, John C. in another, and Daniel in still another, and each having the particular direction of the business which his enterprise and sagacity has made extensive and profitable." *

* Rev. Dr. Quint.

In 1850 occurred a point of fresh and important departure. The stock of books held by Elijah Wadleigh, who had conducted a large and flourishing book store in Dover, N. H., was purchased. Mr. Lothrop enlarged the business, built up a good jobbing trade, and also quietly experimented in publishing. The bookstore under his management also became something more than a commercial success: it grew to be the centre for the bright and educated people of the town, a favorite meeting place of men and women alive to the questions of the day.

Now, arrived at the vigor of young manhood, Mr. Lothrop's aims and high reaches began their more open unfoldment. He rapidly extended the business into new and wide fields. He established branch stores at Berwick, Portsmouth, Amesbury, and other places. In each of these establishments books were prominently handled. While thus immediately busy, Mr. Lothrop began his "studies" for his ultimate work. He did not enter the publishing field without long surveys of investigation, comparison and reflection. In need of that kind of vacation we call "change of work and scene," Mr. Lothrop planned a western trip. The bookstores in the various large cities on the route were sedulously visited, and the tastes and the demands of the book trade were carefully studied from many standpoints.

The vast possibilities of the Great West caught his attention and he hastened to grasp his opportunities. At St. Peter, in Minnesota, he was welcomed and resolved to locate. They needed such men as Mr. Lothrop to help build the new town into a city. The opening of the St. Peter store was characteristic of its young proprietor.

The extreme cold of October and No-

vember, 1856, prevented, by the early freezing of the Upper Mississippi, the arrival of his goods. Having contracted with the St. Peter company to erect a building, and open his store on the first day of December, Mr. Lothrop, thinking that the goods might have come as far as some landing place below St. Paul, went down several hundred miles along the shore visiting the different landing places. Failing to find them he bought the entire closing-out stock of a drug store at St. Paul, and other goods necessary to a complete fitting of his store, had them loaded, and with several large teams started for St. Peter. The same day a blinding snow storm set in, making it extremely difficult to find the right road, or indeed any road at all, so that five days were spent in making a journey that in good weather could have been accomplished in two. When within a mile of St. Peter the Minnesota river was to be crossed, and it was feared the ice would not bear the heavy teams; all was unloaded and moved on small sledges across the river, and the drug store *was opened on the day agreed upon*. The papers of that section made special mention of this achievement, saying that it deserved honorable record, and that with such business enterprise the prosperity of Minnesota Valley was assured.

He afterwards opened a banking house in St. Peter, of which his uncle, Dr. Jeremiah Horne, was cashier; and in the book and drug store he placed one of his clerks from the East, Mr. B. F. Paul, who is now one of the wealthiest men of the Minnesota Valley. He also established two other stores in the same section of country.

Various elements of good generalship came into play during Mr. Lothrop's occupancy of this new field, not only in directing his extensive business com-

binations in prosperous times, but in guiding all his interests through the financial panic of 1857 and 1858. By the failure of other houses and the change of capital from St. Peter to St. Paul, Mr. Lothrop was a heavy loser, but by incessant labor and foresight he squarely met each complication, promptly paid each liability in full. But now he broke in health. The strain upon him had been intense, and when all was well the tension relaxed, and making his accustomed visit East to attend to his business interests in New England, without allowing himself the required rest, the change of climate, together with heavy colds taken on the journey, resulted in congestion of the lungs, and prostration. Dr. Bowditch, after examination, said that the young merchant had been doing the work of twenty years in ten. Under his treatment Mr. Lothrop so far recovered that he was able to take a trip to Florida, where the needed rest restored his health.

For the next five years our future publisher directed the lucrative business enterprises which he had inaugurated, from the quiet book store in Dover, N. H., while he carefully matured his plans for his life's campaign—the publication, in many lines, of wholesome books for the people. Soon after the close of the Civil war the time arrived for the accomplishment of his designs, and he began by closing up advantageously his various enterprises in order to concentrate his forces. His was no ordinary equipment. Together with well-laid plans and inspirations, for some of which the time is not yet due, and a rich birth-right of sagacity, insight and leadership, he possessed also a practical experience of American book markets and the tastes of the people, trained financial ability, practiced judgment, literary

taste, and literary conscience; and last, but not least, he had traversed and mapped out the special field he proposed to occupy,—a field from which he has never been diverted.

"The foundations were solid. On these points Mr. Lothrop has had but one mind from the first: 'Never to publish a work purely sensational, no matter what chances of money it has in it;' 'to publish books that will make true, steadfast growth in right living.' Not alone right thinking, but right living. These were his two determinations, rigidly adhered to, notwithstanding constant advice, appeals, and temptations. His thoughts had naturally turned to the young people, knowing from his own self-made fortunes, how young men and women need help, encouragement and stimulus. He had determined to throw all his time, strength and money into making good books for the young people, who, with keen imaginations and active minds, were searching in all directions for mental food. 'The best way to fight the evil in the world,' reasoned Mr. Lothrop, 'is to crowd it out with the good.' And therefore he bent the energies of his mind to maturing plans toward this object,—the putting good, helpful literature into their hands.

His first care was to determine the channels through which he could address the largest audiences. The Sunday School library was one. In it he hoped to turn a strong current of pure, healthful literature for those young people who, dieting on the existing library books, were rendered miserable on closing their covers, either to find them dry or obsolete, or so sentimentally religious as to have nothing in their own practical lives corresponding to the situations of the pictured heroes and heroines.

The family library was another channel. To make evident to the heads of households the paramount importance of creating a home library, Mr. Lothrop set himself to work with a will. In the spring of 1868 he invited to meet him a council of three gentlemen, eminent in scholarship, sound of judgment, and of large experience: the Reverend George T. Day, D. D., of Dover, N. H., Professor Heman Lincoln, D. D., of Newton Seminary, the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., of Washington, D. C. Before them he laid his plans, matured and ready for their acceptance: to publish good, strong, attractive literature for the Sunday School, the

home, the town, and school library, and that nothing should be published save of that character, asking their co-operation as readers of the several manuscripts to be presented for acceptance. The gentlemen, one and all, gave him their heartiest God-speed, but they frankly confessed it a most difficult undertaking, and that the step must be taken with the strong chance of failure. Mr. Lothrop had counted that chance and reaffirmed his purpose to become a publisher of just such literature, and imparted to them so much of his own courage that before they left the room, all stood engaged as salaried readers of the manuscripts to come in to the new publishing house of D. Lothrop & Co., and during all these years no manuscripts have been accepted without the sanction of one or more of these readers.

The store, Nos. 38 and 40 Cornhill, Boston, was taken, and a complete refitting and stocking made it one of the finest bookstores of the city. The first book published was 'Andy Luttrell.' How many recall that first book! 'Andy Luttrell' was a great success, the press saying that 'the series of which this is the initiatory volume, marks a new era in Sunday School literature.' Large editions were called for, and it is popular still. In beginning any new business there are many difficulties to face, old established houses to compete with, and new ones to contest every inch of success. But tides turn, and patience and pluck won the day, until from being steady, sure and reliable, Mr. Lothrop's publishing business was increasing with such rapidity as to soon make it one of the solid houses of Boston. Mr. Lothrop had a remarkable instinct as regarded the discovering of new talent, and many now famous writers owe their popularity with the public to his kindness and courage in standing by them. He had great enthusiasm and success in introducing this new element, encouraging young writers, and creating a fresh atmosphere very stimulating and enjoyable to their audience. To all who applied for work or brought manuscript for examination, he had a hopeful word, and in rapid, clear expression smoothed the difficulty out of their path if possible, or pointed to future success as the result of patient toil. He always brought out the best that was in a person, having the rare quality of the union of perfect honesty with kind consideration. This new blood in the old veins of literary life, soon wrought a marvelous change in this class of literature. Mr. Lothrop had been wise enough to see that such would be the case, and he kept

constantly on the lookout for all means that might foster ambition and bring to the surface latent talent. For this purpose he offered prizes of \$1,000 and \$500 for the best manuscripts on certain subjects. Such a thing had scarcely been heard of before and manuscripts flowed in, showing this to have been a happy thought. It is interesting to look back and find many of those young authors to be identical with names that are now famous in art and literature, then presenting with much fear and trembling, their first efforts.

Mr. Lothrop considered no time, money, or strength ill-spent by which he could secure the wisest choice of manuscripts. As an evidence of his success, we name a few out of his large list: 'Miss Yonge's Histories'; 'Spare Minute Series,' most carefully edited from Gladstone, George MacDonald, Dean Stanley, Thomas Hughes, Charles Kingsley; 'Stories of American History'; 'Lothrop's Library of Entertaining History,' edited by Arthur Gilman, containing Professor Harrison's 'Spain,' Mrs. Clement's 'Egypt,' 'Switzerland,' 'India,' etc.; 'Library of famous Americans, 1st and 2d series; George MacDonald's novels—Mr. Lothrop, while on a visit to Europe, having secured the latest novels by this author in manuscript, thus bringing them out in advance of any other publisher in this country or abroad, now issues his entire works in uniform style: 'Miss Yonge's Historical Stories'; 'Illustrated Wonders;' 'The Pansy Books,' of world-wide circulation; 'Natural History Stories;' 'Poet's Homes Series;' S. G. W. Benjamin's 'American Artists;' 'The Reading Union Library,' 'Business Boy's Library,' library edition of 'The Odyssey,' done in prose by Butcher and Lang; 'Jowett's Thucydides;' 'Rosetti's Shakspeare,' on which nothing has been spared to make it the most complete for students and family use, and many others.

Mr. Lothrop is constantly broadening his field in many directions, gathering the rich thought of many men of letters, science and theology among his publications. Such writers as Professor James H. Harrison, Arthur Gilman, and Rev. E. E. Hale are allies of the house, constantly working with it to the development of pure literature; the list of the authors and contributors being so long as to include representatives of all the finest thinkers of the day. Elegant art gift books of poem, classic and romance, have been added with wise discrimination, until the list embraces sixteen hundred books, out of which last year were printed and sold 1,500,000 volumes.

The great fire of 1872 brought loss to Mr. Lothrop among the many who suffered. Much of the hard-won earnings of years of toil was swept away in that terrible night. About two weeks later, a large quantity of paper which had been destroyed during the great fire had been replaced, and the printing of the same was in process at the printing house of Rand, Avery & Co., when a fire broke out there, destroying this second lot of paper, intended for the first edition of sixteen volumes of the celebrated \$1,000 prize books. A third lot of paper was purchased for these books and sent to the Riverside Press without delay. The books were at last printed, as many thousand readers can testify, an enterprise that called out from the Boston papers much commendation, adding, in one instance: 'Mr. Lothrop seems warmed up to his work.'

When the time was ripe, another form of Mr. Lothrop's plans for the creation of a great popular literature was inaugurated. We refer to the projection of his now famous 'Wide Awake,' a magazine into which he has thrown a large amount of money. Thrown it, expecting to wait for results. And they have begun to come. 'Wide Awake' now stands abreast with the finest periodicals in our country, or abroad. In speaking of 'Wide Awake' the Boston Herald says: 'No such marvel of excellence could be reached unless there were something beyond the strict calculations of money-making to push those engaged upon it to such magnificent results.' Nothing that money can do is spared for its improvement. Withal, it is the most carefully edited of all magazines; Mr. Lothrop's strict determination to that effect, having placed wise hands at the helm to co-operate with him. Our best people have found this out. The finest writers in this country and in Europe are giving of their best thought to filling its pages, the most celebrated artists are glad to work for it. Scientific men, professors, clergymen, and all heads of households give in their testimony of its merits as a family magazine, while the young folks are delighted with it. The fortune of 'Wide Awake' is sure. Next Mr. Lothrop proceeded to supply the babies with their own especial magazine. Hence came bright, winsome, sparkling 'Babyland.' The mothers caught at the idea. 'Babyland' jumped into success in an incredibly short space of time. The editors of 'Wide Awake,' Mr. and Mrs. Pratt, edit this also, which ensures it as safe, wholesome and sweet to put into baby's hands. The intervening spaces between 'Babyland' and 'Wide

Awake' Mr. Lothrop soon filled with 'Our Little Men and Women,' and 'The Pansy.' Urgent solicitations from parents and teachers who need a magazine for those little folks, either at home or at school, who were beginning to read and spell, brought out the first, and Mrs. G. R. Alden (Pansy) taking charge of a weekly pictorial paper of that name, was the reason for the beginning and growth of the second. The 'Boston Book Bulletin,' a quarterly, is a medium for acquaintance with the best literature, its prices, and all news current pertaining to it.

'The Chataqua Young Folk's Journal' is the latest addition to the sparkling list. This periodical was a natural growth of the modern liking for clubs, circles, societies, reading unions, home studies, and reading courses. It is the official voice of the Chataqua Young Folks Reading Union, and furnishes each year a valuable and vivacious course of readings on topics of interest to youth. It is used largely in schools. Its contributors are among our leading clergymen, lawyers, university professors, critics, historians and scientists, but all its literature is of a popular character, suited to the family circle rather than the study. Mr. Lothrop now has the remarkable success of seeing six flourishing periodicals going forth from his house.

In 1875, Mr. Lothrop, finding his Cornhill quarters inadequate, leased the elegant building corner Franklin and Hawley streets, belonging to Harvard College, for a term of years. The building is 120 feet long by 40 broad, making the salesroom, which is on the first floor, one of the most elegant in the country. On the second floor are Mr. Lothrop's offices, also the editorial offices of 'Wide Awake,' etc. On the third floor are the composing rooms and mailing rooms of the different periodicals, while the bindery fills the fourth floor.

This building also was found small; it could accommodate only one-fourth of the work done, and accordingly a warehouse on Purchase street was leased for storing and manufacturing purposes.

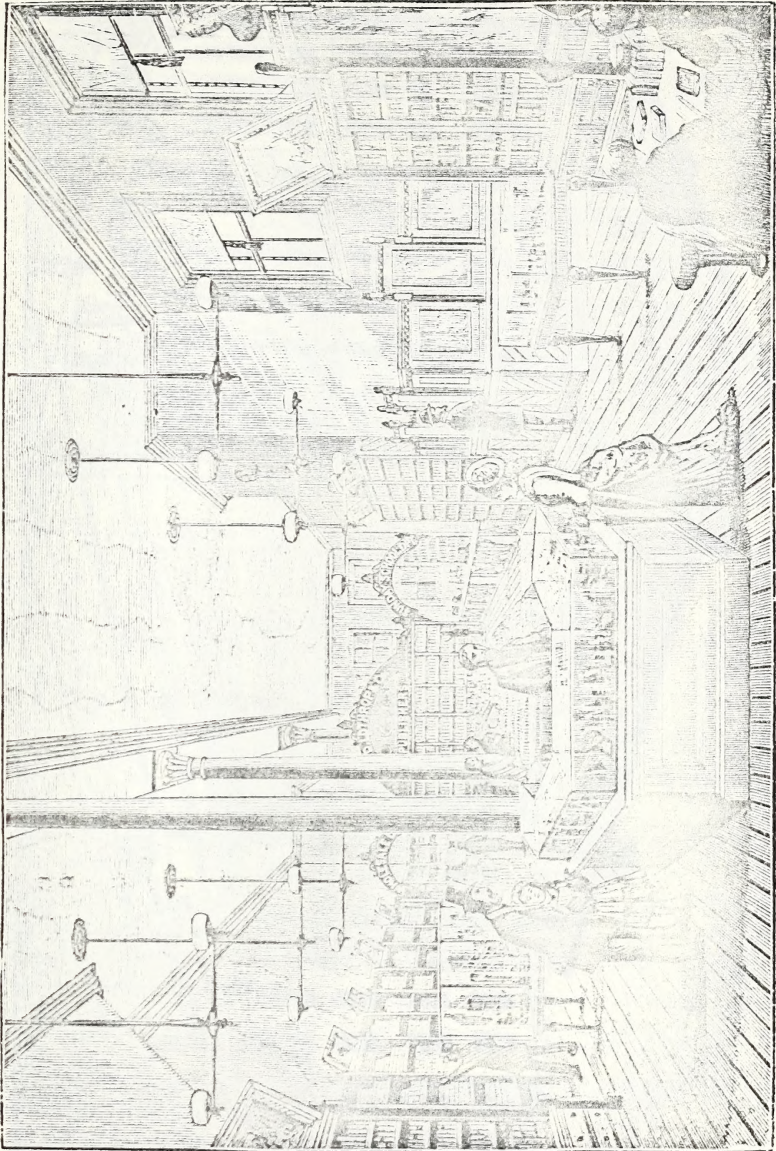
In 1879 Mr. Lothrop called to his assistance a younger brother, Mr. M. H. Lothrop, who had already made a brilliant business record in Dover, N. H., to whom he gives an interest in the business. All who care for the circulation of the best literature will be glad to know that everything indicates the work to be steadily increasing toward complete development of Mr. Lothrop's life-long purpose." *

* *The Paper World.*

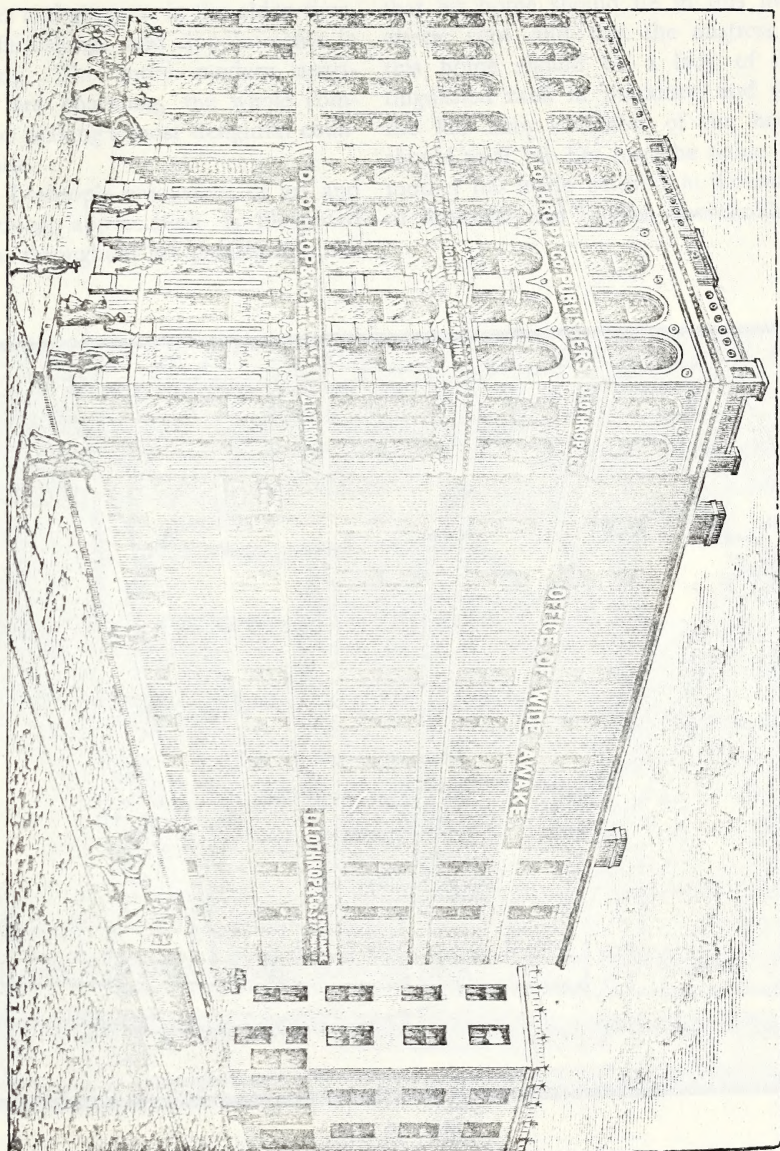
This man of large purposes and large measures has, of course, his sturdy friends, his foes as sturdy. He has, without doubt, an iron will. He is, without doubt, a good fighter—a wise counselor. Approached by fraud he presents a front of granite; he cuts through intrigue with sudden, forceful blows. It is true that the sharp bargainer, the overreaching buyer he worsts and puts to confusion and loss without mercy. But, no less, candor and honor meet with frankness and generous dealing. He is as loyal to a friend as to a purpose. His interest in one befriended and taken into trust is for life. It has been more than once said of this immovable business man that he has the simple heart of a boy.

Mr. Lothrop's summer home is in Concord, Mass. His house, known to literary pilgrims of both continents as "The Wayside," is a unique, many gabled old mansion, situated near the road at the base of a pine-covered hill, facing broad, level fields, and commanding a view of charming rural scenery. Its dozen green acres are laid out in rustic paths; but with the exception of the removal of unsightly underbrush, the landscape is left in a wild and picturesque state. Immediately in the rear of the house, however, A. Bronson Alcott, a former occupant, planned a series of terraces, and thereon is a system of trees. The house was commenced in the seventeenth century and has been added to at different periods, and withal is quaint enough to satisfy the most exacting antiquarian. At the back rise the more modern portions, and the tower, wherein was woven the most delightful of American romances, and about which cluster tender memories of the immortal Hawthorne. The boughs of the whispering pines almost touch the lofty windows.

The interior of the dwelling is seemly.



INTERIOR VIEW OF D. LOTHROP & CO.'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.



EXTERIOR VIEW OF D. LOTHROP & CO.'S PUBLISHING HOUSE.

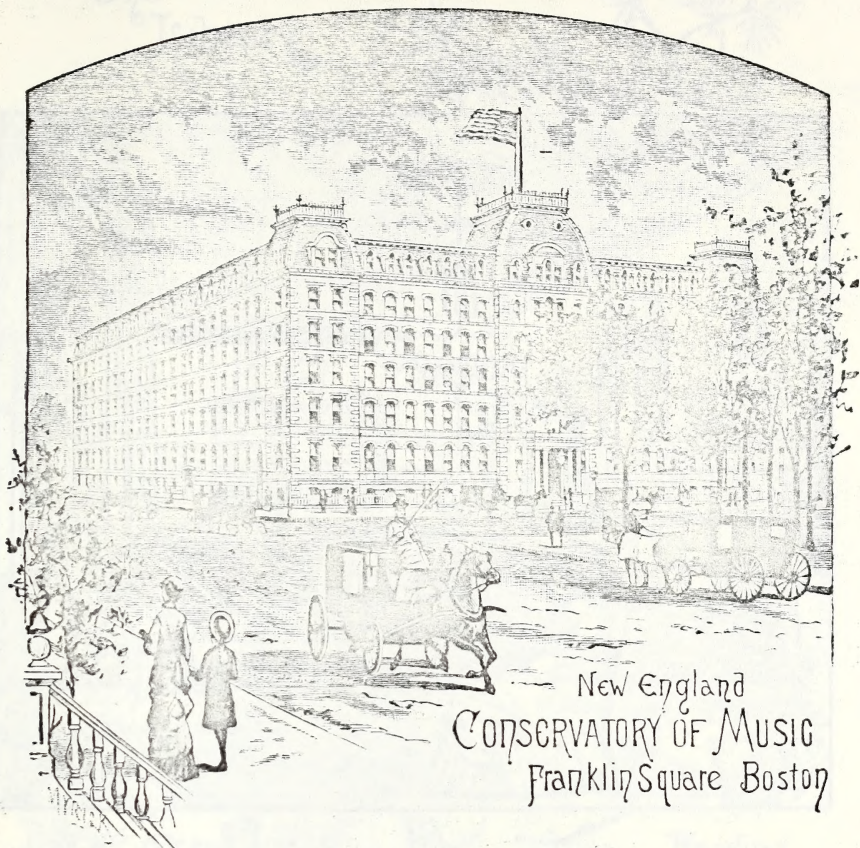
It corresponds with the various eras of its construction. The ancient low-posted rooms with their large open fire-places, in which the genial hickory crackles and glows as in the olden time, have furnishings and appointments in harmony. The more modern apartments are charming, the whole combination making a most delightful country house.

Mr. Lothrop's enjoyment of art and his critical appreciation is illustrated here as throughout his publications, his

house being adorned with many exquisite and valuable original paintings from the studios of modern artists; and there is, too, a certain literary fitness that his home should be in this most classic spot, and that the mistress of this home should be a lady of distinguished rank in literature, and that the fair baby daughter of the house should wear for her own the name her mother has made beloved in thousands of American and English households.



"THE WAYSIDE."

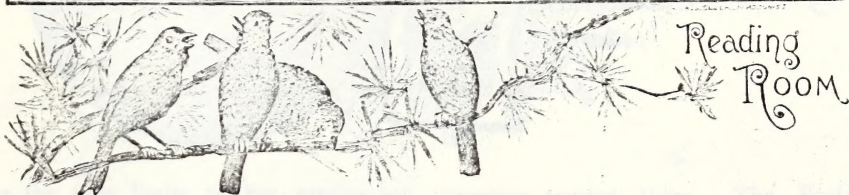


By MRS. M. J. DAVIS.

One of the most important questions now occupying the minds of the world's deepest and best thinkers, is the intellectual, physical, moral, and political position of woman.

Men are beginning to realize a fact that has been evident enough for ages: that the current of civilization can never rise higher than the springs of motherhood. Given the ignorant, debased mothers of the Turkish harem, and the inevitable result is a nation destitute of truth, honor or political position. All

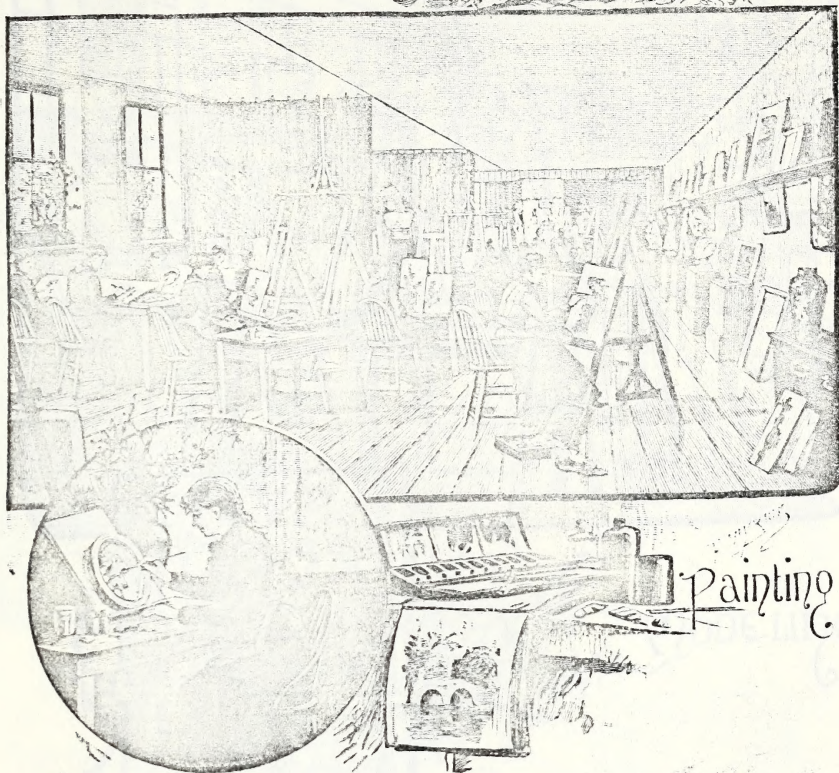
the power of the Roman legions, all the wealth of the imperial empire, could not save the throne of the Cæsars when the Roman matron was shorn of her honor, and womanhood became only the slave or the toy of its citizens. Men have been slow to grasp the fact that women are a "true constituent of the bone and sinew of society," and as such should be trained to bear the part of "bone and sinew." It has been finely said, "that as times have altered and conditions varied, the respect has varied

The
Library

in which woman has been held. At one time condemned to the field and counted with the cattle, at another time condemned to the drawing-room and inventoried with marbles, oils and water-colors; but only in instances comparatively rare, acknowledged and recognized in the fullness of her moral and intellectual possibilities, and in the beautiful completeness of her personal dignity, prowess and obligation."

Various and widely divergent as opinions are in regard to woman's place in the political sphere, there is fast coming to be unanimity of thought in regard to her intellectual development. Even in Turkey, fathers are beginning to see that their daughters are better, not worse, for being able to read and write, and civilization is about ready to concede that the intellectual, physical and moral possibilities of woman are to

Art Department

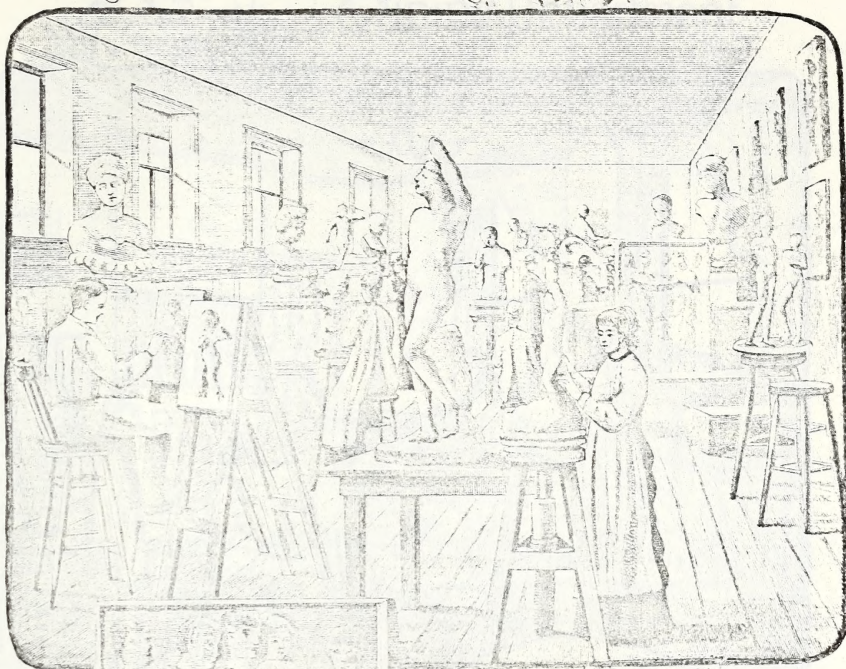


Painting

be the only limits to her attainment. Vast strides in the direction of the higher and broader education of women have been made in the quarter of a century since John Vassar founded on the banks of the Hudson the noble college for women that bears his name; and others have been found who have lent willing hands to making broad the highway that leads to an ideal womanhood. Wellesley and Smith, as well as Vassar find their limits all too small for the throngs of eager girlhood that are

pressing toward them. The Boston University, honored in being first to open professional courses to women, Michigan University, the New England Conservatory, the North Western University of Illinois, the Wesleyan Universities, both of Connecticut and Ohio, with others of the colleges of the country, have opened their doors and welcomed women to an equal share with men, in their advantages. And in the shadow of Oxford, on the Thames, and of Harvard, on the Charles, wom-

ART DEPARTMENT

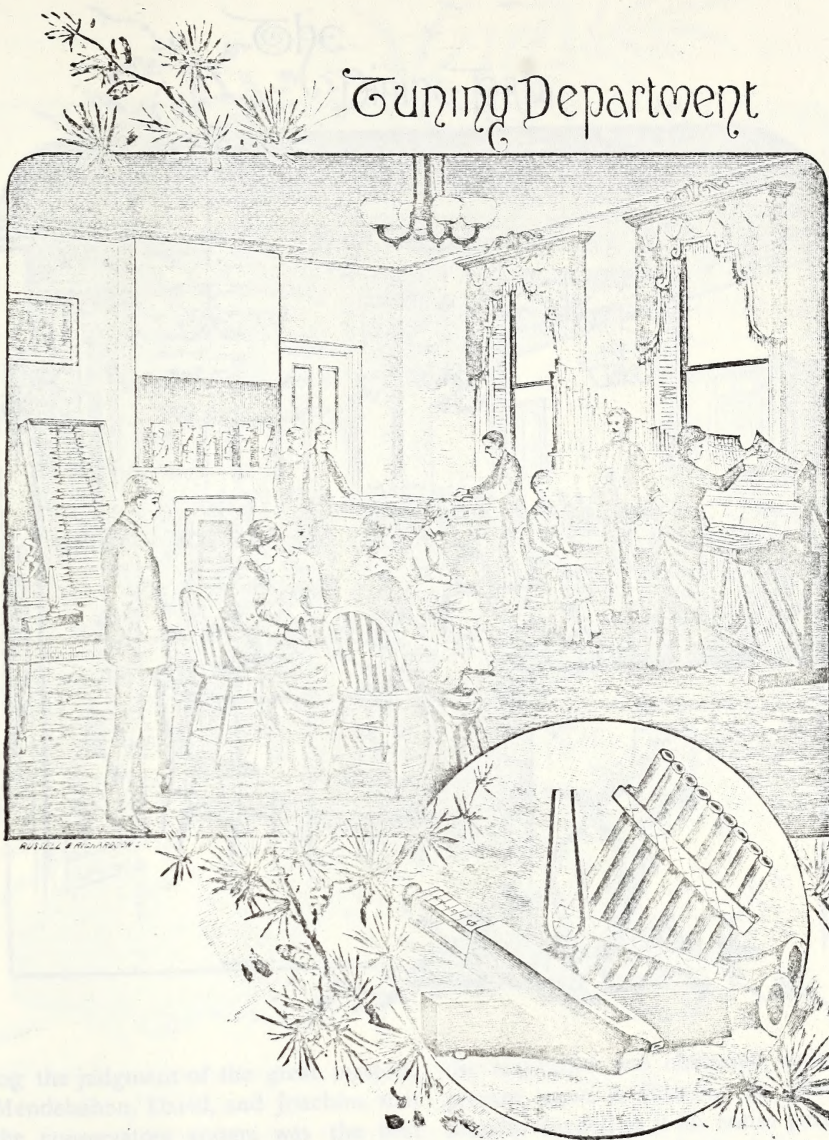


MODELING

and young minds are growing, womanly lives are shaping, and womanly patience is waiting until every barrier shall be removed, and all the green fields of learning shall be so free that whosoever will may enter.

Among the foremost of the great educational institutions of the day, the New England Conservatory of Music takes rank, and its remarkable development

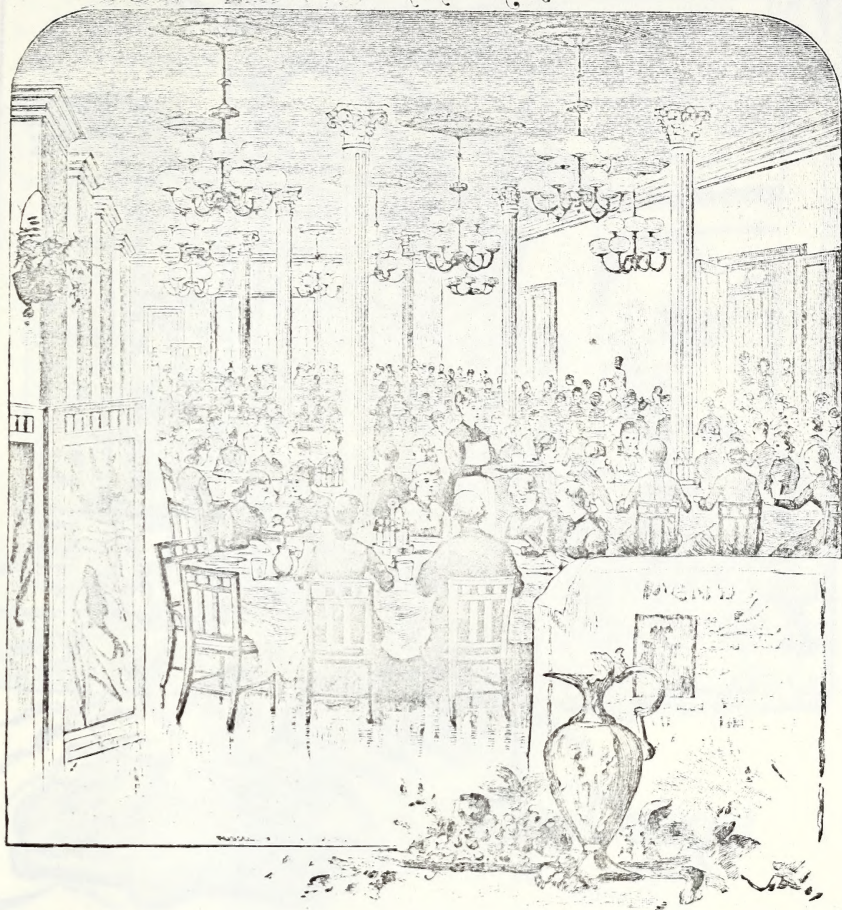
and wonderful growth tends to prove that the youth of the land desire the highest advantages that can be offered them. More than thirty years ago the germ of the idea that is now embodied in this great institution, found lodgment in the brain of the man who has devoted his life to its development. Believing that music had a positive in-



fluence upon the elevation of the world hardly dreamed of as yet even by its most devoted students, Eben Tourjee returned to America from years of musical study in the great Conservatories of Europe. Knowing from personal observation the difficulties that lie in the way of American students, especially of

young and inexperienced girls who seek to obtain a musical education abroad, battling as they must, not only with foreign customs and a foreign language, but exposed to dangers, temptations and disappointments, he determined to found in America a music school that should be unsurpassed in the world. Accept-

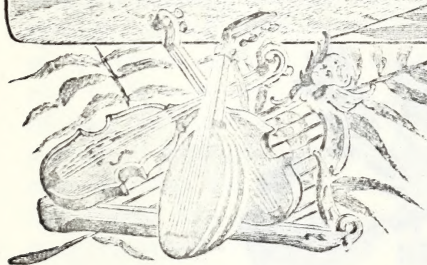
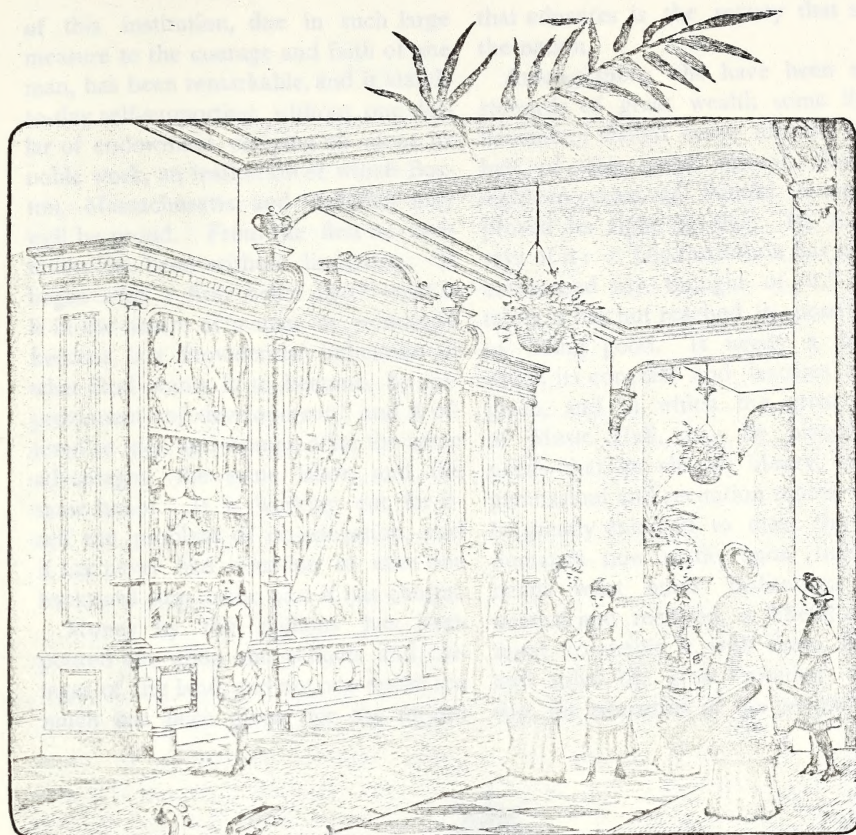
The Dining Hall



ing the judgment of the great masters, Mendelsshon, David, and Joachim, that the conservatory system was the best possible system of musical instruction, doing for music what a college of liberal arts does for education in general, Dr. Tourjee in 1853, with what seems to have been large and earnest faith, and most entire devotion, took the first public steps towards the accomplishment of his purpose. During the long years his plan developed step by step. In 1870

the institution was chartered under its present name in Boston. In 1881 its founder deeded to it his entire personal property, and by a deed of trust gave the institution into the hands of a Board of Trustees to be perpetuated forever as a Christian Music School.

In the carrying out of his plan to establish and equip an institution that should give the highest musical culture, Dr. Tourjee has been compelled, in order that musicians educated here



The Cabinet

should not be narrow, one-sided specialists only, but that they should be cultured men and women, to add department after department, until to-day under the same roof and management there are well equipped schools of Music, Art, Elocution, Literature, Languages, Tuning, Physical Culture, and a home with the safeguards of a Christian family life for young women students.

When, in 1882, the institution moved from Music Hall to its present quarters

in Franklin Square, in what was the St. James Hotel, it became possessed of the largest and best equipped conservatory buildings in the world. It has upon its staff of seventy-five teachers, masters from the best schools of Europe. During the school year ending June 29, 1884, students coming from forty-one states and territories of the Union, from the British Provinces, from England and from the Sandwich Islands, have received instruction there. The growth

of this institution, due in such large measure to the courage and faith of one man, has been remarkable, and it stands to-day self-supporting, without one dollar of endowment, carrying on alone its noble work, an institution of which Boston, Massachusetts and America may well be proud. From the first its invitation has been without limitation. It began with a firm belief that "what it is in the nature of a man or woman to become, is a Providential indication of what God wants it to become, by improvement and development," and it offered to men and women alike the same advantages, the same labor, and the same honor. It is working out for itself the problem of co-education, and it has never had occasion to take one backward step in the part it has chosen.

Money by the millions has been poured out upon the schools and colleges of the land, and not one dollar too much has been given, for the money

that educates is the money that saves the nation.

Among those who have been made stewards of great wealth some liberal benefactor should come forward in behalf of this great school, that, by eighteen years of faithful living, has proved its right to live. Its founder says of it: "The institution has not yet compassed my thought of it." Certainly it has not reached its possibilities of doing good. It needs a hall in which its concerts and lectures can be given, and in which the great organ of Music Hall, may be placed. It needs that its chapel, library, studios, gymnasium and recitation rooms should be greatly enlarged to meet the actual demands now made upon them. It needs what other institutions have needed and received, a liberal endowment, to enable it, with them, to meet and solve the great question of the day, the education of the people.



LOVEWELL'S WAR.

BY JOHN N. MCCLINTOCK, A.M.

ON the morning of September 4, 1724, Thomas Blanchard and Nathan Cross, of Dunstable, started from the Harbor and crossed the Nashua River, to do a day's work in the pine forest to the northward. The day was wet and drizzly. Arriving at their destination they placed their arms and ammunition, as well as their lunch and accompanying jug, in a hollow log, to keep them dry. During the day they were surrounded by a party of Mohawks from Canada, who hurried them into captivity.

Their continued absence aroused the anxiety of their friends and neighbors and a relief party of ten was at once organized to make a search for the absentees. This party, under the command of Lieutenant French, soon arrived at the place where the men had been at work, and found several barrels of turpentine spilled on the ground, and, to the keen eyes of those hardy pioneers, unmistakable evidence of the presence of unfriendly Indians. Other signs indicated that the prisoners had been carried away alive. The party at once determined upon pursuit, and following the trail up the banks of the Merrimack came to the outlet of Horse-Shoe Pond in the present town of Merrimac, where they were surprised and overwhelmed by a large force of the enemy. Josiah Farwell alone of that little band escaped to report the fate of his companions.

Blanchard and Cross were taken to Canada. After nearly a year's confinement they succeeded in effecting their own ransom and returned to their

homes. The gun, jug, and lunch-basket were found in the hollow log where they had been left the year before.

Enraged by these and similar depredations, the whole frontier was aroused to aggressive measures. John Lovewell, Josiah Farwell, and Jonathan Robbins at once petitioned for, and were granted, the right to raise a scouting party to carry the war into the enemy's country.

At this time the settlements of New Hampshire were near the coast outside of a line from Dover to Dunstable, except the lately planted colony of Scotch-Irish at Londonderry. Hinsdale, or Dummer's Fort, was the outpost on the Connecticut. To the north extended a wild, unbroken wilderness to the French frontier in Canada. Through this vast region, now overflowing with happy homes, wandered small bands of Indians intent on the chase, or the surprise of their rivals, the white trappers and hunters.

A large section of this country, fifty miles in width, was opened for peaceful settlement by the bravery of Captain John Lovewell and the company under his command. In this view their acts become more important than those of a mere scouting party, and demand, and have received, an acknowledged place in New-England history.

The company, which was raised by voluntary enlistments, was placed under the command of John Lovewell. This redoubtable captain came of fighting stock — his immediate ancestor serving as an ensign in the army of Oliver Cromwell. Bravery and executive

ability are evidently transmissible qualities; for in one line of his direct descendants it is known that the family have served their country in four wars, as commissioned officers; in three wars holding the rank of general.*

At this time Captain John Lovewell was in the prime of life, and burning with zeal to perform some valiant exploit against the Indians.

The first raid of the company resulted in one scalp and one captive, taken December 10, 1724, and carried to Boston.

The company started on their second expedition January 27, 1724-5, crossing the Merrimack at Nashua, and pushing northward. They arrived at the shores of Lake Winnipiseogee, February 9, and scouted in that neighborhood for a few days, when, from the scarcity of provisions, a part of the force returned to their homes.

Traces of Indians were discovered in the neighborhood of Tamworth by the remaining force, and the trail was followed until, February 20, they discovered the smoke of an Indian encampment. A surprise was quickly planned and successfully executed, leading to the capture of ten scalps, valued by the provincial authorities at one thousand ounces of silver.

Captain Lovewell next conceived the bold design of attacking the village of Pigwacket, near the head waters of the Saco, whose chief, Paugus, a noted warrior, inspired terror along the whole northern frontier.

Commanding a company of forty-six trained men, Captain Lovewell started from Dunstable on his arduous under-

taking, April 16, 1725. Toby, an Indian ally, soon gave out and returned to the lower settlements. Near the island at the mouth of the Contoocook, which will forever perpetuate the memory of Hannah Dustin, William Cummings, disabled by an old wound, was discharged and was sent home under the escort of Josiah Cummings, a kinsman. On the west shore of Lake Ossipee, Benjamin Kidder was sick and unable to proceed; and the commander of the expedition decided to build a fort and leave a garrison to guard the provisions and afford a shelter in case of defeat or retreat. Sergeant Nathaniel Woods was left in command. The garrison consisted of Dr. William Ayer, John Goffe, John Gilson, Isaac Whitney, Zachariah Whitney, Zebadiah Austin, Edward Spoony, and Ebenezer Halburt. With his company reduced to thirty-three effective men, Captain Lovewell pushed on toward the enemy. On Saturday morning, May 8, in the neighborhood of Fryeburg, Maine, while the rangers were at prayers, they were startled by the discharge of a gun, and were soon attacked by a force of about eighty Indians. Their rear was protected by the lake, by the side of which they fought. All through the day the unequal contest continued. As night settled upon the scene the savages withdrew, and the scouts commenced their painful retreat of forty miles toward their fort. Left dead upon the field of battle were Captain John Lovewell, Lieutenant Jonathan Robbins, John Harwood, Robert Usher, Jacob Fullam, Jacob Farrar, Josiah Davis, Thomas Woods, Daniel Woods, John Jeffs, Ichabod Johnson, and Jonathan Kittredge. Lieutenant Josiah Farwell, Chaplain Jonathan Frye, and Elias Barron,

* General Timothy Bedel served during the Revolution; his son, General Moody Bedel, served in the War of 1812; his son, General John Bedel, was a lieutenant in the Mexican War, and brigadier-general in the Rebellion.

were mortally wounded, and perished in the wilderness. Solomon Keyes, Sergeant Noah Johnson, Corporal Timothy Richardson, John Chamberlain, Isaac Lakin, Eleazer Davis, and Josiah Jones, were seriously wounded, but

Both parties seemed willing to retreat from this disastrous battle, each with the loss of its chief. Paugus and many of his braves fell before the unerring fire of the frontiersmen, and the tribe of Pigwacket, which had so



escaped to the lower settlements in company with their uninjured comrades, Seth Wyman, Edward Lingfield, Thomas Richardson, Daniel Melvin, Eleazer Melvin, Ebenezer Ayer, Abial Austin, Joseph Farrar, Benjamin Hassell, and Joseph Gilson,—names which should be held in honor for all time.

long menaced the borders, withdrew to Canada.

The ambitious young men of the older settlements had seen with jealousy a band of strangers, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians, granted a beautiful and fruitful tract, which already blossomed under the industrious work of the new-

comers. They clamored for grants which they, too, could cultivate. Every pretext was advanced to secure a claim. No petitioners were better entitled to consideration than the representatives of those who had rendered so large a section habitable.

Massachusetts Bay Colony had long claimed as a northern boundary a line three miles north of the Merrimack and parallel thereto, from its mouth to its source, thence westward to the bounds of New York. Under the pressure brought to bear by interested parties, the General Court of Massachusetts granted, January 17, 1725-6, the township of Penacook, embracing the city of Concord, New Hampshire.

In May, 1727, a petition from the survivors of Lovewell's command was favorably received by the General Court, and soon afterward Suncook, or Lovewell's township, was granted. Only two of the company are known to have settled in the town—Francis Doyen, who was with Lovewell on his second expedition, and Noah Johnson. The latter was the last survivor of the company. He was a deacon of the church in Suncook for many years, received a pension from Massachusetts, and died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, in 1798, in the one hundredth year of his age.

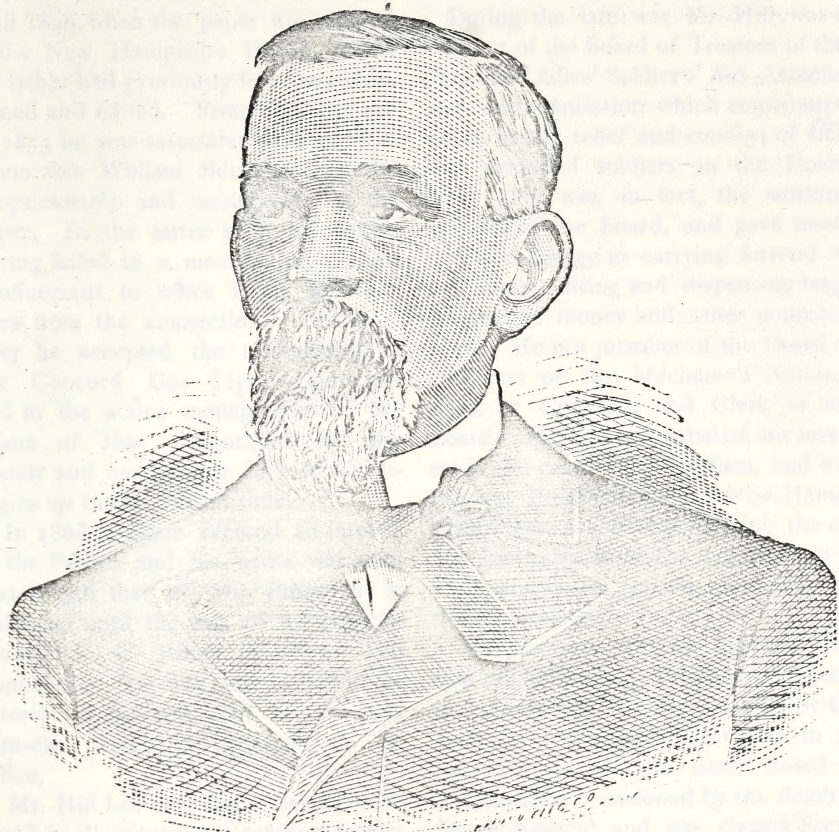
Captain John Lovewell was represented in the township of Suncook by his daughter Hannah, who married Joseph Baker, settled on her father's right, raised a large family, and died at a good old age. A great multitude of her descendants are scattered throughout the United States.

The original grantees of the township, for the most part, assigned their rights to persons who became actual settlers.

In the year 1740, the King in council decided the present line as the boundary between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, thus leaving Suncook, and many other of the townships granted by the latter Province, within the former. For a score of years following, the settlers were harassed by the proprietors of the soil under the Masonian Claim, until, in 1759, a compromise was effected, and Pembroke was incorporated.

In 1774, a new township in the District of Maine, was granted, by the General Court of Massachusetts, to the "proprietors of Suncook," to recompense them for their losses. The township was called Sambrook, and embraced the present towns of Lovell and New Sweden; it was located in the neighborhood of the battle-field, where, a half century before, so many brave lives had been sacrificed.

NOTE.—The townships of Rumford and Suncook, both granted by Massachusetts authorities, made a common cause in the defence of their rights against the claimants under New Hampshire, known as the Bow proprietors. The latter, who were, in fact, the New Hampshire Provincial authorities, and who not only prosecuted but adjudicated the cases, brought suits for such small extent of territory in each case, that there was no legal appeal to the higher courts in England. The two towns therefore authorized the Reverend Timothy Walker, the first settled minister of Rumford, to represent their cause before the King in council. By the employment of able counsel and judicious management of the case, he was eminently successful, and obtained a decision favorable to the Massachusetts settlers. In the meanwhile, the proprietors of Suncook had compromised with the Bow proprietors, surrendering half of their rights—for them the decision came too late. The Rumford proprietors, however, were benefited, and Concord, under which name Rumford was incorporated by New Hampshire laws, maintained its old boundaries as originally granted,—which remain practically the same to this day.



JOHN M. HILL.

By HENRY H. METCALF.

THE name of Hill has been a familiar and honored name in the State of New Hampshire for more than half a century. Isaac Hill, printer, editor, politician and statesman, made the New Hampshire Patriot a power in the State and beyond its borders; and, more than any other man of his time, exercised a controlling influence upon New Hampshire politics and popular sentiment, legislation, and social and material progress. He won the confidence and commanded the respect of his fellow-citizens, and was accorded the highest

positions of honor and trust within their gift, serving the state with fidelity and distinction in the United States Senate from 1831 to 1836, and in the gubernatorial chair from 1836 to 1839.

JOHN McCLARY HILL, second son of Honorable Isaac and Susan (Ayer) Hill, was born in Concord, November 5, 1821. During his early life he attended the public schools of his native town and the Academy at South Berwick, Maine, and in 1840 engaged in business with his father and eldest brother, William P., in the pub-

lication of Hill's New Hampshire Patriot. He continued in this relation until 1846, when the paper was merged in the New Hampshire Patriot, which his father had previously for many years owned and edited. From this time until 1853 he was associated with the late Honorable William Butterfield in the proprietorship and management of the paper. In the latter year, his health having failed in a measure, from close confinement to office labor, he withdrew from the connection. Two years later he accepted the treasuryship of the Concord Gas Light Company, and to the active management of the affairs of that corporation he has mainly and successfully devoted his energies up to the present time.

In 1868 he again secured an interest in the Patriot, and his name was associated with that of Mr. Butterfield as publisher until the sale of the paper to Colonel E. C. Bailey in 1873. This connection, however, was mainly in the interest of his son, and he was not, himself, personally engaged in the office.

Mr. Hill has ever been deeply interested in all enterprises tending to promote the prosperity of Concord, and in many such has been actively and efficiently engaged. He was, for six years, from its inception in 1872, a member of the City Board of Water Commissioners, and for a long series of years a member of the Board of Engineers of the Concord Fire Department, holding the position of Chief Engineer, at various times, and now occupying the same. No man living, indeed, has taken greater interest in this important branch of the municipal service, and no one has done more to bring it to the high state of efficiency which it now holds. He was also chiefly instrumental in the organization of the Concord Firemen's Re-

lief Association, of which he is President.

During the late war Mr. Hill was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Concord Ladies' Soldier's Aid Association, an organization which contributed largely to the relief and comfort of sick and wounded soldiers in the Union army. He was, in fact, the working member of the Board, and gave much time and energy to carrying forward its operations, raising and dispensing large amounts of money and other contributions. He is a member of the Board of Directors of the Mechanic's National Bank of Concord, and Clerk of the Board. He retains, unabated, his interest in the cause of journalism, and was the first President of the New Hampshire Press Association, holding the office four years, from the organization in 1868, and is still actively identified with the Association.

He has, several times, held the position of Auditor of Printers' Accounts, and in March last was selected by the Justices of the Supreme Court to fill the vacancy on the State Board of Equalization occasioned by the death of Mr. Butterfield, and was chosen Secretary of the Board, a position which the latter had previously filled.

Schooled in the principles and traditions of the Democratic party from earliest childhood, by both paternal and maternal teaching, Mr. Hill has been, all his life, an earnest working Democrat, laboring zealously for the success of his party, because conscientiously believing that such success was essential to the fullest measure of public prosperity and progress. He has been actively identified with the party organization in various capacities, on ward, city and State committees, having been, at different times, Secretary, Chairman and Treasurer of the State Committee, hold-

ing the latter position for many years. He never made politics a business, however, and never sought public office at the hands of his fellow-citizens. Against his own desire he was nominated on two occasions, in years past, as the candidate of his party for Mayor of Concord, receiving, in each instance, a vote considerably in excess of the party strength.

At the last election in this State Mr. Hill was the Democratic candidate for Governor, having been nominated in opposition to his own wishes and inclinations, from the general conviction on the part of leading Democrats throughout the State, that his name would materially strengthen the party cause before the people. How well grounded was this conviction, and how great was the public confidence in his ability, integrity, and special fitness for the chief magistracy of the State is evidenced by the fact that while the Republican electors received a plurality in the State of 3,957, Moody Currier, the Republican candidate for Governor, a gentleman of great wealth, who had long sought the office and labored earnestly to secure a heavy vote, had a plurality of only 2,767 over Mr. Hill, or 1,190 less than that of the Republican electoral ticket. The popular regard in which he is held by the people of his own city is also shown by the fact, that while the Republican electoral ticket had a plu-

rality in Concord of 403, the Republican plurality on the Governor vote was only 55. That he will be renominated and elected Governor of New Hampshire by the Democracy in 1886, under the favorable conditions resulting from a Democratic national administration, is as reasonably certain as anything in the future may be. It is, moreover, certain that if thus renominated and elected, he will carry to the position that measure of firm integrity, unflinching devotion to duty, thorough appreciation of the needs and demands of the State, and that high order of executive ability, which will distinguish his administration as one of the most successful in the political history of the State, bringing fresh honor to the illustrious name he bears, and added strength to the party and the cause he serves.

Although not a communicant, Mr. Hill has been, from childhood a constant attendant upon the worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and has contributed liberally of his means for maintainance of the same, and for the support of all the auxiliaries of the Church work.

He was united in marriage in 1842 with Miss Elizabeth Lord Chase, of South Berwick, Maine, by whom he has had two sons, one of whom died in infancy. The surviving son, Rev. Howard F. Hill, is the popular rector of Christ Church, at Montpelier, Vermont.

THE POET OF THE BELLS.

By E. H. Goss.

LONGFELLOW may well be called the Poet of the Bells; for who has so largely voiced their many uses as he, or interpreted the part they have taken in the world's history. That he was a great lover of bells and bell music is evinced by the many times he chose them as themes for his poems; nearly a dozen of which are about them, containing some of the sweetest of his thoughts; and allusions to them, like this from *Evangeline*, —

"Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded," —

are sprinkled all through his longer poems, as well as his prose. The Song of the Bell, beginning, —

"Bell! thou soundest merrily
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!"

was among his earliest writings; and *The Bells of San Blas* was his last poem, having been written March 15, 1882, nine days only before he died: —

"What say the Bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbor of Mazatlan?"

And this last stanza must contain the last words that came from his pen: —

"O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again!
The Past is deaf to your prayer:
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

One of his latest sonnets is entitled *Chimes*.

"Sweet chimes! that in the loneliness of night
Salute the passing hour, and in the dark
And silent chambers of the household mark
The movements of the myriad orbs of light!"

This was sung of the beautiful clock that

"Half-way up the stairs it stands"

in his mansion at Cambridge, by so many thought to be the one referred to in *The Old Clock on the Stairs*. But no; that one was in the "Gold House" at Pittsfield, and is now in disuse; while this one is a fine piece of mechanism, striking the coming hour on each half hour, and on the hour itself sweet carillons are played for several moments, so familiar to the poet that it is no wonder that to hear it he says, —

"Better than sleep it is to lie awake."

And who has not been entranced by the melody of his

"In the ancient town of Bruges
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges."

In the prologue to *The Golden Legend*, we have the attempt of Lucifer and the Powers of the Air to tear down the cross from the spire of the Strasburg Cathedral, with the remonstrance of the bells interwoven:

"Laudo Deum verum!	Funera plango!
Plebem voco!	Fulgura frango!
Congrego clerum!	Sabbata pango!
"Defunctus ploro!	Excito lentos!
Pestem fugo!	Dissipo ventos!
Festa decoro!	Paco cruentos!"

"I praise the true God, call the people, convene the clergy;
I mourn the dead, dispel the pestilence, and grace festivals;

I mourn at the burial, abate the lightnings, announce
the Sabbath;
I arouse the indolent, dissipate the winds, and ap-
pease the avengeful."

Another rendering of the two last
lines reads:—

"Men's death I tell, by doleful knell;
Lightnings and thunder I break asunder;
On Sabbath all to church I call;
The sleepy head, I raise from bed;
The winds so fierce I do disperse;
Men's cruel rage, I do assuage."

And in the Legend itself, an historical account of mediæval bell-ringing is given by Friar Cuthbert, as he preaches to a crowd from a pulpit in the open air, in front of the cathedral:—

"But hark! the bells are beginning to chime; . . .
For the bells themselves are the best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer." . . .

In the Tales of the Wayside Inn occurs the pretty legend of The Bell of Atri, "famous for all time"; and from his summer home in Nahant, from across the waters he listens to

"O curfew of the setting sun! O bells of Lynn!
O requiem of the dying day! O bells of Lynn!"

In the Curfew he quaintly and beautifully reminds us of the old *couvre-feu* bell of the days of William the Conqueror, a custom still kept up in many of the towns and hamlets of England, and some of our own towns and cities; and until recently the nine-o'clock bell greeted the ears of Bostonians, year in and year out. And who does not remember the sweet carol of Christmas Bells?

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

.

"Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
'God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail
With peace on earth, good will to men!'"

Indeed, many are the sweet and musical strains that he has sung about the bells, and he often wished that "somebody would bring together all the best things that have been written upon them, both in prose and verse."

Southey calls bells "the poetry of the steeples"; and the poets of all ages have had more or less to say upon this subject. Quaint old George Herbert told us to

"Think when the bells do chime
'Tis Angel's music!"

It was a curious theory of Frater Johannes Drabicius, that the principal employment of the blessed in heaven will be the continual ringing of bells; and he occupied four hundred and twenty-five pages of a work printed at Mentz, in 1618, to prove the same.

Truly has it been said: "From youth to age the sound of the bell is sent forth through crowded streets, or floats with sweetest melody above the quiet fields. It gives a tongue to time, which would otherwise pass over our heads as silently as the clouds, and lends a warning to its perpetual flight. It is the voice of rejoicing at festivals, at christenings, at marriages, and of mourning at the departure of the soul. From every church-tower it summons the faithful of distant valleys to the house of God; and when life is ended they sleep within the bell's deep sound. Its tone, therefore, comes to be fraught with memorial associations, and we know what a throng of mental images of the past can be aroused by the music of a peal of bells.

"O, what a preacher is the time-worn tower,
Reading great sermons with its iron tongues!"

HIS GREATEST TRIUMPH.

BY HENRIETTA E. PAGE.

YET slept the wearied maestro, and all around was still,
Though the sunlight danced on tree-top, on valley, and on hill ;
The distant city's busy hum, just faintly heard afar,
Served but to lull to deeper rest Euterpe's brilliant star.

Wilhelmj slept, for over-night his triumphs had been grand,
He had praised and fêted been by the noblest in the land,
And rich and poor had vied alike to honor Music's king,
Making the lofty rafters with the wildest plaudits ring.

Now, brain and hand weary, he had fled for peace and rest,
And he should be disturbed by none, not e'en a royal guest.
The porter nodded in his chair : I dare not say he slept :
But sprang upright, as through the door a fairy vision crept.

A tiny girl with shining eyes, and wavy golden hair,
Tip-toed along the corridor, and close up to his chair,
And a bird-like voice sweet questioned, " Wilhelmj, where is he ?
I've brought a little tribute for the great maestro, — see ! "

Her looped-up dress she opened, displaying to his view
A mass of brilliant woodland flowers, wet with morning dew ;
Placing his finger on his lip, he pointed out the door ;
She smiled her thanks, and softly went and strewed them on the floor.

Then like a vision of the morn, with eyes of heaven's own blue,
She slowly oped the outer door and gently glided through.
Hours after, when Wilhelmj woke he gazed in mute surprise
Upon those buds and blossoms fair, with softened, tender eyes.

They took him back long years ago, when, as a happy child,
He wandered, too, amid the woods, on summer mornings mild ;
Aye, back to his home and mother ; back to his old home nest,
To the blessed scenes of childhood ; back into peace and rest.

And when he heard the story, — how the child had come and fled, —
" This is my greatest triumph " (with tears the maestro said),
" For no gift of king or princes, no praise could please me more.
Than this living mat of flowers a child laid at my door."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

SENEFELDER, THE INVENTOR OF LITHOGRAPHY AND CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY.—HIS
ART IN BOSTON DEVELOPED BY L. PRANG & CO.—COLOR-
PRINTING ON SATIN, ETC.

A century ago the world knew nothing of the art of lithography; color-printing was confined to comparatively crude products from wooden blocks, most of which were hardly equal to the Japanese fan pictures now familiar to all of us. The year 1799 gave us a new invention which was destined to revolutionize reproductive art and add immensely to the means for education, culture and enjoyment.

Alois Senefelder, born 1771, at Prague (Austria), started life with writing plays, and too poor to pay a printer, he determined to invent a process of his own which should serve to print his manuscript without dependence upon the (to him) too costly types.

A born inventor, this Alois Senefelder, a genius, supported by boundless hope, immense capability for hard, laborious work, and an indomitable energy; he started with the plan of etching his writings in relief on metal plates, to take impressions therefrom by means of rollers. He found the metal too costly for his experiments; and limestone slabs from the neighboring quarries — he living then in Munich — were tried as a substitute. Although partly successful in this direction, he continued through years of hard, and often disappointing trials, to find something more complete. He hit upon the discovery that a printed sheet of paper (new or old) moistened with a thin solution of gum Arabic would, when dabbled over printers' ink, accept the ink from the dabbler only on its printed parts and re-

main perfectly clean in the blank spaces, so that a facsimile impression could be taken from this inked-in sheet. He found that this operation might be repeated until the original print gave out by wear. Here was a new discovery, based on the properties of attraction and repulsion between fatty matters (printers ink), and the watery solution of gum Arabic. The extremely delicate nature of the paper matrix was a serious drawback, and had to be overcome. The slabs of limestone which served Senefelder in a previous emergency were now resorted to by him as an absorbent material similar to paper, and a trial by making an impression from his above-mentioned paper matrix on the stone, and subsequent gumming, convinced him that he was correct in his surmise. By this act lithography became an established fact.

A few short years of intelligent experimenting revealed to him all the possibilities of this new discovery. Inventions of processes followed each other closely until in 1818 he disclosed to the world in a volume of immortal interest not only a complete history of his invention and his processes, but also a reliable description of the same for others to follow. Nothing really new except photo-lithography has been added to this charming art since that time; improvement only by manual skill and by chemical progress, can be claimed by others.

Chromo-lithography (printing in colors from stone) was experimented on by

the great inventor. He outlined its possibilities by saying, that he verily believed that printed pictures like paintings would sometimes be made thereby, and whoever has seen the productions of our Boston firm, L. Prang & Co., will bear him out in the verity of his prediction.

When Prang touched this art in 1856 it was in its infancy in this country. Stray specimens of more or less merit had been produced, especially by Martin Thurwanger (pen work) and Fabronius (crayon work), but much was left to be perfected. A little bunch of roses to embellish a ladies' magazine just starting in Boston, was the first work with which the firm occupied its single press. Crude enough it was, but diligence and energy soon developed therefrom the works which have astonished not only this country but even Europe, and the firm, which took thereby the lead in their speciality of art reproduction in color, has succeeded in keeping it ever since from year to year without one faltering step, until there is no single competitor in the civilized world to dispute its mastery. This is something to be proud of, not only for the firm in question, but even for the country at large, and to crown its achievements, the firm of L. Prang & Co. have this year made, apart from their usual wonderful variety of original Christmas cards and other holiday art prints, a reproduction of a flower piece of the celebrated Belgian flower painter, Jean Robie, and printed it on satin by a process invented and patented by Mr. Prang. For truthfulness as a copy this

print challenges the admiration of our best artists and connoisseurs. The gorgeous work as it lies before our eyes seems to us to be as perfect as if it left the very brush of the master, and even in close comparison with the original it does not lose an iota of its charms.

Of the marvellous excellence of this, the latest achievement of this remarkable house, thousands who visited the late exhibition of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic's Association and saw Messrs. L. Prang & Co.'s. extensive exhibit, can bear witness. Everybody who looked at the two pictures, the original masterpiece by Robie and its reproduction by Prang, side by side, was puzzled to distinguish which was which, many pointing to the reproduction as the better, and in their eyes, therefore as the original picture. The same was true with regard to many more of this justly celebrated firm's reproductions, which they did not hesitate to exhibit, alongside of the original paintings. Altogether, their exhibit with its large collection of elegant satin prints, its studies for artists, its historical feature, showing the enormous development of the firm's work since 1856, its interesting illustration by successive printings of how their pictures are made, and its instructive and artistic arrangement of their collection, made it one of the most attractive features of the fair.

What more can we say but that we are proud ourselves of this achievement within our city limits; it cannot fail to increase the fame our beloved Boston as a town of masters in thought and art. Honor to the firm of L. Prang & Co.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

This number of the *Granite Monthly* is the eighty-fourth issued, and closes the seventh volume. Many of the friends and patrons of the magazine are withdrawing from the subscription list. We thank them for favors extended to us in the past, and wish them a successful and prosperous voyage through life; and would be glad to welcome them back to our list at any time—more especially just now. While old subscribers go, new ones come; and we heartily greet them, and sincerely hope to interest them during the coming year. We are compelled to raise the price of the *Granite Monthly* from \$1.50 to \$2.00 for twelve numbers—from 15 to 20 cents for single copies; but we shall maintain the old price to our patrons who pay promptly in advance.

We have lately established a printing office of our own, and besides the printing of the *Granite Monthly* and *Bay State Monthly*, we are prepared to do printing at prices that will please and surprise.

There has been a pressing demand for the early volumes of the *Granite Monthly*, and our compositors are already at work on volume I of the magazine. Elegant steel engravings, replacing the crude wood-cuts originally used, and heavy paper will make the volume very attractive. We are thus prepared to fill everybody's set, and are taking orders accordingly.

In the future, as in the past, the

scope of the magazine will embrace all that is calculated to interest a New Hampshire audience primarily, and secondly, the world at large.

We would thank our contributors for their assistance, and request that they continue in well-doing.

If our friends would kindly interest themselves in our circulation, each interesting some friend to become a subscriber, our field of usefulness would be extended. Let every one who wishes us well, immediately on the receipt of this number, forward his or her subscription for the coming year—that will help so much—and very materially.

To save time we have republished from the *Bay State Monthly* several articles this month. Patrons of both magazines we hope will excuse us this time.

At the Boston Theatre for the past three months the play of "*Zanita*" has been performed. The scenic effect is splendid. As one listens to the entrancing music and feast on the scenes of beauty which recall the "*Arabian Nights*," he can but ponder on the Boston of Winthrop, Edicott, Cotton, Mather, and the Puritans of ancient days. And in fancy he sees the "tything-man" with long visage, watching the play and gravely applauding the corps de ballet in the fairy scenes.

The obituary notices generally appearing in the December number have been reserved for the January number.

